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COLLECTIVE WORKS

OF THE LATE

DR. SAYERS.

F. Sayers. M.D. Aged 37.

George Nicholls 1823

COLLECTIVE WORKS

OF THE LATE

DR. SAYERS;

TO WHICH HAVE BEEN PREFIXED

SOME BIOGRAPHIC PARTICULARS

BY W. TAYLOR OF NORWICH.

NORWICH:

PRINTED BY MATCHETT AND STEVENSON, MARKET-PLACE

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SOME BIOGRAPHIC PARTICULARS

OF THE LATE

DR. SAYERS.

THE late Dr. Sayers, nearly two years before his decease, asked back of me all our early correspondence, which I had affectionately preserved. Occasionally to retrace in memory the incidents and controversies of former years was of value to me, and I expressed a reluctance to resign it. He then stated, with solemnity, that he felt his health seriously declining; that he disliked the modern practice of printing unimportant remains of literary men, and that it would be a satisfaction for him personally to destroy all those of his manuscript effusions, to the publication of which he was become averse. I

was willing to undertake, that no letters in my possession should appear in print; but he observed, that whatever remained extant, however safe while in the custody of friendship, was liable hereafter to be violated by the executors of another generation. Accordingly I sorted over my hoard of correspondence, and carried to him, in successive lots, all his own letters. The series began in 1775, and extended until 1790, since which year we have both been habitually resident in Norwich, and were seldom separated long enough to feel much the want of epistolary intercourse.

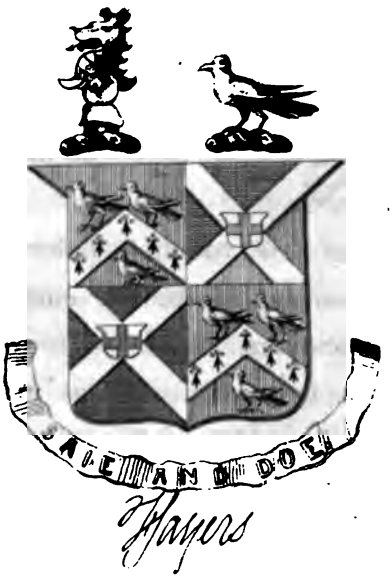
Dr. Sayers died on the 6th August, 1817, having bequeathed to me all his papers. Not even a selection from his own Letters has been found among them; and it is now only from vague recollection that I can give any account of his earlier intellectual pursuits. The manuscripts, however, include some unpublished poetry and prose carefully transcribed, as if for the press; and some notices plainly intended to facilitate a correctly dated biography; such as the register of his baptism, particulars of his family, tickets of his

college lectures, a list of his minuter publications, and some other memorandums. But the bulk of these written remains consists of innumerable detached hints, on separate scraps of paper, which suggest variations, suppressions, and corrections in the received text, or notes, of his Poems and Disquisitions.

With these few vouchers before me, which shall as much as possible be employed in the words of Dr. Sayers, I proceed to record chiefly such circumstances of his life as are connected with his literary history: he died so young, his acquaintance are still so mingled in the living world, that to attempt the admixture of much personal anecdote might seem an inroad on the sacredness of domestic privacy. For the purpose of a more convenient and orderly survey, I shall divide the history of his life into climacterics of seven years each.

1763 to 1770. Age 1 to 7.

In a memorandum superscribed, "Of my family," Dr. Sayers says: "My father's name was Francis Sayers; my mother's Anne Morris; both of Yarmouth, in Norfolk. She was a co-heiress.



The arms and crest on my seal may not be quite correct. The Morris arms which I quarter are, I am told, those frequently borne by the Morrises of or near Chepstowe in Monmouthshire. The crest I bear of a dragon's head erased, is on the Sayer arms in St. Andrew's Church, Norwich, and is elsewhere on the Sayer arms. *See Blomefield's History of Norfolk.* The Sayer or Sayers arms, which I bear, belong to some of that family

at Pulham, in Norfolk. I presume that Sayer or Sayers of Great Yarmouth may be from those of Pulham. My correct name is Sayer, and I think my great grandfather bore that name. I quarter the arms of some of the Welsh Morrises (but not those, I believe, of Valentine Morris of Chepstowe) because I have heard, I hardly know where, but from some of my family, that my grandfather, John Morris, of Great Yarmouth, was from the Morrises of Chepstowe in Monmouthshire. If so, he might be from the same family as Valentine Morris (*see Cox's Monmouthshire*) who is said to have traced up his pedigree to Rys ap Tewdwr Maur, Prince of South Wales in 1077. *See Heylin's Help to English History.*"

Whether the remoter links of this somewhat hypothetical genealogy are ever to be completed by antiquarian industry, the contiguous one at least is essential to biographic precision, and shall be copied out of a document furnished by the Rev. John Grose, from the register of the parish in which the parents of Dr. Sayers resided.

"Frank, the son of Francis Sayers and Ann

his wife, was born in London, on the 3d March, 1763, and baptised on the following 3d April, at the church of Saint Margaret Pattens."

The house of Mr. Francis Sayers, I have been told, stood in Rood Lane; but in the summer he occupied a villa near, at East Ham. My father, who knew him while a bachelor, described him as a man of gaiety, wit, and talent, fond of singing a good song, and of prolonging to a late hour the pleasures of the evening-table. There are hereditary features of mind as well as body, organic tendencies to given ideas and sympathies: many a time after dinner my father has remarked in my hearing, how much Dr. Sayers put him in mind of his old companion, by a cordial hilarity and communicative flow of soul, which diffused the comfort it enjoyed.

Mr. Sayers was a man of fine person but of slender patrimony, and was supposed to have been a more welcome suitor to Miss Morris than to her parents. Shortly before the marriage he established himself in London, according to my father, as an insurance broker, and superintended shipping concerns for his Yarmouth connections.

In the inscription drawn up by Dr. Sayers for his mother's tombstone, she is designated as the "widow of Francis Sayers, merchant, of London;" but the word *merchant* is cross-lined with a pen, as superfluous, I presume, not as incorrect. Mr. Sayers was usually called Frank by his associates, and therefore named his son so, whose birth he did not survive many months.

The widow Sayers, not being left in easy circumstances, returned during the winter of 1764 to Yarmouth, with her infant child, and went to reside in Friars' Lane, at the house of her father, Mr. John Morris. It was a stately old-fashioned mansion, surrounding three sides of a gloomy court. The hall was floored with checquered marble, the large parlour was wainscotted with cedar, and a spacious staircase of shallow steps led up to the drawing room, which was a long narrow gallery including seven windows. This building, so like the palaces of chivalrous romance, was probably not without its effect in impressing the young poet's imagination with a taste for the lofty, the beautiful, and the antique. He was at home therein. Comic poets and

artists have usually been low-born, and accustomed to the world in its undress; but those, who have excelled in sublime composition, have mostly originated amid the statelier monuments of art and nature.

The intense affection of Mrs. Sayers for her only child soon extended to the grandfather and grandmother. All the household were alternately intent on amusing his leisure, or assisting his elementary instruction. A Flemish folding screen, covered with gilt leather, inclosed a private nook round the chimney, in which the family sat when by themselves; and here were given the first lessons in spelling and reading. Dr. Sayers always recollected, affectionately, the snug niche within this screen; and thirty years afterwards provided a similar apparatus in his Norwich sitting-room.

When the females had carried as far as they thought fit the instruction of little Frank, and his grandfather had set him a few copies, he was put to school under the Rev. John Whitesides, a man of adequate learning and sense, but sadly given to hypocondriasis. I deem it unwise to let

children be much with such persons. An organic mimesis of their attitudes of body and countenance, of their tones of voice and muter moanings, insensibly comes on, and with it arises in the child's mind, when unoccupied, a habit of indulging the melancholy trains of idea called up by such exterior expression. Low spirits are certainly in some degree contagious. Mr. Whitesides wrote verses: those which were found in his pocket after his unfortunate death, have been preserved in the Monthly Magazine, vol. XLVI p. 47: they were early read by Dr. Sayers, and were remembered by him with perturbation during his last illness.

1771 to 1777. Age 8 to 14.

In 1773, young Sayers was removed from the day-school at Yarmouth to a boarding school at North-Walsham, where he continued Latin and began Greek, under the superintendence of the Rev. John Price Jones. Among his schoolfellows there was Horatio Nelson, afterwards so celebrated a naval commander: they were not intimate; a disparity of five years tended, no doubt, to keep them at a distance from each other.

The Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, having accepted the pastorship of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, in Suffolk, determined to open a boarding school there; he took a house previously occupied by the celebrated antiquary, Mr. Thomas Martin, and in the summer of 1774 brought his bride Lætitia (born Aikin) to this residence. Among their first eight scholars were Sayers and myself. The same single-bedded room was allotted to us both; we were disciplined in the same classes; we stayed together at Palgrave three years; and there began that "early and uninterrupted friendship," which has strown in my way so many valuable and delightful moments, and the record of which (see the Dedication to the Poems) constitutes the dearest and proudest trophy of my life. Sayers was two years and a half older than myself; this is much, at that age: he was my protector, my helper, my model; a feeling of gratitude, of deference, of admiration, accompanied my attachment from its commencement, and still, I hope, marks the attitude in which I bend over his urn.

During the summer vacation of 1775, Sayers addressed to me a rimed invitation to pass with him at Yarmouth a part of the holidays. This I believe to have been his first poetical attempt; it was modelled apparently, in point of diction, on some verses written by his cousin, Mr. James Sayers. Until lately the letter was in my possession; it was remarkable for ease and grace of versification; I cautioned Dr. Sayers against destroying it, when I gave it up to him; but he was inexorable, and it has disappeared.

At Palgrave school it was customary for the boys to perform a play shortly before the vacation. In the Tempest, Sayers had the part of Prospero; in the Siege of Damascus, of Caled; in Henry the Fourth, of the King; and in Julius Cæsar of Mark Anthony. In this last tragedy particularly, he shone greatly beyond all the other juvenile players: his unfaultering memory, and the exquisite beauty and pathos of his recitation, were warmly applauded and deservedly admired. Indeed Dr. Sayers was throughout life one of the finest readers I ever heard: expression of every kind was at his command; his own emo-

tion was always transitive, yet given with that subdued grace which is the expedient distinction between lecture and declamation.

Among the instructions bestowed at Palgrave, Dr. Sayers has repeatedly observed to me, that he most valued the lessons of English composition superintended by Mrs. Barbauld. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the boys were called in separate classes to her apartment: she read a fable, a short story, or a moral essay, to them aloud, and then sent them back into the school-room to write it out on the slates in their own words. Each exercise was separately overlooked by her; the faults of grammar were obliterated, the vulgarisms were chastised, the idle epithets were cancelled, and a distinct reason was always assigned for every correction; so that the arts of enditing and of criticising were in some degree learnt together. Many a lad from the great schools, who excels in Latin and Greek, cannot write properly a vernacular letter, for want of some such discipline.

The school-boys at Palgrave had rival factions of Norwichians and Yarmouthians; but Sayers,

though resident among the latter party, always piqued himself on being born in the metropolis, and wrote his name in his favourite books, *F. Sayers, Londinensis,* a practice which he continued in maturer life. He surpassed not only in the school-room, but in the play-ground, at trap-ball for instance; and he swam well. He was universally beloved: among the enduring acquaintances formed by him at Palgrave, it may be allowed to specify Mr. Joseph Chamberlin Carter, Mr. Serjeant Firth, and myself, as they are severally mentioned in his will.

1778 to 1784. Age 15 to 21.

Mr. Morris withdrew his grandson from school soon after fourteen, and placed him, during the following winter, in the counting house of William Manning, Esq. an eminent general merchant, then of Yarmouth. About nine months after, in October, 1778, Mr. Morris died, leaving to the mother, and to Mr. Manning, the guardianship of his grandson, to whom he had bequeathed an estate at Pakefield of about one hundred and thirty acres. A mural monument was erected in the south aisle of Yarmouth

church, beside his grave, and is thus inscribed:

To the Memory of
JOHN MORRIS,
who departed this life the 27th October, 1778,
aged 72 years:
also of
Ann, his exemplary wife,
who died 23d October, 1774, aged 68.
This monument is erected,
(as a just tribute of filial piety and gratitude)
by their affectionate grandson.

The signature F. Sayers was originally affixed at the foot of the epitaph; but it has been since effaced, in consequence of a request to that effect, transmitted, I believe, to Dawson Turner, Esq. by Dr. Sayers. An ornamental trophy at foot in basso relievo, executed by a sculptor of the name of Cufaud, exhibits a scroll, on which are musical notes, and the following words from a hymn of Watts:

Hark from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men come view the ground,
"Where you must shortly lie."

That spirit of principle, of solicitous gratitude, which distinguished every part of the life of Dr. Sayers, is already to be traced in this first act of his early independence.

The occupations of the counting-room were not pleasing to young Sayers: he acquired there, however, a habit rare among literary men, and which he retained throughout life, that of keeping his minutest accounts with mercantile punctuality. It was a grievance to him at the last, when paralysis had shaken his hand, that he could no longer put down his marketings, and post his household expenses. How long he continued with Mr. Manning I have not been able exactly to ascertain; but I can perceive that literary and philosophic pursuits were already engrossing his leisure, and progressively superseding the ledger and the envoice-book. A water-colour drawing of the year 1780 exists in the possession of Walter Worth, Esq. of Norwich, in which young Sayers is represented with an electric machine, and with inverted cylinders of gas, as characteristic of his favourite employments. The then recent discoveries of Dr. Priestley, concerning the variety of acriform fluids, had given a fashion to such experimental philosophy.

One reason of my knowing little concerning

this period of the life of Dr. Sayers is, that I was sent to the Continent on leaving school, and was absent three years (1780, 1781, and 1782) bating an interval of two months, which I came to pass at home. Some letters we interchanged during my absence, but not many: the shifting residence of a traveller is unfavourable to orderly epistolary intercourse. I recollect, however, that Sayers had acquired a share in a sailing boat, of which he understood the management, and that he once sent me, in return for a letter from Venice about a regatta, a more animated description of a water-frolic at home.

Annually in July the Mayors of Norwich and Yarmouth meet in their state-barges on the river Yare, at Hardley-Cross, which separates their respective jurisdictions, and in the afternoon fall down into Breydon. This is a broad expanse of water, which receives three tributary streams, the Waveney, the Yare, and the Bure. All the many pleasure-boats kept on these rivers assemble; the commercial craft is in requisition to stow spectators, to waft music, to vend refreshments: such of the shipping, as

ascends above the Yarmouth drawbridge, is moored within ken; there are sailing matches, rowing matches, and spontaneous evolutions of vessels of all sorts, a dance of ships, their streamers flying and their canvas spread. It is a fair afloat, where the voice of revelry resounds from every gliding tent. And when the tide begins to fall, and to condense this various fleet into the narrower waters, and the bridge and quays and balconies and windows of Yarmouth are thronged with innumerable spectators—and boys have climbed the masts and rigging of the moored ships, adding to the crowd on shore a rocking crowd above—and the gathering boats mingle their separate concerts in one chorus of jollity—and guns fire—and loyalty and liberty shout with rival glee—and the setting sun inflames the whole lake—the scene becomes surpasssingly impressive, exhilarating and magnificent. I have since attended this show, and agree with Dr. Sayers in thinking that the "narrow waters," (such is the technical designation of the festival) afford "one of the fine aquatic spectacles of the world."

On my return from the continent, Mrs. Sayers had sold the house in Friars' Lane, with its extensive mercantile appurtenances, her son having relinquished all thoughts of commerce; and she was come to reside at Thorpe, near Norwich, in which city both her sisters were previously established. Mr. F. Sayers had placed himself at Oulton, in Suffolk, with a skilful agriculturist, named Rix, in order to learn farming; his plan then being to occupy his own estate at Pakefield. During this rural sojourn, Mr. Sayers became much acquainted with his neighbour Camant Money, Esq. of Somerley, a gentleman distinguished for acuteness of intellect, for the early adoption of improved agricultural processes, and for public-spirited exertions in the management of parochial concerns; they angled together, they shot together, they dined together, and Dr. Sayers long remembered with interest the hospitality and conversation of Mr. Money.

Whether the scheme of farming had been adopted as the shortest cut to that practical independence, which might facilitate the realization of some matrimonial project, is now of little moment.

Such rumours circulated, and such things happen at nineteen. In 1783, however, all thoughts of farming were abandoned, and Mr. Sayers came to reside with his mother at Thorpe.

It was now that our friendship became truly intense. In his society was always found both instruction and delight; at this time I first fancied my society was become of value to him. I could describe Paris, and, what he more delighted to hear about, Rome and Naples. The literature of Germany, then almost unknown in England, I had pervasively studied, and was eager to display; and frequently I translated for his amusement such passages as appeared to me remarkable for singularity or beauty. We read the same English books in order to comment them when we met. My morning-walk was commonly directed to Thorpe, we prolonged the stroll together on the then uninclosed heath, and he frequently returned with me to Norwich, dined at my father's table, and took me back to tea with his mother. During the winter-season, he occupied at pleasure a bed-room in our attic story, when he wished to attend the Norwich theatre,

or some evening party. Our family consisted of my father, my mother, myself, and of Mr. Casenave, my father's partner, a native of Bayonne, and a catholic. To him Sayers would sometimes read French, with a view to correct his pronunciation. In short, he was as dear to us all, as if he had been my brother, and was more familiarly at home with us, than in the statelier establishment of his uncle Alric.

Mr. Alric was a native of Geneva, who, when young, came to Norwich, as a foreign clerk, and accepted a partnership in the house of Messrs Harveys, the merchant-manufacturers, by whom he had been originally engaged. In this connection he acquired considerable property, married a younger sister of Mrs. Sayers, and, having no children, was retired from business to live on the income of his capital. He had kept a club in early life with the brothers of the late Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and continued to cultivate the honourable acquaintance. In 1780, Mr. Alric had exerted himself to facilitate the return of Mr. John Thurlow, as member for Norwich, and was afterwards, if I err not, an

executor to his will. The Rev. Thomas Thurlow, after his elevation to the bishopric of Lincoln, preserved a recollection of these ties, and wrote to Mr. Alric, that, if he had any relation or friend in the church, he might nominate to some living, I forget the name of the parish, which was then become vacant. Mr. Alric offered this benefice to his nephew Sayers.

My friend would have liked the clerical profession, and was adapted for it: but he had been brought up among dissidents, was in the habit of accompanying his mother to the Octagon, an unitarian chapel in Norwich, and had at that time serious objections to the articles of faith, and liturgic services, of the Anglican church. He was not formed to hesitate between principle and prudence. He declined the proffered patronage. Bred among unitarians, factiously attached to the writings of Dr. Priestley, and not unread in those of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Lessing, I had still stronger prejudices than himself against the church; and my conversation no doubt uniformly tended to corroborate his disinterested decision. I have since lamented it.

As his opinions were eventually to hitch into the rut of orthodoxy, it would have been fortunate if they had done so while in the road to preferment. The addition of three hundred a year to his then narrow income, would have enabled him to marry conveniently, and would thus have surrounded his latter years with higher tendernesses of domestic comfort. The praise of principle must always remain to him; but when those opinions give way, to which sacrifices have been made, virtue itself entails a something of remorse.

In October, 1783, Mr. F. Sayers, went to Edinburgh, as a general student, and boarded in the same house with Mr. Lubbock, afterwards Dr. Lubbock, of Norwich. I find among his papers, a ticket for lectures on Natural Philosophy, dated 1784, and signed with the initials tials J. R.—Rutherforth, I presume. The lectures of professor Hope on Botany, were also attended by him at this period; the ticket is extant; and a manuscript summary of the science remains, which he had drawn up with technical conciseness, as a help to the memory. He, moreover, allotted

regular hours to classical studies; and I strongly suspect a ticket of Mr. Dugald Steward, to have been mislaid; because I have repeatedly heard comments on the delivery of that elegant lecturer made in conversation by Dr. Sayers; and the allusion to this course in one of his tracts (vol. II. p. 420) renders the fact of his attending it, though not the date, nearly indubitable.

1785 to 1791. Age 22 to 28.

After the midsummer of 1784, Mr. Sayers returned to his mother's house at Thorpe, having now attained his majority. At Edinburgh he had determined on adopting the medical profession; but, finding the income of his estate barely adequate to the expense of studying there, he determined to sell his farm, and to vest the proceeds in the funds, which, after a prudent delay, was accomplished satisfactorily.

This was a season of civic ferment. In our walks indeed Sayers and I seldom talked politics; but often at my father's table, who was active in elections, hospitable to partisans, and an adherent of the Coalition; we two, on the contrary, were agreed to contend for Pitt and Par-

liamentary Reform. Yet in this our sympathy there was not entire concord: we had entered a common path from different quarters: a zealot of the rights of the people, I was content with any administration which would undertake to to carry them into effect: Sayers was more attached to the crown, and though willing, under its shelter, to welcome every improvement which seemed a natural evolvement of the Constitution, he was not friendly to any attempt at inserting the graft from without.

Mr. Windham at this time came frequently to Norwich, and, when his visits had electioneering purposes, slept occasionally at our house, where he saw and argued with Sayers, enquired his destination, and observed to my father, that with so fine a person, and so fine an intellect, that young man would, in any professional line, become speedily an ornament to his country.

At the close of the year 1784, Mr. F. Sayers went to London, and there began his preparation for the medical profession, by attending the Lectures on Anatomy, conducted by Mr. Cruickshank and Mr. Baillie. This ticket is

dated January, 4th 1785, and numbered 96: there is also a ticket of the subsequent session for Mr. John Hunter's Lectures on Surgery, dated January, 1786, and numbered 53.

During the summer of 1785, I visited London, and was introduced by my friend at a house whence he derived much of his social comforts, that of his cousin, James Sayers, Esq. a man of exalted society, then in the zenith of celebrity. The satirical wit of his pen and of his pencil I could always admire, if not enjoy: a lively ballad concerning the recent Norfolk election, still vibrates in my memory: and Karlo Khan's triumphal entry into Leadenhall Street, is perhaps the most happily imagined of any political caricature print at that time in circulation.

After a stay in Norfolk, which terminated about Michaelmas, 1786, Mr. F. Sayers went a second time to Edinburgh, where he continued until August, 1788, occupied chiefly in the study of medicine. The tickets for Monro's Lectures on Anatomy and Surgery, for Dr. Black's Lectures on Chemistry, and for Dr. Cullen's Lectures on the Practice of Medicine, are all dated

25th October, 1786; on which day also were paid the yearly dues to the Upper Janitor and Macer of the University of Edinburgh. During the ensuing November, Mr. F. Sayers joined those students who attended Dr. Brown's extra-official course of Lectures on the Theory of Medicine; and in December he became an annual subscriber to the Academic Library.

In the summer of 1787, I went to Edinburgh; Sayers soon imparted to me his own warm admiration of the place; he compared its site with the ground-plan of Athens, called its castle, the Acropolis, its great church the Parthenon, and its port the Piræus; he pointed out to me in turn, the sublime, the beautiful, and the romantic features of this magnificent city—the High-street, the long and the broad, which, with the width of a market-place, is darkened into the likeness of a lane, by the colossal elevation of the bordering buildings, piled seemingly by a people of giants—the new town with its white and trim elegant modern edifices—the bridges, which, like aqueducts of antiquity, carry from hill to hill an endless stream of people—and that vast magical

prospect of mingled edifice, wood and water, which bursts at so many stations on the wanderer. We together examined, in Holy Rood House, the apartments, which had witnessed the adventures of Mary Queen of Scots; we attended the lecture-rooms of science; and walked in a pilgrimage, then sympathetic, to the sepulchre of Hume. Our evenings were divided between the play-house, where we saw Mrs. Siddons in Lady Randolph, and supper-parties of the students, who sometimes received us at their lodgings, and sometimes met us at Scrimgeour's oyster-cellar.

Among the companions of Mr. Sayers, I especially recollect our Palgrave school-fellow, William Lord Daer, Mr. Joseph Cappe, afterwards Dr. Cappe, of York, Mr. Davy, now Dr. Davy, and Master of Caius College, Cambridge, and Mr. Mackintosh, now with the title of Sir James Mackintosh, the brightest ornament of the British House of Commons. A copy of Milton's prose works "the gift of James Mackintosh to his friend Sayers," remains in the library belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Norwich, and is usually shown to strangers. Hero-

worship is the natural religion of taste; and such monuments of the friendship of the excellent are approached with the veneration of sacred reliques. This college-friendship acquired additional strength when Mr. Mackintosh attached himself to the Norfolk circuit.

After passing about ten days in Edinburgh with my friend, we undertook together the smaller tour of the Highlands, in a one-horse chaise, which we drove alternately. Crossing the Queen's ferry, we proceeded to Perth; admired the picturesque banks of the Tay, and the groves of Dunkeld, still in their vernal beauty, and spent afloat on Loch Tay a shiny morning of visual rapture. At lake Lomond we were not equally fortunate; mists veiled the mountain-summit, and disappointed our intended ascent. In our vehicle we had brought a copy of Ossian, the genuineness of whose poems we both at that time admitted; and we endeavoured, especially during this drizzly morning, to associate his descriptions with locality, but to little effect. It is difficult, Sayers observed, to become persuaded that Homer can have been blind when

he wrote, but it is not difficult to believe so of Ossian. At Glasgow, we made a halt, another at Stirling, lastly at the Carron foundery; and thence returned to Edinburgh, where we separated.

I came home deeply struck with the palmary state of mind which Sayers was attaining: his intellectual stature had acquired a grace and majesty of growth truly impressive. He knew nothing by halves, and he had selected for study the noblest departments of human investigation. His memory was enriched with those facts of science, which it behooves the philosopher to know, in Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Anatomy, and Physiology. His imagination, always familiar with our best native writers, was now more classically adorned, and more exquisitely polished, by the perusal in their original languages of the chosen remains of Roman and Greek excellence. His judgment was sharpened by an extensive comparison of the great historians and orators of antiquity; and by so pervasive an examination of the philosophic writers, that he had projected a history of metaphysical literature.

Milton and Gray remained the favourite poets with him; he had pocket-editions of them, and kept them at his fingers ends. He also read much in Lucretius. Among the English philosophers, his companions were Hume at this time, Berkeley and Hartley more lastingly; with Hobbes he was not familiar, and valued Locke lower than is usual. As a form of accompanying his researches, he recommended to me the first volume of Lord Monboddo's Ancient Metaphysics, which assisted to prepare his own orthodoxy, and Stanley's Analysis of the Hypotyposes, included in the Lives of the Philosophers.

We corresponded assiduously about these things; he appeared to me at this time decidedly the bolder theologian of the two, a relation which was afterwards to be reversed. I wish I could quote from his letters various critical appreciations, expressed with that luminous simplicity, and attic urbanity, which characterized his style of writing. Of Dr. Brown's theory, not practice, of medicine he thought favourably; and observed to me, there was great merit in thus banishing jargon and mystical lan-

guage from the schools, and in accustoming young men to understand what they talked about.

In November, 1787, Mr. Sayers took out a ticket for professor Dalzel's Greek Class, which he attended with sedulous regularity. For useful purposes he had already greek enough, and could read without the help of an interpretation Thucydides and Aristophanes; but here he became ambitious of attaining in greek literature that degree of critical skill, which is reached only by a few of the learned in each of the European nations, and seldom even by them, unless the employment of school-keeping perpetuates application during a series of years. For greek, however, he formed a disinterested passion, and consecrated to it his vigils so perseveingly, that his health was much impaired for want of air, exercise, and relaxation.

He had also undertaken to attend at the Royal Infirmary, the Clinical Lectures conducted by Mr. W. Ramsay and Mr. Archibald Hope, and for several months went on with this course of practical information. But his naturally quick sensibility, morbidly increased perhaps by the

consequences of intense study, beheld the spectacle of pain and woe, with a sympathy so acute, that he more than once fainted by the bedside to which he should have carried the arts of relief, and was at length led to desist from this plan of medical instruction. The dissecting-rooms of London had shaken his nerves; but the curiosity of science then overcame his trepidity: now that he had to witness operations on sensitive and living beings, he felt unequal to the distressing task. A result of this experience was, that he began to think himself unfit for the medical profession; and, instead of inuring himself by slow degrees to bear the presence of suffering, he withdrew altogether from the wards of the hospital. Prudential alarms respecting his future circumstances in life now took hold of his imagination, and painted his approaching prospects with hues of blight and gloom. He wrote melancholy letters home; and, before the session had terminated, was almost in a state of hypochondriasis.

Mrs. Sayers now determined to go and see her son. I accompanied her to Edinburgh. It was

in May, 1788, that we set off, and early in June that we had arranged with him to quit college, and to undertake in our way home a tour among the lakes of Cumberland. This journey was in a high degree efficacious; concatenations of desponding ideas progressively gave way to the scenery of nature, and the soothings of affection. The day we spent on lake Keswick seemed again to be enjoyed by him with all the glee of youth and feeling: it endeared the locality: and an attempt was made on this occasion to describe the contiguous scenery, which has been preserved at the beginning of the Annual Anthology. As yet, however, the Greata was not become a classical stream by the residence of the poet of Thalaba and Roderic. We returned to Norwich cheered and refreshed: summer and society completed the convalescence: and, after the necessary deliberative conversations with his family and friends, Mr. Sayers had determined to set off in the autumn for Leyden, there to graduate, and afterwards to settle, rather in a literary than a professional capacity, at Norwich.

Late in the year, probably in November, he embarked at Harwich for Helvoetsluys, and stationed himself at Leyden; but finding that the discipline of this college required a longer stay previous to graduation than he was disposed to allot, he procured, early in 1789, a diploma from the less celebrated and less scrupulous university of Hardervyck. The subject of his Thesis was the physical effect of the Passions; it was printed at Leyden by Mr. Murray, a Scotch bookseller there, to whom he had letters of introduction, and on his return presentation-copies were distributed among his friends; but whether he became dissatisfied with the medical argument, or with the latinity of the work, or with some intimations of sentiment inconsistent with his ultimate convictions, he at a later period destroyed all the remaining copies of this thesis in his possession, even that which had been interleaved for his own private use: my copy was asked back, and hence I am unable to quote the title with bibliographic precision.

After graduation, Dr. Sayers undertook the

tour of Holland, Flanders, and the north of France: he saw Rotterdam and the Hague, Harlaem and Amsterdam, proceeded through Antwerp to Brussels, and thence through Lille to Paris. His letters dwelt principally on the specimens of gothic architecture which occurred along his route, such as the cathedral of Antwerp, the church of St. Gudule at Brussels, the abbey of St. Amand, the cathedral of Amiens, that of Notre Dame at Paris, the steeple of St. Jacques, or the still more beautiful Sainte Chapelle. Previous to a systematic survey of the french metropolis, Dr. Sayers placed himself for a month in the neighbouring village of Clignancourt, as a boarder in a private family, wishing to familiarize himself with french conversation, before he attempted to visit the theatres, and to mingle in literary society; he had some medical introductions, but I do not recollect to whom among the men of letters he was most indebted for the urbanities of reception. On the continent Dr. Sayers not only acquired the ready and exact use of the french language which was then considered as the key to the

chief treasury of modern polite literature; he was formed to reap the other advantages of foreign travel. Many prejudices, moral, political, and religious, grow out of our education in a country, divided from the whole world no less by institution than by nature These prejudices abate more rapidly by contrast than by contradiction; and the necessity, while abroad, of bending to rival peculiarities, produces and leaves behind a habit of liberal tolerance. The various society, the frequent and sudden revolutions of company and acquaintance, the alert, short-lived and inquisitive intimacies of the traveller, usually confer on the manners a polish, a facility, an humanization, a power of pleasing speedily, which avails throughout life in conciliating complacence. By viewing the new, the beautiful, and the great, by examining what strikes most in the scenery of nature, in the galleries of art, in the monuments of architecture, in the manners of mankind, the memory becomes stocked with vivid pictures and interesting recollections adapted alike to cheer solitude and to amuse society. Few of the

choicer models in art and in literature can originate with any particular country; yet without a comprehensive comparison of excellence, that highest idea of perfection is seldom formed in the mind, which is the surest prompter to the love of fame, and the best guide to its attainment. In this correction and embellishment of the internal standard of perfection consists perhaps the highest privilege of the travelled man.

The moral habits of Dr. Sayers, whenever I have had the opportunity of observing them, inclined to the stricter side of regularity; yet in the sonnet to Religion (vol. I. p. 150) he alludes to some juvenile aberrations from that truly christian purity, which he ultimately exacted of himself; and probably they are to be dated at this period.

During his stay in France, Mrs. Sayers quitted Thorpe, and hired a house in Norwich, opposite to the west end of the church of St. Michael at Plea. This dwelling she began to occupy at Michaelmas, 1789, and was shortly after joined by her son, who thenceforth became uninterruptedly resident in Norwich.

Soon after his return he took some lessons of me in German. We construed together, I forget in what order, beside some other pieces which have left no traces in his writings, the Proserpina of Goethe, the Luise of Voss, portions of the chorus-dramas of Klopstock, some odes of Stolberg, and the ballad which he versified under the title of Sir Egwin, and which constitutes one of the earliest of his extant metrical productions; if that may be called extant, which he deliberately omitted in the later editions of his works. He did not, however, persevere in the study of German language, beyond what was necessary to form a correct idea of it; nor was he a warm admirer of the literature; in this he anticipated the opinion of his country, which has received but coldly even the best translations from the German.

In what form of exertion to pursue celebrity was now his darling care. He would quote from Cowley:

> What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come my own?

These meditations terminated in the resolution

to undertake lyric dramas. A perusal of the greek tragedians, which he went through with agitated feeling, determined the form of his outline; Percy's Northern Antiquities supplied the costume and the colouring; and at the beginning of 1790, had been produced the first Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology. They form an imperishable monument of British poetry.

Were it possible to teach how extraordinary men have become so, this would be the highest use of biography; the young artist can best profit by studying the method of composition of a great master. In the case of Dr. Sayers, I was admitted behind the curtain, saw his works as it were on the easel, first in the outline, then garishly shaded, and lastly with the blended and finished colouring. His first care was to round the fable, and every where to foresee his drift; the dialogue was then rapidly composed, and always the shortest cut taken to the purpose in view; the critical situations were afterwards raised into effect, and heightened into brilliance, by consulting analogous efforts of celebrated writers, with the intention of transplant-

ing beauties of detail; and finally the lyrical ornaments, in which he mainly excelled, were inserted at every opportunity. Originally the Dramatic Sketches were only three in number, of which Moina was written the first, and Frea the last, although a different arrangement has been adopted in printing them. A few words will be proper concerning each of the pieces in the chronologic order of their production.

Moina is a tragedy in five acts of peculiarly simple structure. The heroine, a Celt, captured by the Saxon Harold, is by right of conquest become his wife. Her lover, Carril, arrives in disguise at the castle, urges her flight, and flatters her with the equivocal prediction of a prophetess, that her husband is to fall in battle, and her sorrows are about to end. This indeed comes to pass. The corse of Harold is brought home for interment: Moina according to the Gothic custom, is buried with him; and Carril in despair throws himself from a rock.

The most striking portions of the dialogue are put into the mouth of Carril. The bardic song, in which he covertly relates his adven-

tures (vol. I. p. 57.) may vie with any similar passage in Ossian. The visit to the prophetess (p. 69—72) considerably surpasses that analogous, but tediously protracted, scene in the sixth book of Lucan's Pharsalia, where the younger Pompey consults the sorceress Erichtho. It is true this classical model was consulted, and the

Nunquam nisi carmine factum
Lumen habet,

has been recollected in describing the gothic cavern where also

No beam of light was seen to glimmer
Save that which rose from magic incantations—

and the

Verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver

has evidently suggested

She seized a living snake and lash'd his limbs.—

But the lyric ornaments of this poem constitute its highest claim to admiration. The dirges, or *hearse-songs*, as our Saxon forefathers called them, are perhaps the most masterly of the odes; their dissimilarity marks a creative invention; they display the fancy of Pindar, without his extravagance, and the feeling of Sophocles, without his tameness. Harold's

death-song is a sublime and magnificent delineation of the imaginary hereafter of the rude warriors of the north. The elegy on the decease of Moina has the sweet, simple, affecting tenderness of oriental allegory. The following chorus, which consecrated the death of Carril, was selected by a German reviewer (in the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*, for August, 1791,) as the most beautiful and characteristic specimen of this exquisite and original poetry; I prefer other chorusses.

CHORUS OF BARDS.

When from the foe's bright spear
The soldier trembling turns,
When cold fear shakes his soul
And blasts his strength,
No more he'll hear the song of praise,
No more he'll tell his listening child
The bloody tale of war;
The gloomy vale receives
His slow and sullen steps;
He hates the warrior's eye,
He hates the maiden's look.
Then let shame his bosom fire,
Lead him to the lofty rock
And plunge him from the airy height,
To death below.
When the hero's giant form

With sickness droops;
When his broad and sinewy arm
Shrunk and trembling fails;
When that firm breast which dar'd the dart,
The sigh of languor heaves;
When those strong knees which rush'd to war,
Tottering sink beneath his weight;
When death has rais'd his clay-cold hand
To touch the warrior's heart,
Then let him drag his faltering limbs
To some high rock's outstretching cliff,
And from the airy summit plunge
To death below.

When from the aged father's arms
The child is torn,
Forlorn he wanders on the heath,
His white hair waving in the wind—
Forlorn he seeks the hill
His child has trod,
And wipes the falling tear;
Anguish gnaws his heart,
And slowly drags his frame
To Hela's halls.—
Haste, haste, and seek the lofty rock,
There from its airy summit plunge
To death below.

When o'er the stiff'ned corse
The lover bends,
And weeps his mistress dead,
Now clinging to her chilly breast,
Now pressing to his trembling lips
Her faded cheek;

No more her blue eyes tell
The tender tale,
No more her silver-sounding voice
Shall murmur in his ear—
In speechless agony he hangs upon her—
Awake, awake, and from that form belov'd
Snatch thy distracted soul:
Haste, haste, and seek the lofty rock,
There from its airy summit plunge
To death below.

Yet this chorus, pathetic as it is, and adapted for its place, has been wholly suppressed in recent editions of the Dramatic Sketches; and suppressed, I have reason to believe, from excessive moral scrupulosity; lest the praise of heroic suicide should perhaps operate dangerously in common life, and prepare some hesitating sufferer for a rash and unhallowed act. Even the love of glory in this excellent man was willingly sacrificed to the love of virtue.

The great merit of Dr. Sayers' lyric poetry has in some degree resulted from a study of the principles of criticism; he had already at this period formed to himself a peculiar idea of the Ode, which he afterwards, in a critique on the poetic character of Horace, explained in the following words:

"The Ode, like any other piece of poetical composition, is written with some determined end; and this end should be one. Whether a hero is to be praised, a mourner to be soothed, a virtue to be inculcated, or a vice to be reproved, the subject of the ode is single and defined. Of the great direction and purpose of the performance, therefore, the poet should never lose sight. An unconnected groupe of thoughts and images, however striking and affecting, form not a good ode. Whatever is introduced should tend evidently to the end which is in view; whatever is unconnected with this end is idle and ineffective, and spoils that wholeness which is essential to the excellence of the piece. Neither is it all-sufficient merely to unite the different passages, or portions, of the ode with the theme on which it is written: the poet must not stop here; the passages must also be united among themselves; the mind should glide with ease from one part to the next; the link between them should be plainly discernible, or the piece is a mere cento. Connection of component parts together with wholeness (if I may so

express it) are essential to the perfection of the Ode."

At the time of editing the fourth edition of Moina, Dr. Sayers had half a mind to change the designation of the chorus; and in the list of dramatic personages to substitute the word Skald for the word Bard. For he was aware, and has indeed recorded the observation in a note to Starno (vol. I. p. 106) that although the latter term had been applied in Ossian, and by Klopstock, to designate generally any minstrel of the north; yet the title of Bard, being of Cimbric origin, ought in strictness to be confined to the Welsh Druids and Braints, who were a privileged order, and, in this, different from the Skalds of the Goths. He concluded, however, by observing, that the word Skald was as yet perhaps too strange to introduce into the poetry, where it might be thought to have a pedantic or ignoble sound.

Starno, in point of tragic dialogue, will probably be preferred to Moina, although the lyric passages are less dazzling. This hero is a Briton, the father of Daura, who has been cap-

tured by Saxon invaders. He vows to the Druids before battle to sacrifice his noblest prisoner on the altar of Hesus. This prisoner is Kelric, the lover of his Daura, her deliverer, her husband.

After becoming aware of her situation Daura thus speaks:—

Ye once-lov'd halls, where oft I've heedless stray'd,
Cheer'd by a mother's smile; where oft my heart
Has leapt at sounds of joy, which echoed loud
Amid your vaulted domes. Ye once-lov'd halls,
Where from my father's limbs I oft have pluck'd
The dinted mail of fight, and silent thank'd
The god who sav'd him in the hour of peril—
Ye scenes of past delight—ah how I hate you!
Bought with the price of blood, the blood of him
I hold most dear. Now, now methinks I see
The fatal knife upreared—This hand shall—no

(Starno and Kelric enter.)

He lives, he lives, my father yet has spar'd
His daughter's life. If thou hast ever joy'd
To see me climbing round thy weary limbs,
If thou hast ever wept for Daura lost,
Save him who sav'd thy child; his life is twin'd
With mine, and one blow stabs us both. Oh hear me,
By all thy fondness for my infant prattle,
By all the love my riper years have shewn thee,
By my dead mother's shade—

Of the Greek tragedians Euripides is the most pathetic; yet it will not be easy to find in his

Iphigenia in Aulis, or in the Hecuba, where similar situations occur, a passage more beautiful and more affecting. The chorusses of Starno again, if compared with those of Caractacus, where the same local philosophy and mythology were to be employed, must decidedly be preferred for appropriate drift, for learnedness of costume and for poetry of idea.

The descent of Frea comes next in the chronologic order of composition. A word or two concerning the history of its origin.

Jann Ewald was born in 1742, within the Duchy of Sleswig. After serving in the army during the seven years war, he settled at Copenhagen, as an author, where he died in 1781. A personal friend of Klopstock, he imitated many works of that poet in the Danish dialect; and produced an original tragedy, or opera, entitled *the Death of Balder,* which is still acted with musical accompaniments on the theatres of Denmark. Of this mythologic drama I had brought home a German translation, the substance of which I communicated to Dr. Sayers, and we construed together several of the critical

scenes. This Danish play suggested the Descent of Frea, which might be considered in some degree as a second part, or continuation, thereof.* Balder, Thor, Hoder, Lok, Nanna, and the three Nornies, or fates, are the persons of this drama; the fall of Balder by Hoder's hand, through the malicious contrivance of Lok, is the subject of the poem; the destinies, like the witches in Macbeth, foretell the catastrophe darkly; and all the gods of Valhalla assemble to bewail it. There are some lyric passages, but they are sparingly interspersed; the chorus of Nornies and Walkyries, intervening but seldom. Ewald makes Nanna, not Frea, to be the beloved of Balder; which is comformable to tradition; and all his personages have a harsh rude greatness, which allies itself well with northern gothic nature, and which is imitated from delineations of Klopstock, but which con-

* *The Death of Balder* will not long, I trust, remain unknown to British literature; it has recently been rendered into English verse from the original Danish by Mr. G. O. Borrow, of Norwich, who, at twenty years of age, translates with facility and elegance twenty different languages. Thus, every poem, which Dr. Sayers deigned to consult, becomes a classic among his fellow-citizens.

trasts utterly with the grecian elegance, polish, and correctness of the Sayersian drama.

In this, Frea, the goddess of beauty, descends to Hela, queen of the infernal regions, to solicit the release of Balder "the lovely god," who had lost his life. The affecting elegy of Frea obtains from Hela the sentence

> When all the gods of nature lave
> With briny tears thy Balder's grave,
> Then Balder I restore.

Frea returns full of comfort and hope to Valhalla, and addresses each of the gods with a magnificent hymn in praise of his exploits or attributes, and closes each address with

> Say wilt thou drop the pitying tear
> On youthful Balder's sable bier?

No one refuses but Lok, whom she approaches last, he denies the tear,

> Away, away,
> Lok ne'er will weep;
> Let Hela keep
> Her splendid prey.

Frea conjures the inexorable, by all the horrors in which imagination can suppose the god of death and hell to delight; but Lok invites all the curses of all the gods rather than drop the

saving tear, and thus condems Balder to eternal death.

" This short account, (says a German reviewer, whose analysis I am here abridging,) may give a weak idea of the boldness and peculiar sublimity of this composition. The poet had to choose between assailing by varied elegy the sensibility of the gods of Valhalla, or of addressing their divinities by the more appropriate flattery of hymns. He has wisely adopted the latter method, as the rapidity of action, so necessary to the unity of the whole, would otherwise with difficulty have been preserved; and as the conventional system of religion, which furnishes the machinery, would not so well have coalesced with any other method of composition. These seven hymns, if detached from the whole, would for the most part be masterpieces, especially the addresses to Odin, to Niord, to Surtur, and above all the second adjuration of Lok.

" The poem is somewhat reprehensible for departing from the received history of Balder. It was Nanna, not Frea, of whom he was

fabled to be amorous. It was Hermode, his friend, who descended into hell to solicit his release. That Balder was god of the sun is assumed in the line

The lord of splendor groans in Hela's halls—

but this is no doctrine of the Edda, and reposes merely on a wild conjecture of Percy, advanced in the note attached to the twelfth fable (Northern Antiquities, vol. II. p. 73). Mr. Græter, the learned editor of Bragur, a magazine devoted to northern archæology, further objects, Æger was god of the sea, and Niord only of the winds."—

Notwithstanding these little blemishes, the Descent of Frea remains, with the single exception perhaps of Milton's Comus, the finest Masque extant in the English language: nor does any other seem better adapted for theatric representation. The poetry has every variety of form, and deserves to be set to music; the scenery offers moments for the most opposite splendors of decoration; and the mythological system employed would naturally suggest choral dances, at the end of the first act of Deuses, and at the end of

the second act, of Elves; for these are the appropriate names of the terrific and lovely spirits of the Edda. About the midsummer of 1790, the Dramatic Sketches were before the public, and in the following October were noticed in the Monthly Review. Other periodical publications contributed to spread their celebrity. Some commendatory verses respecting them appeared in the Norfolk Chronicle, which were ascribed to Dr. Alderson, and began,

> As Gray sublime, but not obscure,
> As Mason, smooth, correct, and pure, &c.

In the Morning Chronicle a Petro-pindaric Ode attempted to play with the new Mythology; and some *Bouts-rimés* were handed about, which afterwards appeared in the Athenæum—but as it is no longer usual to collect such commendatory verses, I confine myself to those noticed in Dr. Sayers' papers.

By the English public in general the Dramatic Sketches were received with gratitude and admiration, not with eagerness and enthusiasm. The mythology was at that period too strange for popularity; and, although the notes have

progressively familiarized it, and rendered the somewhat recondite allusions intelligible; yet the attachment to these compositions began among the more literate public, and has progressively and gradually penetrated the reading world at large. This is the best pledge for its endurance; it was so that the poems of Milton passed from select to national favor.

In Germany, where the early religion of the north had been more studied and was better known, the instantaneous reception of these poems was loud and warm.

"For many years, (said a writer in the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*,) a poetical curse seems to have rested on England, which denied to the poets of that happy island the freedom of its other inhabitants. A conventual jingling, uniformity of thoughts, epithets, and rimes, composed the only worship bestowed on the Muse by her degenerate sons. The remembrance of their great predecessors, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, seemed to give not a glow, but a damp, to the genius of newer poets. If the acknowledged peculiarity of the national

character imprinted an unborrowed cast of feeling on the productions of English genius, which was wanting to those of the French; these, however, were less liable to a stiff, heavy, cold, pomposity. In these Dramatic Sketches the curse seems at length dissolved; and posterity will bind the name of Sayers close to that of Gray, to whose muse his seems remarkably akin. A true poetic fire, happily guided by a knowledge and cultivation of the ancients, a chaste enthusiasm, breathes in these poems, as in the masterpieces of Gray, and the genius of the modern poet moves with freer step."

Two German translations of these poems speedily appeared; the one in blank verse by F. D. Græter, to which good antiquarian notes were attached; and the other in rime by Dr. J. W. Neubeck, an elegant poet, known by an original work entitled the Health-Wells. The Dramatic Sketches had become an European classic, even before they were recognized as a national one.

Mrs. Sayers was not destined to live long enough "to rejoice in the fame of her son."

She died early in 1790. Moina had been read to her from the manuscript during her last illness; but no other of the poems. I was present at the readings. On the occurrence of the words—

> Thou unseen power, when deep despair surrounds us,
> When the dark night of woe o'ershades the soul,
> Sudden thou shins't amid surrounding horrors,
> The cloud is gone, and keenest joy bursts in
> Upon the darkened mind.—

Mrs. Sayers broke into loud sobbing; the poet could not continue; and the auditor partook their sacred sympathy. This arose not exclusively from the pathos of the passage, but because it was secretly applied to that recovery from gloomy despondence, which we had together witnessed at Keswick. It was the last time we three met; and this interview left a deep impression on Dr. Sayers. If religion is so natural to man, that, even in a work of fiction, the theopathetic affections must be ascribed to the rudest barbarian, it is indeed a revelation from heaven. Some such conviction, I think, was flashing across him, and he adopted it as a kind of engagement to a dying mother, thenceforth un-

remittingly to cultivate piety, and on his part never to unfit himself for their meeting again. Certainly from that time he no longer willingly discussed, as we had formerly done, the fundamental doctrines of faith, he avoided the perusal of sceptical writings, and endeavoured to discipline his mind to religion, by studiously impressing on his memory the best arguments of pious authors. I am the more confirmed in attributing to this incident a critical impression, as I find among the manuscripts of Dr. Sayers a short memorandum, which has recalled it to my recollection.

Dr. Sayers, however, was still a liberal christian, and friendly to a repeal of the corporation and test acts, which at this period were much discussed: but he blamed the dissenters for transferring to Mr. Fox the management of their application to Parliament. Pitt, said he, meant to have withdrawn the grievance as soon as he could convert the bishops; by making it an opposition-question, you will postpone the redress for a generation.

To the abolition of the slave-trade Dr. Sayers was a zealous friend: he inserted some argu-

ments against it in a Norwich newspaper, and also a recommendation to leave-off sugar. He wrote, or parodied, a song entitled the Dying Negro; which although set to music, has not been included among his collective poems, and may therefore expediently be inserted here:

THE DYING NEGRO.

O'er my toil-wither'd limbs sickly languors are shed,
And the dark mists of death on my eyelids are spread;
Before my last sufferings how gladly I bend!
For the strong arm of death is the arm of a friend.

Against the hot breeze's hard struggles my breast,
Slow, slow, beats my heart, and I hasten to rest;
No more shall sharp anguish my faint bosom rend,
For the strong arm of death is the arm of a friend.

No more shall I sink in the deep-scorching air,
No more shall keen hunger my weak body tear;
No more on my limbs shall swift lashes descend,
For the strong arm of death is the arm of a friend.

Ye ruffians! who tore me from all I held dear,
Who mock'd at my wailings, and smil'd at my tears,
Now, now shall I 'scape, every suffering shall end,
For the strong arm of death is the arm of a friend.

Dr. Sayers, moreover, published in the newspaper, a letter on preserving bees in double skeps; and a recommendation to dispatch animals by cutting their spine, and also to kill

eels and shell-fish so. All the humanities were floating in his mind; and his every leisure was willingly soothed by the endeavour to alleviate suffering

During the summer of 1790, I went to Paris; and Dr. Sayers, in a letter addressed to me there, inserted a sonnet, which was printed in the second edition of his poems. He as yet thought favourably of the French Revolution, but the line,

And millions starting from a base repose

having afterwards become obnoxious to him, the sonnet was suppressed.

On my return I went to join him at Cromer, where a fragment entitled the Invitation, (vol. I. p. 233) was conceived, though not completed. It is the one of his poems which most displays an original observation of nature; for in general he made some work of poetic art his model, and was not much intent on the description of external scenery. What he read, not what he saw, mostly supplied his allusions.

About this time also was added to the increasing stock of his rhythmical productions the admirable monodrama, entitled Pandora, which

is not only the finest poem of the kind in our language, but may be confronted with advantage against the Pygmalion of Rousseau, or even the Proserpina of Goethe, which last had served in some degree as a model.

Not long after the publication of this monologue, it happened to me to visit Mr. Barry, the painter, at his lodgings in London; he was then engaged on a picture representing the creation of Pandora, and feelingly lamented to me the not having seen Dr. Sayers' poem before he began his sketch, as he would entirely have accommodated the groupe of surrounding divinities to the expressed idea of the poet, conscious that, when great artists toil in unison, they acquire some of the celebrity they bestow.

In 1791, was executed the Ode to Aurora, a worthy companion for Collins' Ode to Evening, and the Fly, which Dr. Sayers considered as the most finished and perfect of all his minor productions; it resembles and vies with that ode to a Glow-worm, printed after Peter Pindar's Epistle to Bruce. Oswald, and some transla-

tions from the Greek and Latin Anthologies, continued to vary the poetic occupations of Dr. Sayers, until a second edition of the Dramatic Sketches became requisite, when these further exertions were inserted.

Previous to the appearance of that edition in 1792, the following sonnet was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine; and, as a manuscript copy, corrected by the author, occurs among the papers of Dr. Sayers, I infer it to have been his intention that it should be preserved.

Why is the harp, by Braga's finger strung
With the smooth gold of his Iduna's hair,
On yon pale willow all neglected hung,
And vocal only to the transient air?
Round its sweet tones the listening Elves have clung,
What time they to the cooler brim repair
Of moonlight-brook, with flowery shades o'erswung,
To coil the glittering dance their summer-care—
Resume it, youth, nor on the mossy shore
Of smoothly-sliding Wensum loitering lie;
Gird on thy crown of bardal oak once more,
Nor leave it on the parching strand to dry;
Lo where the Nornie Skulda* hovers nigh
To catch thy feeblest song, soon on wide wing to soar.

* Skulda, the Goddess of Futurity.

In this sonnet, which emanated from a contiguous observer, a sort of intimation occurs, that poetic composition was ceasing to be the favourite occupation of Dr. Sayers, which was but too true. A society called the Speculative had been founded at Norwich, in November, 1790. The members, originally twelve, although by various resignations and replacements more than double that number have belonged to the club, were to assemble once a fortnight, and to drink tea alternately at each other's houses. At seven precisely the chair was taken by the host of the night, and every member in his turn produced and read some original paper, which was to be commented during the rest of the evening in extemporary debate. Dr. Enfield, the Rev. Peter Hansell, Dr. Lubbock, Edw. Rigby Esq. (afterwards Dr. Rigby) Dr. Sayers, the Rev. Pendlebury Houghton, Mr. Francis Smith, Mr. W. Taylor, jun. John Browne Esq. the Rev. Gee Smith, Benj. Hart Esq. (now Thorold) and the Rev. John Walker, were among the earlier members of this association. In quoting these names I observe the order in which their respec-

tive papers were delivered, and omit, as irrelevant to this biography, all those persons who became members after the secession of Dr. Sayers. His paper was read on the 12th January, 1791, and had for its title

In what does Beauty consist, and can any standard be established by which the various degrees of beauty may be decided?

Of the luminous reasoning, and classical style, which distinguished this essay, the reader may still judge; as it is preserved with little variation, and placed foremost in the volume of Disquisitions Metaphysical and Literary, published by Dr. Sayers, in 1793. At the sixteenth meeting of the Speculative Society, which was held on the 7th September, 1791, the resignation of Dr. Sayers was announced, and received with general regret; but his connexion with this institution, however short, had certainly contributed to direct his speculations and his applications rather to philosophy than poetry.

1792 to 1798. Age 29 to 35.

The house, in which Dr. Sayers had dwelt with his mother, recalled too frequently a painful reminiscence and an unavailing regret; it was besides noisy and public; he removed therefore, or retired, into the precincts of the cathedral, and occupied in the Lower Close, an old-fashioned mansion, admired by antiquaries as an unaltered specimen of the early style of English building. In this singular but adapted residence he spent all the rest of his days. From veneration for his memory, it was drawn by Mr. Peter Thompson, a young architect, lately resident in Norwich, and engraved by Mr. Charles Edwards, the author of Hofer and other poems, who cultivates the graphic art for amusement, and is now established as a solicitor at Cambridge. To the joint kindness of these two gentlemen I am indebted for the annexed vignette, which represents the house of Dr. Sayers, as it appeared while he lived there; it has since been modernized.

By adopting a residence within the precincts of the cathedral, Dr. Sayers found himself surrounded with a new and to him a most agreeable neighbourhood. The classical acquirements, the gentlemanly manners, the respectable morality, the liberal leisure, so general among the English clergy, fitted them for his companions, and they became his favourite society. Of the new neighbours with whom he formed a permanent acquaintance, it may be allowed surely to name the Rev. P. Whittingham, Rev. C. J. Smyth, Rev. C. Millard, Rev. Dr. Sutton, Rev. O. T. Linley, Rev. Dr. Pretyman, and Rev. T. F. Middleton, as they are severally inscribed in his will. With Dr. Middleton, the late Bishop of Calcutta, he especially became intimate, resumed with sympathetic zeal the study of greek, in which both excelled, and they composed verses in that language with competitory ardor. In the printed works of Dr. Sayers, only the Epinikion has been preserved (vol. I. p. 253), but many other such metrical effusions have displayed, and perhaps still remain somewhere, in the custody of

confidential friendship, to attest, his critical and profound knowledge of the greek language.

Since the death of his mother, Dr. Sayers had seldom attended the Octagon, and then chiefly for the sake of hearing the Rev. Pendlebury Houghton, whose pulpit-oratory he so deliberately admired, that he once enquired of me whether I had ever heard in England, or on the continent, a preacher on the whole superior. Yet all this approbation did not suffice to detain him among the dissenters. He progressively became a frequenter of the cathedral-worship, which, from the imposing majesty of its theatre and its execution, is so well adapted for association with a serious and profound piety. There is in chaunted prayer a something, which, by concealing the articulate phraseology, sheathes from notice any controvertible sentiments of the liturgy, and lends to the soul an harmonious expression for its own interior worship. This conformity did not, as in some instances, result from indifference; on the contrary, Dr. Sayers was becoming more decidedly religious, began to look back with aversion on a philosophy un-

able, as he thought, to demonstrate even the truths of natural religion, and had placed in a strong light an important part of the evidence for revelation (vol. II. p. 65) which argument he first inserted in a Christian Miscellany of the year 1792.

No doubt the writings of Mr. Burke against the French Revolution, which were now acquiring a national and an European importance, contributed to convince Dr. Sayers that a loyal subject should lean to the religion of the magistrate, that all dissent operates to weaken the hands of government, and that heretical temples are easily made subservient to the propagation of political discontent. Had the minuter theological opinions of Dr. Sayers remained at rest, I am persuaded that his progressive dislike of revolutionary principles would have floated him into the church of England. The choice once made, he systematically denied to himself all further study of the writers not orthodox: they gradually disappeared from the shelves of his library, and were re-placed by the Horsleys and Macknights. This discipline was efficacious

and produced eventually a sincere conviction: those arguments which we are industrious to retrace, are soon the only ones which we remember, and those we remember the only ones we believe. Nor was it without ultimate satisfaction that Dr. Sayers found himself in the bosom of a church, into which he had been baptized, and which, having been that of his paternal ancestors, seemed destined for him by yon higher hand, which so determines the faith of the majority of mankind.

In 1793, Dr. Sayers published his Disquisitions Metaphysical and Literary. It has been less uncommon among the moderns, than among the ancients, for the same person to excel in opposite or unconnected departments of literature. The difficulty of attracting attention to an inconsiderable work, and of rapidly diffusing any short composition, naturally pre-disposed the learned of former times, rather to build up a gradual reputation by perseverance in one generally interesting pursuit, than by the occasional display of great mental vigour in different directions, to captivate at once the few, who await

not the sanction either of multitudes or of ages to admire. But now that the number of judges in every species of composition is increased, and that to all these any literary effort is speedily accessible, and the more so for its conciseness; now that a relish for various study is nearly universal; the practice of writing for readers the most heterogenous has proportionably spread. Homer was only the epic poet; Isocrates only the politician; Milton both. Pindar has left no disquisition concerning the beautiful and the good; nor has Plato immortalized in lyric effusions the mythology which his opinions supplanted; but Dr. Sayers has acquired rank alike as a poet and a philosopher.

The Disquisitions were originally nine in number, five of which retain a high permanent value, namely those on Beauty, on Perception, or Disinterested Passions, on the connection of Pain and Pleasure, and on the poetical character of Horace. The treatise of the Dramatic Unities, of English Metres, and even the elegant, convincing, and original investigation of the merit of Horace, may be considered as con-

nected with the defence of the Dramatic Sketches against some remarks of the periodic critics. It was proper to show, that in the drama the unity of action is alone essential, that of time arbitrary, that of place pernicious—proper to show, that English poets of delightful euphony and enduring fame had used rimeless lines of various length—and proper to show, that the Ode requires singleness of purpose and coherence of parts—all which is happily accomplished. The statement of the Evidence for Christianity is perhaps rather consecrated to the cares of eternity than to those of immortality. The analysis of Disinterested Passions is executed with acute perspicuity, and deserves to supplant Gay's celebrated Preface to King's Origin of Evil. Truly important and original views are contained in the enquiry concerning Perception; it aims at showing, that the mind is incapable of perceiving more than one idea at a time: an opinion, which if proved, will go very far to evince the *monadic* nature of the soul, the existence of a perceptive power in one atom of peculiar properties, instead of its dif-

fusion over a cluster of organic fibres, as maintained by the modern materialists. Nor is the connexion of Pain and Pleasure examined with less delicate research; this disquisition affords one of those instances of ingenious theory, which delight by their novelty, their dexterous evolution, their consistency and completeness, and irresistibly produce that wish to believe, which is the best preparation for permanent conviction.

The appearance of these Disquisitions was hailed in one of the Norwich newspapers by the following lines, which may confidently be ascribed to the Rev. John Walker:

Inscription intended for Dr. Sayers' Essays, published in 1793.

Spirits of purer frame, silent who live
Estrang'd from care and cloud of the rude world,
Who taste in Fancy's dream Ilyssus' wave
And breathe Parnassian gales, lo! here the page
Which speaks such thoughts, such simple attic phrase
As heard those Genii-haunted streams among,
Alas now heard no more. O ye who muse
With modest mind, of truth, of good, and fair,
Who search with curious eye the springs of thought,
Or passions' power, who trace the paths of taste
Of poesy antique, or modern date,
O list again the Druid, him whose lyre

Late echoed mid dark Hela's realms, and charm'd
The golden tears from Frea's sky-bright eyes,
Far other audience now, yet equal praise
Attend, if not this friendly verse mis-deem,
If right the sovereign bard of Eden spake;
Song charms the sense, but eloquence the soul.

The Rev. J. Walker frequently visited his neighbour Henry Kett Esq. a bachelor of easy income, who, with the help of a bailiff, farmed his own estate at Dickleburgh, but spent the greater part of his time very hospitably in Norwich, cultivating and enjoying literary society. A pamphlet concerning the controversy between Hume and Warburton was ascribed to him; and another on the inclosure of Mosswold. I have often had the pleasure of joining at Mr. Kett's table both Mr. Walker and Dr. Sayers, and believe the Disquisition on Pain and Pleasure to have originated in a controversial conversation which occurred there.

In the summer of 1793, Dr. Sayers received the following letter from Silesia, which attests the progress of his continental celebrity.

SIR, *Lignitz, May 30th, 1793.*

There are in Germany at this time many who begin to relish the Mythology of our Northern ancestors. This being the case, those of my countrymen, who are sufficiently acquainted with the English Language, were much charmed with the spirit, judgment, and all those beauties of your learned Muse. Our best critics admire the novelty, simplicity, style and painting in the Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology. I have read these poems, which could not but give me great pleasure, and therefore I was tempted to translate them into German. I send you the book itself, and wish that it may have your approbation.

You mention in the Preface the tragedy Caractacus, which I never have seen. I am sure you will forgive me the liberty I take in begging you to honor me with a letter, wherein you mention me the Author of this Tragedy, and give me a short account of the subject of it; you may send the letter, if you please to write to me, under the address:

"An den Doctor Neubeck zu Lignitz, in Schlesien."

I trust you will be ever assured of the sincere and entire respect with which I am always,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

NEUBECK.

This letter was accompanied with a German copy of Dr. Neubeck's translation of the Dramatic Sketches, printed at Leipsic, in 1793. Made from the first edition, it does not contain

the monodrama of Oswald, but is executed with elegance and fidelity. In a concluding note Dr. Nesbeck observes, "My wish has been to deliver the Dramatic Sketches to the public as faithfully as possible, wherefore I have left some places unchanged, in which the poet has erred against mythic truth, for instance, in using Mimer for the name of a fountain, and in making Balder, the northern god of the sun. But these local and petty blemishes weigh as nothing against the overpowering beauties of the Poems."

I find among the papers of Dr. Sayers another letter from the same hand, which though of later date will more conveniently groupe here.—

Sir, *Lignitz, Dec. 28th*, 1795.

Your's of the 15th of last December came to my hands about five months since. I will not pretend to return you such thanks as I ought, till I write such poems as your's are. Your Disquisitions are already known in Germany as a piece written with distinguished criticism. In the perusal of them, I have met with the information of many useful truths, and a great deal of very pleasing entertainment. I acknowledge myself obliged very much to you for your present of Mason's Poems. Among other bards of your island I relish exceedingly Mr. Jerningham's performances, many of his poems are in my hands; and charmed with the beauty of his genius,

I desire to read his other works too. You see how forward I am to importune you with my little concerns, but I hope if you please to send me the writings of this author you'll give me the price of them in a little note. Dr. Akenside, the ingenious author of the Pleasures of Imagination, has written a hymn to the Naiads. I beg you to add a copy of it. I believe you will forgive me this liberty, for I am desperately fond of all the three thousand daughters of old Ocean, but my favourites are the healing sisters of them. The slowness of the press has so long retarded the answer to your last obliging letter, that my book Die Gesund-brunnen (the Health-Wells) which I desire you to accept from me, must be an excuse for my long silence. I beg your pardon for sending you such a trifle as are my other poems—it is an expression of good will.

With the greatest respect, I am, Sir,
Your obliged humble Servant,
NEUBECK.

Through the intervention of Dr. Sayers, the Health-Wells of Dr. Neubeck were mentioned in the Monthly Review: and at the same time, if I mistake not, was transmitted an article of his own, concerning Dr. Hamilton's work on Drowned Persons, which was his only contribution to that journal.

In 1794 and 1795 Dr. Sayers was a member of the committee to the Norwich Public Library; and the President's chair was offered to

him, but declined. At the December meeting, after reading over as usual the titles of the various Reviews and Magazines, and determining to continue them on the old footing, the list in the Proposing Book took its turn. A copy of the newest French Constitution was one of the books which came under consideration. We have just agreed, observed Dr. Sayers, not to take any more *periodical* publications. A *bon mot*, a pat word, as the English language would perhaps allow us to term it, was habitually at his tongue's end.

At this period, methinks, Dr. Sayers had attained his full maturity, had reached the height of his greatness. Insensibly he was become the the first man in Norwich, the one to whom an illustrious stranger, a judge of merit, would most have coveted to be introduced, and would have learned to know with unmixed delight and admiration. All his accomplishments were of the highest class and of the finest chiselling; in him learning, genius, and intellect, struggled fo the mastery. Majesty blended with suavity an feeling characterized the expression of his pe

son. Perhaps his earlier manners had been accused of shyness, they now united dignity with ease, and exhibited the urbanity of European polish. "A diner-out of the first water" and consequently of the first wine, there was no table in or near Norwich, which asserted a genteel hospitality, whose host was not proud to seat him among the guests. His acquaintance however was select not general; and he preferred small to large parties, often repeating from Athenæus, that the number at a symposium should vibrate between that of the Graces and the Muses. His conversation, always ready but never usurpative, won its easy way to the heart of attention, displaying a knowledge various and sound, decorations lively, playful and facetious, reasoning luminous and principled, yet so skilfully guided by an inherent taste and temper within the nicest limits of the graceful, that his learning was never pedantic, his wit never sarcastic, his argument never pertinacious. No where did he unfold with more felicity and cordiality his fascinating conversational powers than at a weekly evening club, held at

the Hole in the Wall, where he pretty regularly met Mr. Amyot, Mr. Barron, Mr. Dalrymple, Rev. G. De Hague, Mr. Firth, afterwards Serjeant Firth, Rev. O. Linley, Mr. Pitchford, Dr. Wright, and myself. It was not however to a chosen few that the display of his powers was confined; the universality of their application was perhaps their most characteristic feature.—"His conversation" says Mr. Amyot, justly, in a letter to me concerning this biography, "was equally acceptable to the learned and the illiterate, and it was peculiarly agreeable to females and to children. To all ranks, ages, and characters, it may truly be said to have imparted delight. His talent for delicate and good humoured raillery was as rich as it was amusing, and it had the rare quality of not giving offence to the object of it. Every body loved him, no body stood in awe of him."

1799 to 1805. Age 36 to 42.

The youth of Dr. Sayers had been agitated by various loves and dis-loves, of which it must suffice to observe, that they had all too disinterested a character to terminate in matrimony; if

the Cynthias, and Chloes, and Delias of his love-songs could be guessed with probability by a contiguous observer, the veil of the Muse may not be torn.

By the decease of his aunt Mrs. Alric, in 1799. Dr. Sayers acquired a considerable accession of property. He now became a liberal contributor to the principal public charities of Norwich, and extended further his multitudinous private benefactions. His art of giving was truly refined, and the reverse of ostentatious. Many times on subscription-papers he would put down less than he contributed, aware that the authority of his name would be most exemplary at the average rate of other people's munificence.

His establishment included two female servant's: some one, who slept elsewhere, came to clean the knives and shoes and to rake and weed the garden. But the limitation of his revenue, still imposed some restraint on his hospitality, and more on his naturally profuse beneficence: wherefore he determined eventually to sink a sum of money in the government-annuities, and thus to increase his income.

At one time he kept a horse and gig, and amused himself with successive pilgrimages to the different churches within a day's drive of Norwich, (for he disliked sleeping from home) and examined their architecture, and monumental decorations, with critical minuteness. Mr. Amyot, Mr. Boldero, and Dr. Sutton were often his companions in these expeditions, and occasionally tempted him to remoter journies, as for instance, to Orford Castle.

Whether these jaunts were the cause, or the effect, of a taste for antiquarian reading, at least they were coeval with this new pursuit, and contributed to corroborate and perpetuate it. Hebrew and Anglo-Saxon were undertaken as auxiliary studies; and Dr. Sayers now began to prepare those hints on English Architecture, that account of St. George, and the Essays on Saxon literature, which were first collected in 1805, under the title Miscellanies Antiquarian and Historical.

Hitherto his library had chiefly consisted of classical and fine literature, he now acquired many expensive works on archæology and the

fine arts, many books of prints, and especially architectural engravings. Nor was his patronage lost on the living artists. Plates were dedicated to him in Britton's Architectural Antiquities, in the account of Norwich Cathedral, and also in Cotman's Antiquities of Norfolk.

In 1800, Mr. and Mrs. Opie came to Norwich, on a visit to her father, Dr. Alderson, when, at my request, Dr. Sayers sat to this celebrated painter for the portrait, which has been engraved as a frontispiece to this edition of his collective works by Mr. Edwards of Bungay. Dr. Sayers conversed much with Mr. Opie on art, listened to his native strength of talent and originality of judgment, and has happily applied to him a greek distich in the note (vol. II. p. 11.) to the Essay on Beauty.

Not long after this, Mr. Robert Southey visited Norwich, was introduced to Dr. Sayers, and partook those feelings of complacent admiration, which his presence was adapted to inspire. I wish to fancy, that the cometary exorbitance of Mr. Southey's early political opinions then incurred that first concentration, which was gra-

dually to bring him within the attraction of the sun of government. Dr. Sayers pointed out to us in conversation, as adapted for the theme of a ballad, a story related by Olaus Magnus of a witch, whose coffin was confined by three chains sprinkled with holy water, but was nevertheless carried off by dæmons. Already I believe Dr. Sayers had made a ballad on the subject, so did I, and so did Mr. Southey: but after seeing the Old Woman of Berkeley, we agreed in awarding to it the preference. Indeed it may be placed at the head of English ballads. Still the very different manner in which each had employed the same basis of narrative might render welcome the opportunity of comparison; but I have not found among the papers of Dr. Sayers a copy of his poem. To the writings of Dr. Sayers, Mr. Southey has attended much; and I think, especially in the Triumph of Woman, has occasionally imitated with felicity his lyric style.

In 1803 appeared a third edition of the poems, which attests the progress of the author's popularity, and introduced to the public the Cyclops

from Euripides, substituted an Ode to Night for the Ode to Aurora, and suppressed the ballad of Sir Egwin.

About this time Dr. Sayers wrote a hand-bill and inserted some paragraphs in the Norfolk Chronicle to recommend volunteering; they alike do honor to his patriotism and to his eloquence.

During the same year, with the title Nugæ Poeticæ, were published some minor poems, of which Jack the Giant Killer is one of the more conspicuous, This is perhaps the most truly Homeric narration in our language, and deserves to become the model of a peculiar class of epopea. The adaptation of this style to the story of Jack was occasioned, I understand, by a perusal of Holcroft's translation of Herman and Dorothea, which Mr. Amyot had lent to Dr. Sayers, who returned the volume with some humourous lines, in which this form of parody was first realized. Dr. Sayers had an idea of versifying other Popular Tales of the English, and had made a collection of penny story-books, whence to choose the themes, such as Guy of Warwick, the Sleeping Beauty, Saint George,

Fortunatus, the Friar and Boy, Blue Beard, &c. Guy of Warwick alone was attempted, but broken off.

In 1803, Edward Whetstone, the old clerk of Trowse parish, gave an organ to the church: originally he had only bequeathed the purchase-money; but having mentioned his intention to the vicar and other principal inhabitants, and wishing to hear his own organ, they agreed to allow him an annuity out of the rates, equivalent to the interest of his legacy, which was thus made available in his life-time. On this occasion the following epigrams by Dr. Sayers found their way into the Norfolk Chronicle.

ON TROWSE ORGAN.

Fungar vice cotis acutum.—HORACE.

I Whetstone, clerk of this good parish,
Having no organs fit for singing,
And wishing much my breath to cherish,
Bought pipes to set the church a ringing.

Now, though I ne'er could hum a stave,
To some renown I still aspire,
For this brave organ which I gave,
Is deem'd the Whetstone of the choir.

ON THE SAME.

Ned Whetstone to Trowse parish left,
An organ which in giving,
He thought that when of breath bereft,
He'd make more noise than living.

But fearing that if he should go,
The choice might be ill-suited,
He chose to live to witness how,
His will was executed.

During the residence of Mr. Trafford, (afterwards S. T. Southwell, Esq. of Wroxham) near and in Norwich, Dr. Sayers was a welcome guest at his table, and admired in him urbanity of manners, sedate eloquence, profound knowledge of constitutional law, and especially kindred classical acquirements —To the good humour and decoration of social intercourse, Dr. Sayers was always ready to contribute.—With the date 8th June, 1804, I find among his papers some hitherto unpublished verses addressed to Miss D. on returning to her through Dr. S. a puzzle of two beads on a card: they have the ease and grace which belong to such galant effusions.

Pray, lady fair, for what ill deeds
Am I thus doom'd to tell my beads?

To fix the glittering baubles right,
I labour morning, noon, and night;
I twist them round and round again,
But all my twirlings are in vain,
For, whether I unloose or bind them,
Still where they should not be, I find them.
Surely some dark and awful spell
Within the slender knot must dwell,
And witching fingers twin'd a noose,
Which none but conjurors can unloose.
And yet 'tis hard that I, who read
The works of venerable Bede,
That I, who bit by ancient lore,
O'er musty bead-rolls daily pore,
And live in bonds of friendship true,
With many a good old beadsman too;
'Tis hard that I, when fairly pitted,
By these small beads should be outwitted.
Yet so it is—I here confess it,
As to the charm I ne'er shall guess it;
Finding, alas! 'tis vain to try,
To loosen bonds that ladies tie.
No more I'll sorrowing rack my brain,
But send the mischief back again,
For why thus sadder grow and sadder,
'Bout three blue beads in one blue bladder.

Let me also preserve another instance of the same kind by transcribing some verses on the loss of a pair of slippers, addressed to his aunt Mrs. Rachel Hunter, the authoress of Mrs. Palmers-

ton's Letters, and of several elegant and moral novels.

Anacreon, that galant old poet,
Wish'd in an ode—I am sure you know it—
Without a single thought of scandal,
That he could be his mistress' sandal;
And Hudibras, that queer old codger,
Yet of a woman no bad dodger;
When praising high his favourite beauty,
Honours the shadow of her shoe-tie.
Thus at all times an ardent swain,
In hopes his charmer's smiles to gain,
Cares not what length his passions go,
And worships her from top to toe.
Some steal a ribband, some a locket,
Some put her scissars in their pocket,
To shew they hold in highest honor,
All that their mistress bears upon her.

Sure then, dear Ma'am, 'tis falsely said,
That still you fret, and scold your maid,
And search your closets round and round,
Because your slippers can't be found;
Think but an instant, and you'll see,
'Tis a mere trick of gallantry;
For what true lover would despise
To pocket e'en the oddest prize?

At least some beau, who sees with fear
Your wanderings in the evening air,
Who loves eternally to be
Blest with your sprightly company:

Might hide your slippers, as a hint,
There's something rather pretty in't,
That tender ladies should not roam,
And thus he bids you stay at home.

So seems the case, at least 'tis vain
To hope to find your goods again—
Whether in man's or woman's power,
Be sure to you they come no more;
For who's so proud as not to choose,
To tread in Mrs. HUNTER's shoes?

Other poems of this class by the same hand have slidden into circulation, some Charades for instance, but I find no copy of them among the papers. The address to a Gothic Chair written in the Album at Bracondale Lodge, the villa of Philip Meadows Martineau, Esq. and the lines on the Extirpation of Thorpe Grove, are still more splendid specimens of his *occasional* verses.

In 1803, died the Rev. Samuel Story, for many years minister in the parish of St. Michael Coslany: on his tombstone placed in the vestry is the following inscription, which was drawn up by Dr. Sayers.

Hic quiescit
SAMUEL STORY
Hujus Ecclesiæ
per XXX ferè annos
Rector:
Vir doctus, placidus, comis.

Antiquarian occupations were now daily encroaching, more and more, on that of writing poetry. In 1804 Dr. Sayers communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, through the Rev. Samuel Henley, some curious notices concerning the Dormitory of the Cathedral-monastery of Norwich, which had then lately been laid bare, in consequence of the demolition of a work-house, of which it formed a part. This paper was inserted in the Archæologia, vol. xv. page 311.

In 1805, the Miscellanies antiquarian and historical made their appearance: they are worthy of the author of the Disquisitions, and form a welcome addition to his prose-works. The first dissertation on the term Hebrew is more important than on a first perusal it appears to be; and by deriving the word from the preposition *beyond* powerfully favours the doctrine of those who believe the Hebrew Language to have been that of the dwellers beyond the Euphrates, that is the East Aramic, and not the West Aramic dialect, as in our schools of scripture-criticism has usually been taught. In the second argumentation it is satisfactorily shown, in opposition to the opi-

nion of some commentator, that the Melita on which St. Paul was shipwrecked, is the modern Malta. The account of St. George is full of new, learned, and recondite matter, though perhaps not wholly satisfactory: it indirectly attacks the narrative of Gibbon, (c. xxiii. p. 402-404) and endeavours to establish a distinction between George the Arian, and George the Saint. The rise and progress of English poetry is luminously and eruditely sketched; and the causes of the succession of different schools of composition are happily illustrated and explained; but I feel a little angry with the concluding sally against the German School. The Hints on English Architecture I am ill qualified to appreciate: they appear to me well to condense a comprehensive reading, but to lean with too equal a reliance on authorities unequally judicious.—In the papers of Dr. Sayers occur numberless notes, relative to these Hints, corrective and recorrective of each other, indicating on many points a fastidious uncertainty in the author's mind, which a subsequent publication by Mr. Rickman of Liverpool assisted to settle. On

one scrap there is a memorandum: "Shall I take to pieces a copy of my Hints on English Architecture, and bind it up again with drawings (which get) of all things mentioned in the said Hints. When I have thus sufficiently illustrated my Hints, bind them up and the drawings together, and offer the work for separate publication, with additional text and notes?" I wish Dr. Sayers had done this: who can now select the appropriate illustrations, who date the conflicting testimonials, or satisfactorily infer his own ultimate opinion? Yet this was evidently a favourite dissertation of the writer, and may be considered as the scheme, or prospectus, of a separate work, to which, if his health had endured, he would have consecrated a preference of attention. The two dissertations concerning Saxon literature, and Saxon names of months, attest much proficiency in the language and literature of our forefathers. The installation of Anselm is a characteristic extract. Both the lives of Edgar Atheling, and of Edmund Mortimer, display advantageously, the radical enquiry, the patient research, and the equitable apprecia-

tion of the biographer. Concerning the [illegible] of Mortimer, Mr. Malone has recorded some observations, which are inserted in this edition.

At the time these historic works were written, Dr. Sayers meditated an entire series of such accounts concerning all the disappointed claimants of the British throne—a volume of Lives of the Pretenders. But this elegant historic project was never realized. Indeed both Dr. Sayers and I were great, I might almost say, systematic postponers. He would quote in a panegyrical sense,

Procrastination *is* the thief of time,

and we have often smiled in cordial sympathy at the maxim, that "he who leaves a thing undone has always something to do." In this though at first the imitator, I have alas! (as the slow completion of this biography attests) at length learned to surpass my model.

Among the lay neighbours of Dr. Sayers, the one most distinguished by his friendship was, I think, Mr. Thomas Amyot, now resident in James Street, Westminster, and no less eminent for accomplishments of mind, which he has principally directed to antiquarian studies, than fo

eager kindness of heart. After the removal of this gentleman to London, in 1806, Dr. Sayers corresponded with him assiduously. "Between this period and that of our final separation, I received, (says Mr. Amyot,) near 200 letters from him, which are now in my possession, he having in our last conversation permitted me to retain them, although I do not consider myself authorised to give them publicity. They are chiefly on the literary topics of the day, interspersed with Norwich anecdotes and chit-chat, and enlivened with frequent characteristic sallies of pleasantry and humour. But I was not his only correspondent during that period. Indeed he had many others in his list, at the head of which were Mr. James Sayers, and our lamented friend the late Bishop of Calcutta. His letters to the latter, written after as well as before the bishop's departure for India, are I should guess among his best compositions of this class, at least among the most elaborate of them. To Mr. Sayers and to me he probably wrote with more ease and freedom than to any others of his correspondents, as you, in consequence of your residence in Norwich, were no

longer in the list of them. I think his letters are models of excellence. They have more ease than Gibbon's, more variety than Cowper's, they have the gaiety of Horace Walpole without his arrogance, and the learning, taste, and spirit of Gray without his fastidiousness."

Part of a letter from Dr. Sayers to the Rev. W. Kirby, of Barham, in Suffolk, was inserted by that gentleman in the Orthodox Churchman's Magazine, for May, 1805; it relates to some words in the Testament being græcized from the Hebrew.

In 1805, Mr. Thomas Tawell, of Norwich, an iron merchant of considerable property, who was threatened, if not already afflicted, with blindness, purchased a stately mansion, then inhabited by the Right Hon. Lord Bradford, together with the attached four acres of garden ground, and generously offered it to the community, as the basis of an institution for the benefit of the Indigent Blind in Norfolk and Norwich. A public meeting was called, during the mayoralty of James Marsh, Esq. at which a subscription was entered into for defraying the yearly expenses of the establishment, a committee was chosen for

superintending the institution, and various regulations were made for its conduct. Dr. Sayers was an active member of this Committee, and was requested to draw up an address to the benevolent public in behalf of this excellent charity. The Address accompanied with an account of the foundation, with its laws and regulations, and with a list of the patrons and subscribers, was printed in 1806, under the superintendence of Dr. Sayers, and may with propriety be here transcribed. It was entitled an Account of the Establishment of an Hospital and School for the Indigent Blind of Norfolk and Norwich.

"Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul
Of all the rest." MILTON.

"It is the boast of our religion, that the origin of those institutions which are dedicated to the relief and consolation of the unfortunate, may be traced to the pious activity of a Christian lady; and the benign spirit of our Faith has ceased not to exert itself in extending their advantages to every species of suffering, which they may be

calculated to alleviate, or to remove. "Mercy and alms," says one of the most eloquent of our writers, "are the body and soul of that charity which we must pay to our neighbours' need; and it is a precept which God has therefore enjoyned to the world, that the great inequality which he was pleased to suffer in the possessions and accidents of men, might be reduced to some temper and evenness; and the most miserable person reconciled to some sense and participation of felicity." No one indeed can be ignorant of the earnestness and anxiety, with which the grand duty of doing good is inculcated by Christianity: to this the Divine Author of our Faith devoted himself in his life, and in his death; without this, he taught us, that all else availed us nothing; to this he annexed the most exalted rewards, and he blessed it with his peculiar favour, by declaring that inasmuch as we did good "to one of the least of these our brethren, we did it unto him."

"But lest the commands and promises of religion, awful and powerful as they are, should be ineffectual to awaken all that zeal which is required of us, the hand of Nature has stampt

upon our hearts those feelings, which, while unblenched and unhardened by the world, cannot but eagerly prompt us to deeds of charity and kindness: the effects that are so uniformly produced by benevolent exertions, are much too striking and lovely to be viewed without the warmest interest and satisfaction;—the gift of the humane is doubly blessed;

"It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Let us turn our eyes to the hovel of care and suffering; let us look upon the father of a numerous and distressed family, stretched upon the bed of sickness and pain; let us mark him, amid the pangs or faintings of disease, casting his languid eyes upon the dearest objects of his affection, and feeling, from the contemplation of their anxiety and wants, a greater agony and dismay than that which his bodily sufferings can inflict—but soon the scene is changed—Benevolence extends her saving hand; she proffers the cordials which reanimate his frame; she feeds, protects, and cheers his drooping offspring; health strengthens his limbs, vigour flushes his countenance, and his little treasure of moderate,

but satisfying pleasures is once more restored to him. Let us again observe that lonely and melancholy being from whose closed eyes the fair and brilliant scenes of Nature, the cheering looks of those he loves, are for ever excluded; helpless he sits, exposed to penury, to injury, to contumely—

> "——— dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
> Without all hope of day."

But even this prospect, cheerless as it is, will be illuminated by the approach of Charity; she takes to her protection the hopeless child of gloom; she surrounds him with comforts, with companions, with assistants: she does more—she calls forth the light of his soul; she opens to him the consolations of religion: she rouzes into action those senses which Providence has left him in peculiar perfection; she imposes on him the grateful task of administering to his own wants; she teaches him an employment which dissipates the dismal vacancy of his solitary hours; and she finally enables him to bear with content, nay even with cheerfulness, the formidable malady,

with which God has been pleased to afflict him. The pictures which have now been sketched are not the fictions of imagination; they are traced even with a timid pencil; but they can hardly be regarded with indifference, for we have not yet broken the golden chain that bindeth man to man.

"But even if the holier or more amiable motives for charity should be unfortuately deadened in their action, some aid might possibly be derived from a love and respect for our country; long has she been eminently conspicuous as the liberal friend of the wretched, as "the comforter of those who mourn."

"_____ The stores profuse,
Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
No more the sacrilegious riot swell
Of cannibal devourers. Right applied,
The weak and old they feed, the strong employ.
Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet
The morning shines in mercy's dews array'd."

Surely this is not the hour in which we can expect the fair fame of our country to be sullied; this is not the hour in which we can be permitted to relax our exertions in preserving to her

any of those honourable characters by which she has hitherto been distinguished.

"Some apology may possibly be deemed necessary for an appeal which may, by many, be considered as superfluous; but even the feeblest pleading in behalf of the unfortunate will at all times have claims to indulgence, if not to approbation."

It is more than probable, that Dr. Sayers also penned the address subscribed by Mr. Tawell, who may have dictated the substance, but was no longer able to be his own secretary. Dr. Sayers was much attached to him, and for several years dined regularly every Monday at his table. Beside discharging a yearly subscription of two guineas, Dr. Sayers bequeathed fifty pounds to this Asylum for the Blind.

1806 to 1812. Age 49 to 49.

The summer of 1806 was spent by Dr. Sayers in preparing a new edition of the poems, which was to appear in the following spring. Some delicate variations were made in the text; some translations were added to the previous stock of

poetry; the lines to a snow-drop were suppressed; many additional notes were attached, many learned citations inserted, and several profound though short investigations were undertaken and interpolated with the notes, which are worthy of being dilated into academic memoirs. This edition was printed at Norwich, and published by Cadell and Davies, in 1807: and as it is the latest edition of Dr. Sayers's Poems which the author lived to superintend himself, it must therefore remain the classical one, and acquire a superior bibliographic value to the others. Its reception by the periodic critics, and by the reading public, was just, and therefore flattering; it was welcomed as a beautiful and enduring trophy of the British Muse. High authorities signified their approbation. The following letter from Sir Walter Scott, dated Edinburgh, 20th June, 1807, remains among the papers handed over to me.

SIR,

I was yesterday honoured with your favor of the 23d May, accompanying a volume of poetry to the merits of the greater part of which I am

no stranger. I was more particularly flattered by your kind approbation of my poetical efforts, because I have been long an admirer of your runic rhymes, and set a very high value indeed upon the copy *ex dono auctoris*. We owe much to those who have united the patience of the antiquary, and the genius of the poet, in their researches into former times, and in this honoured list your name has long held a distinguished rank. Give me leave to solicit a continuance of an acquaintance commenced in a moment so very agreeable to my feelings, and believe me,

Sir,

Your most obliged

And most obedient Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

A similar letter from the Rev. W. L. Bowles, is dated 27th Nov. from Bremhill, near Calne, Wilts.

Sir,

I beg leave to thank you most cordially for the volume of poems you were so kind as to transmit by my friend W. Linley. Of course I was no stranger to the name of Sayers, nor to the northern Dramatic Sketches, which I have read with increased pleasure. To the first poem, the descent of Frea, no words from me could do justice. The wildness of the circumstances and characters, the novelty and sublimity of the imagery, the rich and appropriate diction, and the unity and simplicity of the conduct, in my opinion place it far above any thing in Gray. The Giant-Killer is perfectly

original, and in its way inimitable. And the sonnet on Uncle Joe is a most excellent burlesque of affected simplicity, which is to me far more offensive in writing than any other affectation. If any thing should bring you toward Bath, I hope I need not say how happy I should be to receive you at Bremhill, and am with the greatest respect,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

W. L. BOWLES.

From a letter dated 6th Nov. 1807, and subscribed by the Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, it appears, that Dr. Sayers presented a copy of his poems, to that body.

In September and October, 1808, Dr. Sayers, in consequence of some previous accidental conversation, addressed two letters to Sir James Edward Smith, on the subject of the Κυαμος Αιγυπτιος: as they have a permanent literary value, it may be well here to transcribe them.

Close, 12*th Sept.* 1808.

Dear Sir,

The discussion into which you were so obliging as to enter yesterday evening, induced me to look a little more for the earliest meaning of the word κυαμος. I do not find that it is used more than once

by Homer in the Iliad or Odyessy; the passage which I noticed to you yesterday in the Iliad (N. 589) is, I find, thus translated by Damm in his celebrated Lexic. Homer. A ventilabro in arca saliunt fabæ fuscæ et pisa: nam color harum fabarum est fuscus et rufus.

The same writer translates κύαμος faba, maxime ea species quam Germani *wälsche bonen*, vulgo *San-bonen*, vocant, at quas Græci νοσκυαμίνς appellant.

In the Batrachomyomachia, of which the æra however as you well know, is somewhat uncertain, the word κυαμος again occurs. In the army of the mice it is said *l.* 123.

Κνημιδας μεν πρωτα περι κνημησιν εθηκαν
Ρηξαντες κυαμινς χλωροὺς, ενι' ἀδηκοσιν.

The κυάμος thus ingeniously used for greaves by the mice, must of course have been of the shape of some of our ordinary beans. The common meaning of κυαμος then before the time of Pythagoras is thus sufficiently plain. It appears too from the use of the word κυάμοι in the writings of Plato, Aristotle, and others of about the same æra, that this ancient sense of κυαμος was retained in the time of Theophrastus. In Athenæus, however, I find mention made not only of ordinary κυάμοι eaten at feasts, but also of the κυαμος Αιγυπτιος of which he gives a description extracted from Theophrastus (viz. that of the Nymphæa Nelumbo *not of the Lotus*) he also quotes Nicander, who recommends the sowing of this κυαμος Αιγυπτιος, saying that garlands may be made of its flowers, and that its *fruit* and roots may be eaten. This Nicander who certainly was *no Pythagorean* lived only about 137 years before Christ. In his time, then, and probably

before, though how long before I know not, the Nymphæa Nelumbo was known as a plant fit for food, and the name κυαμος, perhaps taken from Theophrastus, was commonly affixed to it.

The only apology I have to make for sending you these crudities, is the desire which I feel to make some slight return for the amusement and instruction which I yesterday received from you.

F. SAYERS.

P. S. Herodotus, where he mentions that the Egyptians did not eat the κυαμος, and that the priests thought unclean (ου καθαρος) also uses the word οσπριον in the same paragraph as including the κυαμος.

Close, 3d Oct. 1808.

DEAR SIR,

Since I had the pleasure of sending you a week or two ago a few passages, which I had hastily collected, respecting the κυαμος of the ancients, a supposition has occurred to me, by which I think some of the difficulties arising on that subject might possibly be removed I have therefore thought proper to trouble you with it.

As we have found no greek writer, prior to Theophrastus, who had used the word κυαμος with any other meaning than that of the ordinary legumen so called, does it not appear possible, that the Hindu κυαμος, or Nymphæa Nelumbo, may have been first *imported from the East at the time of the conquests of Alexander?* Might not even the King himself have ordered so celebrated a plant, and probably other curious natural productions, to be sent to his preceptor Aristotle, from whom a knowledge of it would readily have been obtained by Theophrastus?

But without any interference of the Conqueror himself, specimens of such a striking vegetable as the Nymphæa Nelumbo could hardly fail of finding their way to Greece from the East.

Its introduction into Egypt may, I think, be similarly accounted for, and reasonably fixed at about the same period. The κυαμος mentioned by Herodotus, as being held in abomination by the Egyptians, is certainly not the Nymphæa Nelumbo I conceive; he expressly calls it an ασπρον, and the circumstance of its being held in abomination, of its being deemed ου καθαρος sufficiently points out, that it could never have been the *holy, adorable,* Nymphæa of India. Herodotus, then, knew nothing of any other kind of κυαμος in Egypt than the ordinary bean. But the Nymphæa Nelumbo might very probably have been introduced into Egypt about the time of the first Ptolemy. To Nicander, who lived at Alexandria under the seventh Ptolemy, it would of course be well known, but it might still be so little cultivated as to induce him to insist on its excellence in his Georgics. What effect this exhortation might have I know not, but the cultivation of the Nymphæa Nelumbo appears to have continued in Egypt in the time of Pliny, who mentions two *genera* of Egyptian *fabæ*, one of which he calls *rotundius et nigrius*. This I conceive to be the Nelumbo; the other I presume was the ordinary κυαμος of Herodotus.

If the above hypothesis be true, it is certainly somewhat unfavourable to your supposition of Pythagoras having borrowed his precept from Egypt, supposing it I mean to apply to the Nymphæa Nelumbo. In case of its so applying, Pythagoras must I think, have taken it direct from India; but it appears to me more probable

that he did borrow it from Egypt, and applied it (as the Egyptians themselves seem to have done) to the ordinary κυαμος of the time of Herodotus. Upon this supposition, the precept itself would have been very intelligible to the followers of Pythagoras, although the reasons for it were not understood; but if it contained any allusion to the Nymphæa Nelumbo, such allusion must have been totally obscure and unavailing to the inhabitants of a country where that plant appears to have been unknown.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your's very truly,

F. SAYERS.

The following note is preserved also with the rough draft of the foregoing letters, but is probably of subsequent date.

Against my theory of the introduction of the κυαμος Αιγυπτιος into Greece, it may be urged, that if it came from the East to Aristotle, and thence to Theophrastus, Theophrastus would rather have called it Κυαμος Ἰνδικος (if that be regular greek) than Αιγυπτιος, or at least by some name indicating the part of the world whence it came. To this objection it might be replied, that the κυαμος in question appears to have been cultivated sooner in Egypt than in Greece, if indeed it was cultivated there at all. Possibly the climate of Egypt might be more favourable to its growth, it might therefore be in use in Egypt even at so early a period as that of the first Ptolemy, and as Theophrastus flourished under Ptolemy Lagus, it is not impossible that the κυαμος of the East may have been known in Greece by the title of Αιγυπτιος and that title consequently adopted by Theophrastus.

Diodorus Siculus in the first book of his Biblioth. Hist. mentions the κυαμος Αιγυπτιος, and the Λοτος as growing spontaneously in Egypt; but he lived after Alexander's conquests.

After a patient perusal of all this learning, one feels half inclined to ask—Has the Nymphæa Nelumbo any thing to do in the question? Is not the κυαμος of Herodotus the broad-bean, and the κυαμος Αιγυπτιος of Theophrastus the kidney-bean?

In 1808, under the simple Title, Disquisitions by Frank Sayers, M.D. were collected, with the single exception of an essay on English Metres, the several prose-works which had separately appeared in 1793 and 1805. They were enriched by valuable additional notes, not augmented with original lucubrations. Dr. Sayers often quoted and acted upon the maxim of Cowper, that an author cannot be too fond of correcting his own compositions; yet the file may perhaps be applied so often as to impair cohesion, and so industriously as to intercept fresh production. Who would not be content with less of polish for more of massiveness in the works

of a favorite writer? Among the memorandums of Dr. Sayers, there is one relative to this publication, which runs thus: "in a future edition, to incorporate wherever practicable the notes into the text:" and in fact, notes, like the volutes of an arabesque, are apt to conceal the drift and direction of a discourse.

Of the letters returning thanks for presentation copies, only the following one seems to have been preserved:

Inner Temple, June 3, 1808.

Sir,

I return you thanks for the copy of your new book of Disquisitions, which I intend to read with attention. The subjects treated of in them seem all to be very interesting, and I expect to be both entertained and instructed by the perusal. I know but little of architecture, but I am a great admirer of the gothic style of it exhibited in our Cathedral Churches, particularly in Westminster Abbey, Salisbury Cathedral, King's College Chapel at Cambridge, and I think I may add, in our own Temple Church; and I think this style of Building preferable to the Grecian style, for the purposes of religious worship.

I am glad to find you approve my Publication of the *Selecta Monumenta* from the large collection of *Scriptores Normanni*, by Andrew Duchesne. My object was to collect together all the testimonies of the original authors, concerning that important event in English his-

tory, called the *Norman Conquest* which is the basis of our government and monarchy ever since, and from which all our subsequent Kings have derived their titles to the crown. And this I hope I have accomplished by the help of the quotations from other contemporary authors, which I have inserted in the notes, which have cost me a great deal of time and pains. I hope some other lover of these historic antiquities will publish the remaining tracts of Duchesne's Collection; which might be done, I believe, in two other volumes of the size of mine. And in this case Ordericus Vitalis might be published in one of those volumes, and Dudo de St. Quintin and Willielmus Gemmeticensis, and all other tracts in Duchesne's great folio might be published in the other. But this is what I cannot think of undertaking myself at my advanced age of seventy-seven years and a half.

I remain,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

FRANCIS MASERES.

This volume of Disquisitions was dedicated to the Rev. T.F. Middleton, D.D. afterwards Prebendary of Lincoln, and in 1814, Lord Bishop of Calcutta. The intimacy between Dr. Middleton and Dr. Sayers gave occasion to the insertion of a commentary in the Quarterly Review, on the Doctrine of the Greek article, (see vol. II. p. 143) which led to a more permanent connection between that journal and Dr. Sayers, who did not,

however, contribute more than one annual article until 1810, when three were supplied.

The following lively epigram, dated 1809, exists in Dr. Sayers' hand-writing among his papers: I am not aware that it has circulated, or been printed: it will diversify agreeably the character of this narrative.

Epitaph on two Chinese Astronomers, Hi and Ho, who were put to death by order of their Emperor, for getting drunk, instead of observing an Eclipse, which they were appointed to watch —the eclipse however proved to be an invisible one. See the Story in Hale's Chronology, vol. I.

Here rest the bones of Ho and Hi,
Whose fate was sad yet risible,
Being hang'd because they did not spy,
Th' eclipse that was invisible.

Heigh ho! 'tis said a love of drink,
Occasion'd all their trouble,
But this is hardly true, I think,
For drunken folks see double.

As the thousand and one memorandums in my possession (of many there are duplicates and triplicates) appear to have been accumulating

from about the year 1809; and as they chiefly consist of minute corrections, some put affirmatively, some hypothetically, in the received Text or Notes of the Poems, as printed in 1807, and of the Disquisitions as printed in 1808, which text and notes are preserved in this edition, I will here copy a few of the more remarkable among them. All have been carefully transcribed (even those which are inconsistent with each other, and record successive after-thoughts) into an interleaved copy of the works to which they relate.

A motto is provided for the title-page of the Poems, and the dedication is thus reformed:

To W. Taylor, Junior, of Norwich,

These Poems, the offering of an early and uninterrupted friendship, are dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

Poems p. 4. *dele* "his office was that of guiding the horse of day called Skinfax, in his diurnal course; and he may therefore not improperly be called the God of the Sun."

p. 11. "Shall I omit the splendid passage?"

Thou flaming steed of day, whose golden mane
Waves in the air and pours a flood of light;

Oft have I sprung upon thy glossy back
To trace the radiant path, then mounted high,
The blue expanse of heaven, and girt with beams
Of dazzling glory wing'd my course rejoicing.

and proceed

Alas how chang'd, in midnight gloom enwrapt,
The heir of splendour groans in Helas' halls.

because Balder was not god of the Sun.

p. 54. CHORUS.
Harold, who urg'd by ever restless valour
Quits his domain, and seeks the clash of arms.

p. 69. My hasty steps soon reach'd the wood I sought,
And struggling through a tangled thorny path,
I mark'd a rock, whose high and craggy summit
Was hung with creeping shrubs ———————

p. 75. A weeping captive from my native land.

Several additional annotations are provided for Starno; but only one change occurs in the poetic text.

p 131. Soon shall our lips pronounce the stern decree.

In the minor poems these new readings are preferred.

p. 233. Chanting loud notes merrily—
Herald sure of summer skies—

244. If these delight not, catch the purple beam—

252. Of deathless flow'rets to surround his brows—

271. And rusty greaves, and breast plate wrought with brass.

Some general rules occur, indicating his principles of correction—such as

"In the poems lessen epithets where I can; and read words in the singular for the plural" namely, to avoid needless sibillations.—"Correct the style of my poems, making it more strong and plain throughout, omitting superfluous or too numerous epithets, as far as I can." "Some lines are too like the places they were borrowed from—change therefore

> Tear the black leaf—
> The famish'd eagle screams—
> The blue mist, &c.

But the intended variations of these passages were never determined on, or have not been found.

In the Disquisitions greater changes are made, a few of the more important shall here be recorded. At the bottom of p. 12 add

"Similar changes of our opinion respecting the beauty of inanimate objects might also be easily adduced. As a striking fact of the kind to which I allude, may be mentioned, that very sudden alteration which takes place in our mind, when we are informed that a fine piece of ruins which we are

contemplating is *artificial*. The charm is dissolved at once; the pleasing melancholy ideas before associated with the object vanish, and the impression which succeeds them is disgust arising from a paltry deception."

p. 132 insert this note

"Rama and Lydda were the two first cities of the Holy Land, which fell into the hands of the Christians, when the army of the Crusaders arrived. Robert of Normandy was elected bishop of Rama and Lydda, the whole army joining in thanksgiving to Saint George the Martyr, and Patron-Saint of Diopolis and Rama, to whom the auspicious commencement of the enterprise was attributed. Hence probably the peculiar reverence in which St. George was held by the inhabitants of England during the early periods of its history. Clarkes' Travels, part II. p. 638."

In the Hints on English Architecture the variations, suppressions, corrections, and additions are peculiarly numerous: but cannot be intelligibly presented in a detached form.

Concerning the prose-works these general maxims occur. "Throw as much as I can out

of the notes into the text of my Disquisitions." "Be sure not to repeat words in the notes which are recently used in the text."—"Make my references quite correct." "Attend more to the stopping of my works." There are seldom commas before relatives. Yet, after all, this self-counsel is also put on record. "Notwithstanding my proposed corrections in the manuscripts herewith or elsewhere, do not alter what I think will do well, and is sufficiently correct in my works." In the sufferings of Werter, or somewhere, Goethe announces a similar sentiment, and observes, that the first impressions made by a fine writer on his reader's memory are so tenacious, that even the wisest emendations of his subsequent editions are approached with unwelcome perturbation on a second perusal.

Toward the close of the year 1812, died Mrs. Rachel Hunter, a younger sister of the mother to Dr. Sayers; he lost in her not merely a near and dear relation, but a neighbour, whom he had been much in the habit of visiting. Dr. Sayers was the executor to her will, and the following character of her from his pen appeared

in the Norwich newspapers of 16th December, 1812.

"On Thursday last died, in the seventy-second year of her age, Rachel the Widow of John Hunter Esq. of Lisbon; she was a pious, benevolent, and amiable woman, and the well-known authoress of several Novels and Tales, which were chiefly directed to inculcate into the minds of the younger part of her sex the virtues which were so conspicuous in herself."

A few months before, Dr. Sayers had shewn a like melancholy attention to the memory of my late mother, who had been the school-fellow, and much the friend, of Mrs. Hunter. He also paid a similar tribute of respect to the memory of Mrs. P. Hansell, the greater part of which was engraven on her tombstone in the cloisters of the Norwich cathedral.

1813 to 1817.—Age 50 to 55.

About this period the health of Dr. Sayers became sensibly impaired; as yet, however his spirits bore up against the approach of ill-

ness; and I find among his papers the following epigram, dated in the autumn of 1813.

On the Managers of the Gate-house Concert in Norwich, taking money for admission to it, with the view of raising a fund for building a Concert-Room.

Amphion, as old stories tell,
Wall'd a huge city tight and well,
By gently strumming on his shell,
With now and then a crash;
Cannot your louder tweedle-dum
Raise from its base a single room?
Must you, ere bricks and mortar come,
Exchange your *notes* for cash?

The following lines were sent to Miss S——— at the illumination in Norwich, on 16th June, 1814.

Louisa haste, above, beneath,
The festive garland twine;
Not Flora's hand could bend the wreath,
More skilfully than thine.

And when at close of lingering day,
Their blaze the tapers pour;
O! seat thee midst those garlands gay,
Thyself the fairest flower.

In the same year, I believe, was composed this livelier *jeu d'esprit*, respecting a metrical

chronology, which has the singular merit of teaching a correct accentuation of rare proper names.

Lines addressed to Hudson Gurney Esq. on his giving me a learned little work, written by himself, bound in red leather.

Accept my best thanks for the little red book,
With delight and amaze on the pages I look,
And, if I can prevent it, it ne'er shall be said,
That the little red book was a book little read.

To Mr. Hudson Gurney Dr. Sayers was strongly attached, and valued in him not merely high accomplishments of mind, a conversation rich with the spoils of time and place, and a disinterested patriotism, but a kindness of heart overflowing with the wish to serve, and a generosity magnificent as his means.

The Rev. Mr. Walpole, of Tivetshall, was also assiduously attentive to the latter years of Dr. Sayers, to whom he was allied by kindred studies; his polyglottic acquirements, and his classical investigations of the remaining monuments of greek antiquity, have acquired a permanent rank among the literary trophies of his country.

The declension of Dr. Sayers' health at first announced itself by vertigo, for which he often underwent the operation of cupping; afterwards he incurred a paralytic shock, which altered his gait, and rendered it inconvenient for him to be stopped in the street; one of his arms too was somewhat affected, and he could no longer feed himself with entire dexterity. Dr. Reeve who had settled in Norwich, in 1806, and who was become very intimate with Dr. Sayers, attended him sedulously. His society consoled, his prescriptions alleviated, these afflictions; but it gradually became apparent that a complete recovery was improbable.

In 1814, Dr. Reeve died; and the following tribute to his memory was inserted in the Norwich Mercury, of October 1st, by Dr. Sayers.

"On the 27th of September died, aged 34, at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, Henry Reeve, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, at London, and F. L. S. and one of the physicians to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, to Bethel, and to the Lunatic Asylum.

"After a steady application to his profession, for several of his earlier years, he graduated at Edinburgh, in 1803; continued his studies at London, and visited the continent with the view of improving himself in the science of medicine, to which he was warmly devoted. His exertions were most successful; for besides his acquisitions in classical and other literature, he became well versed in the primary object of his pursuit, and was far from a mean proficient in the collateral studies of Chemistry, and Natural History.

"In 1806 he fixed at Norwich; in 1809 he published a short but instructive Essay on the Torpidity of Animals; and in 1811 he delivered with great credit to himself, a course of Physiological Lectures, portions of which his kindness had previously prompted him to communicate, at stated periods, to an audience of the young students of physic in this city.

"The talents and acquirements of Dr. Reeve were rewarded by a practice, which was quickly increasing, till the unfortunate period, at which he was incapacitated for attending to it, by the

lingering and painful disease, which finally terminated his existence. Against this he long struggled, not only with fortitude and hope, but with a vivacity truly remarkable, and he uniformly appeared to be the least oppressed by it, when he was called upon to contribute to the relief of others.

"He had the satisfaction of finding for several years, that this kind attention and professional skill were highly valued by those who received his aid; and the regret excited by the loss of him is deeply felt and widely extended. His duties in private life were no less happily discharged than those of his profession; his mind was open, generous, lively, simple, and affectionate; and those, to whom he was united as a relative or a friend, will ever turn with melancholy complacence to the remembrance of his faithful and active attachment, of his cheering conversation, and of his pleasing and valuable accomplishments."

A monument was erected in the Octagon Chapel, at Norwich, to the memory of Dr. Reeve, with the following inscription composed by Dr. Sayers:—

B · M.
HENRICI · REEVE · M. D.
VIRI
SCIENTIA · INGENIO · VIRTUTE
ET · MORIBUS · GRATISSIMIS
ORNATI.
QUI · ARTEM · SUAM · IN · HAC · URBE
FELICITER · EXERCEBAT
DONEC · ACRI · MORBO · DIUTURNO QUE
IMPLICITUS
ALIORUM · TAMEN · COMMODIS
NIHILO · SEGNIUS · INSERVIENS
IPSE · OCCUBUIT
V · ID · SEPTEMBER
ANNO · CHRIST · M · DCCC · XIIII.
AET . XXXV.
SUSANNA · CONJUX · EJUS
H · M · HONORAR · P · C.

Below the epitaph of Dr. Reeve was engraven this postscript.

SUSANNA · ET · WALLACE · SUBOLES · HENRICI
REEVE · ET · SUSANNAE · UXORIS · SUAE
IMMATURA · MORTE · SUBLATI · IN
HUJUS · SACELLI · SEPULCRETO · TUMULANTUR

This tablet was put up in October, 1816, but the inscription must have been furnished several months before. I believe it to have been the last literary effort of Dr. Sayers; and it was worthy of a life, so much lived to piety and friendship, to be consecrating to them its latest exertions.

After the decease of Dr. Reeve, the present Dr. Wright became the medical adviser of Dr. Sayers, and continued attending him until death. His latter months were grievously afflicted with hypocondriasis; the form which this disease assumed in him was an excessive anxiety about the future condition of his soul. He, so much superior in every christian virtue, not merely to the average bulk of mankind, but to most of the excellently wise and good, was prepared to approach the throne of grace but with trembling hope and fearful humility. Mr. James Sayers, and his sister, came from London to offer the last attentions to their admired and beloved relation. He died 16th of August, 1817.

The executors to his will were James Sayers, Esq. his nearest kinsman and principal heir; Edward Booth, Esq. an eminent merchant and magistrate of Norwich, who had for several years, in a most friendly manner, managed the pecuniary concerns of Dr. Sayers; and myself, to whom the literary papers were bequeathed. To the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital £100, to

the Philanthropic Society £100, to the Society for the Benefit of Decayed Tradesman £100, to the Asylum for the Blind £50, to the Dispensary £50, to the Benevolent Medical Society £50, beside some smaller donations to the Friendly Society, and to the poor of the parish, were distributed conformably to the provisions of his Will. His collection of books was bequeathed to the library belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Norwich; that repository was in consequence enlarged, a bibliothecary appointed, and a more liberal access conceded to the public.

The funeral took place on the 23d of August, and the service was read by the Rev. Edward South Thurlow. The residence of Dr. Sayers being contiguous to the great church, the body was accompanied to the grave by a numerous and respectable train of mourners on foot, and was deposited in the same vault, which had been built for his mother's remains in the south aisle of the cathedral. If learning, genius, intellect, are to confer immortality on earth, it is his; if virtue, faith, suffering, are to confer it in heaven, it is his also.

A mural monument has been erected to his memory in the cathedral of Norwich, near the place of interment, by the order and at the expence of Mr. James Sayers. The inscription, composed by the Rev. Francis Howes, is thus worded, and is beautifully appropriate.

M · S
VIRI · MULTIS · NOMINIBUS · DILECTI · DESIDERATIQUE
FRANC · SAYERS · M · D
IN · QUO · INGENIO · ACRI · JUDICIUM · PAR · ACCESSERAT
INERAT · IN · SERMONE · EJUS · INNOCUUS · GRAVITATE · CONDITUS · LEPO
LITERIS · DEDITUS · AB · INSOLENTI · ASPERITATE · PRORSUS · ABHORREBA
UT · DOCTRINAE · COPIAM · MORUM · LIBERALITAS · AEQUARET
VIXIT · MODERATUS · PROBUS · PIUS · SIMPLEX
IN PAUPERES · PRO · FACULTATIBUS · LARGUS
IN · AMICOS · COMIS · BENEVOLUS · IN · OMNES
PROFECTUS · EJUS · QUALES · ESSENT
CIRCA · ARCHAEOLOGIAM · HISTORIAM · PHILOSOPHIAM · POESIN
QUÆ · SCRIPSIT · TESTANTUR
QUALIS · IPSE · SUPERSTITUM · LACRYMAE
OBIIT · VI · DIE · AUG · AN · DOM · MDCCCXVII.
AETATIS · SUAE · LV

Mr. Hudson Gurney aspired to the honor of erecting this monument; he observed to the executors that, as Dr. Sayers had given the residue of his estate to charitable purposes, a reluctance would be felt to diminish it by needless expenditure, and that he should willingly defray the charge of this final memorial. But Mr. Sayers has insisted on his own right to discharge this pious duty.

FUNERAL ELEGY.

Why slowly tolls yon melancholy bell?
Why at this pillared porch awaits a bier?
At every threshold, where the living dwell,
Death some day stops, and now has enter'd here.

Beneath the sweeping sable pall half-hid
The blazon'd ark of burial dimly glares;
And on the ponderous coffin's oaken lid
A marble tablet tells the name of SAYERS.

Ah what avail'd the form of hero-mold,
The heart that bled for every human wo,
The mind where learning all her stores unroll'd,
Where fancy shone in beamy roseate glow?

Still is the hand that wak'd the living lyre,
The soothing tongue of eloquence is hush'd;
Chill is the swimming eye, the soul of fire,
And all the flowery bloom of genius crush'd.

And must we now, athwart our tears, behold
For the last time, thou dear departed friend,
Those noble features, pallid, lifeless, cold,
So much rever'd, belov'd—so soon to end?

Along the whisp'ring lindel-shaded way,
Toward the cathedral's mist-encircled spire,
Through vaulted cloisters dim with twilight day,
The bearers slowly seek the holy choir.

Silent and sad his old companions spread
In mournful pairs behind the funeral trains,
And to the mansions of the honour'd dead,
Pursue with pious grief his last remains.

Then o'er his closing grave they bend resign'd,
Till holy lips his sacred ashes blest,
To earth and kindred dust his dust consign'd,
Henceforth beside a parent's urn to rest.

Oft, when the holy doors unfold, be it mine
To ponder here the inevitable doom;
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine,
A constant mourner o'er thine early tomb.

Ne'er to this grave-subtending, stately, vault,
Where sleep the great, the brave, the wise, the good,
Arrived a guest with purer merit fraught,
A worthier inmate of the dread abode.

Greet your new comrade, spirits of the blest,
Bend from your sepulchres, ye sainted sires,
With the bright crown of beams his brows invest,
And guide him circling to the heavenly quires.

Three angel-forms attend his shining way:
Faith marshals foremost to the realms of light;
Hope spreads her wings with rainbow-radiance gay;
And Charity sustains the glorious flight.

Eternal tenant of the starry sphere,
Though earthly cares no more thy thoughts confine,
May the fond memory of thy virtues here,
Teach me to live a being worthy thine

W. TAYLOR.

POEMS.

POEMS,

CONTAINING

DRAMATIC SKETCHES

OF

NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY, &c.

BY

FRANK SAYERS, M. D.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

Norwich:

PRINTED, BY STEVENSON AND MATCHETT, FOR MESSRS. CADELL AND DAVIES, LONDON.

1807.

To WILLIAM TAYLOR, *Jun. Esq.*

OF NORWICH,

These Poems, the offering of an attachment early-formed and uninterrupted, are dedicated by his friend.

ADVERTISEMENT.

INTO this Edition of his Poems, the Author has inserted nearly the whole of a little work published by him (in 1803), under the title of *Nugæ Poeticæ;* he has also introduced a few other pieces, and some additional notes.

Norwich, May, 1807.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology, viz.

PAGE

The Descent of Frea, a Masque - - - - - - - - 1

Moina, a Tragedy - - - - - - - - - - - - - 37

Oswald, a Monodrama - - - - - - - - - - - 89

Starno, a Tragedy - - - - - - - - - - - - - 97

Miscellaneous Poems.

Translation of the Cyclops of Euripides - - - - - 151

Pandora, a Monodrama - - - - - - - - - - - 209

Ariadne, from Catullus - - - - - - - - - - - 217

Ode to Night - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 225

Epigram from the Greek - - - - - - - - - - - 228

Ode to Bacchus, from Aristophanes - - - - - - - 229

The Song of Danae, from Simonides - - - - - - 230

Epigram from Paulus Silentiarius - - - - - - - - 232

To the Grasshopper, from Anacreon - - - - - - - 233

Epigrams from the Greek - - - - - - - - - - - 234

Ode, from Anacreon - - - - - - - - - - - - - 235

War-song of Fingal, from the Gaelic - - - - - - - 236

To Cynthia, from the Antholog. Lond. - - - - - - 239

CONTENTS.

PAGE

To Cynthia - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 242

To Cynthia - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 242

Invitation to ——— - - - - - - - - - - - - 244

Ode to a Fly - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 246

Sonnet to a Cottage - - - - - - - - - - - - 249

Sonnet to Religion - - - - - - - - - - - - 250

Sonnet - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 251

Sonnet - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 252

Επιτιμιον, from Lowth's Prælectiones - - - - - - - 253

Address to a Gothic Chair - - - - - - - - - - 256

To Chaucer - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 259

Specimen of Guy of Warwick - - - - - - - - 261

Jack the Giant-killer, a Fragment - - - - - - - 273

Translation of a Fragment from Eubulus - - - - - 284

Epigram from the Greek - - - - - - - - - - 285

Epigram from the Greek - - - - - - - - - - 286

In poetam quendam amatorium - - - - - - - - 287

The Constant Lover - - - - - - - - - - - - 288

The Jilted Lover - - - - - - - - - - - - - 289

To Chloe too cold - - - - - - - - - - - - - 290

To Chloe too warm - - - - - - - - - - - - - 291

The Despairing Lover - - - - - - - - - - - - 292

The Dying African - - - - - - - - - - - - - 293

Sonnet to a Weeping Willow - - - - - - - - - - 294

Sonnet on Joseph Wiggins, Esq. - - - - - - - - - 295

Lines on Thorpe Grove - - - - - - - - - - - 299

DRAMATIC SKETCHES

OF

NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?

MILTON.

PREFACE

To the Fourth Edition of Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology.

AMONG the variety of Mythological systems which have contributed, at different periods, to decorate the poetry of England, it is much to be lamented that we should discover only the faintest traces of the splendid and sublime religion of our Northern ancestors. Mr. Gray is the only one among our more celebrated poets who has deigned to notice the sacred fables of the Goths: he has selected from them skilfully, though sparingly; and even the small portion of them, which he has chosen to introduce into his writings, has well repaid his attention, by

giving to some of his more popular performances both grandeur and novelty. It is certain, however, that the most magnificent features of Scandinavian superstition have hitherto been chiefly concealed in the Eddas and Sagas of the North, or have appeared only in the tragedies of Klopstock and a few other pieces, little known, except among the Germans and Danes, to whom they owe their existence.* This being the case, I am tempted to publish the following Sketches, with a view of giving some slight idea of the neglected beauties of the Gothic religion,

* Although the above assertions, which I have permitted to remain, as pointing out the motives for the original publication of this work, were, I believe, at the time they were written (in 1789), nearly accurate; yet it will not be improper to observe, that they do not equally apply at the *present day*, when the knowledge of the Gothic Mythology, and the use of it in poetical compositions, have been much promoted by the productions of several living authors of great merit.

and of recommending a freer introduction of its imagery into the poetry of the English nation.

It is evident that to pieces of this kind, explanatory notes must be absolutely necessary; and such were consequently introduced into the earliest edition of this little work. Since the period of its first publication, I have, at various times, as my inclination or reading prompted me, added to the notes originally inserted; and if, in these additions, I should occasionally have wandered into an investigation of more circumstances and minutiæ than may be deemed interesting, I have no other apology to offer for myself than that common infirmity of mind, which so readily permits us to magnify into importance the trifles of a favourite pursuit.

THE

DESCENT

OF

FREA,

A

MASQUE.

——— κωρα δε μιν κε απολυει

BION.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Gods of the Scandinavians were not, like those of the Greeks, imagined to be immortal; they were exempted neither from pain nor death, and those even who escaped both, during a series of ages, were at length to be destroyed, together with their heavenly habitation, at "The twilight of the Gods:" till that time should arrive, they were supposed to dwell in Asgard, and to enjoy, in a supreme degree, those luxuries and pleasures, which were deemed by their uncivilized worshippers to be the most desirable.

Balder, the Son of Odin, was highly celebrated among the Gods for his exquisite beauty, and consummate eloquence; his office was that of guiding the horse of day, called Skinfax, in his diurnal course, and he may therefore not improperly be esteemed the God of the Sun. The death of Balder was effected by the artifice of Lok, the most malicious and baneful of the Gothic Deities: Lok, however, dared not openly to destroy him with his own hand, but for this purpose he presented a spear of peculiar power to another of the Sons of Odin, Hoder, who, with this enchanted weapon, unintentionally pierced his brother to the heart. As Balder fell not in battle, his shade, in conformity to the tenets of the Gothic religion, was supposed to descend to the dwelling of Hela, the Goddess of the infernal realms. Great was the grief in Asgard on account of his death, and Frea,* the Goddess of Beauty, peculiarly afflicted by the loss of her lover, resolved to undertake a journey to

* Hermod, or Herman, is the person supposed to have descended in search of Balder, but some licence will be granted to poetical compositions.

his gloomy habitation, from the hope of obtaining his release. This descent of Frea, and the success which attended it, are the subjects of the following Masque.

PERSONS OF THE MASQUE.

ODIN, God of War, and King of the other Deities.
THOR, God of the Air.
SURTUR, God of Fire.
NIORD, God of the Sea.
BALDER, God of the Sun.
LOK, the God, or Chief, of evil Dæmons.
HERTHA, Goddess of Fertility, and wife of Odin.
FREA, Goddess of Beauty.
HELA, Goddess of the Infernal Regions.

THE

DESCENT OF FREA.

ACT I.

SCENE.—The Infernal Regions.

BALDER.

THOU land of horror! where unyielding frost
Piles high the mountain-ice, and dims the air
With ever-hissing sleet; where piercing blasts
Sweep on storm-laden wing o'er solid seas;

Thou land of horror!] The kingdom of Hela, or Death, is described as being in a state of continual darkness, and oppressed by a severe and perpetual winter. Noxious animals inhabited it, together with the ghosts of perjurers, assassins, and of all those who died not in battle, or of a violent death.*

This

* In order to prevent the frequent quotation of the same writers, I would observe here, that the notes to which no authority is annexed in *this* and the *two following pieces*, will generally be found confirmed by one

Must Balder here for ever mourn unheard?
Or breathe his sighs the scoff of shivering ghosts
Shrill-shrieking from their caves? Must Balder's soul
For ever shudder at the howl of wolves,

This notion of the punishment of guilty souls, by extreme cold, may be traced (at least to a certain extent) to the Jews,* to the Hindus,‡ and to the Greeks;§ it is preserved by Bede, is retained in certain monkish legends,‖ and is possibly alluded to by Shakspeare, when he imagines a departed spirit

"In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

The howl of Wolves.] See Mallet's Northern Antiquities, Vol. II. p. 165.

---

one or other of the following works, viz. Edda Sæmundar,—Edda Resenii —Bartholinus de caus. contempt. mort.—Schedius de Dis German.—Olaus Magnus de Gent. Septentrional.—Wormii Monument. Danic.—Keysler. Antiq. Septen. and (Percy's) Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

† Windet de vita functorum statu, Sect. IX.—Josephus, in his account of the tenets of the Essenes, says, of the departed souls of the wicked, ταις δε φαυλαις ζοφωδη και χειμεριον αφοριζονται μυχον.

De Bell. Jud. Lib. II.

‡ See a subsequent note (on Odin).

§ Compare Platon. Phæd. S. 62, with Suidas in voc. Ηλυσιον

‖ It is found in an old visionary romance, entitled St. Patrick's Purgatory or Cave.—See too Farmer's note in Reed's Johnson and Steevens' Shakspeare, Vol. II. p. 88. (1785.)

And shrink from scaly snakes that round him twine
Their clammy folds, and point their quivering sting?
Bright scenes of bliss, farewell! ye steel-deck'd
domes,
That loudly echo to the gladsome noise
Of revelry and song harmonious, seats
Of happy gods, where, from the gold-tipt horn,
They quaff the scented nectar of the bee,
And thrill with joy, while battle-breathing strains
Rush on sonorous wings their halls among—
No more shall Balder in your glittering courts
Catch with delighted soul the shouts of mirth,
And mix exulting with celestial bands—

Ye steel-deck'd domes.] The hall of Odin; it was called Valhalla,* and is thus described in Sæmund's Edda, Grimnismal 9. "Perfacile dignoscitur iis qui ad Odinum veniunt ædes adspectu, hastarum manubriis contabulatum est laquear, clypeis superne contecta est domus, loricæ per scamna stratæ."—In this place the Gods assembled, and amused themselves with feasting, drinking mead, and listening to music.

* *Val*, in the Swedish tongue, signifies *death*. Valhalla may consequently be rendered the hall, or *habitation of the deceased*.

THE

DESCENT

OF

FREA,

A

MASQUE.

——— πωρα δε μιν ουκ απολυει

BION.

Of dazzling glory, wing'd my course rejoicing—
Alas! how chang'd! in midnight gloom enwrapt,
The lord of splendour groans in Hela's halls,
Hurl'd, hurl'd for ever from the blazing sky—
And hurl'd by whom? a much lov'd brother's hand
Blasted my bliss, and dash'd me from the height
Of joy to misery—amid my pangs
A sigh shall rise for him—what poison'd darts
Of anguish rankle in his guiltless soul,
While slowly wandering from the thronged courts,
He seeks the lonely vale, and loudly weeps
His hateful, bloody deed.—Ye cruel maids,
When first ye 'gan to weave my woof of fate,
Ye dy'd it with the roseate hues of spring—
At length the raven croak'd—with joy ye snatch'd
The cords of woe, and dipp'd th' unfinish'd web
Deep in the pitchy water of despair.—

Ye cruel maids.] The Fatal Sisters, or Nornies; they were three in number. Urd, who presided over the past, Verandi, over the present, and Schulda, over the future. They were supposed to weave for every human being a woof on which his fate depended.—An account of the temples of the Fatal Sisters, and of the mode of consulting them, may be found in Olaus Magnus, De Gent. Septentrion. Lib. 3, cap. 10.

O thou! who sitt'st upon thy lofty throne
Array'd in splendour! Odin, Odin! hear
The sorrows of a son, and turn thine eye,
Moist with paternal grief, from scenes of glory,
Pierce through the thickest horrors that surround me,
Extend thy daring arm, and drag thy child
From caves of darkness to thy beamy hall—
Father, I ask in vain—it is not thine
To break the harsh decrees of Fate unchanging,
But Balder, wretched Balder here must mourn
For endless years—What flickering ray of light
Shoots from on high? what wafted perfume scents
The dusky air? Some pitying god descends
To visit these sad scenes—'Tis she! 'tis she!—

FREA. *(Entering)*

Where is the wailing youth that Hoder tore
From Frea's fond embrace?—Again I clasp him—
Yes, son of Odin, from the starry realm
Above, I come to seek thy black abode,
The mourning gods stalk silent in their groves,
And all Valhalla's joys are fled with thee—

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Come, gentle Pity, come, unwonted guest,
And speed thy hasty flight to Hela's cave,
Soul-softening spirit, hover o'er her breast,
And teach her yielding heart to feel and save.

And can'st thou, Hela, see with ruthless look,
The fairest form that wails along thy shore?—
Tear the black leaf from Fate's unerring book,
The grief-worn Balder to my arms restore.

Together let us climb the burning arch,
That darts aloft its many-colour'd light,
Together let us speed the rapid march,
And quit, for ever quit, the land of night.

Yield, Hela, yield; Valhalla's mournful courts
No longer echo with a jocund sound,
The joyless gods disdain their wonted sports,
And sorrow casts her darkest shadows round.

The burning arch.] The Rain-bow; called by the Goths Bifrost, and supposed to burn. It was accounted the bridge from earth to heaven.

Since Balder sank untimely to the tomb,
Faint are the ruddy beams of opening day,
The pale moon steeps her silver orb in gloom,
And sickly nature doffs her bright array—

HELA.

Frea, no more,
When all the gods of nature lave
With tears of pity Balder's grave,
Then Balder I restore;
Yes, by Allfather's sacred head,
If all the gods of nature lave
With tears of pity Balder's grave,
Again the courts of heaven shall echo to his tread.

END OF ACT I.

ACT. II.

SCENE.—Valhalla.

The Gods assembled in Odin's Hall.

ODIN.

WELCOME, fair Queen of Love, to Odin's hall.
Say, hast thou mov'd the stubborn soul of Hela,
By soft persuasion and resistless sighs,
To yield the much-lov'd Balder back to light?

FREA.

Great king of gods and men, the only boon
That Hela granted to my sorrowing soul
Was this; when all the gods of nature mourn,
And drop the briny tear on Balder's grave,

Then from the dreary clime of ghosts he comes
To grace Valhalla's halls; but golden hope
Has not yet fled the trembling Frea's bosom;
Still may the words of grief entice the tear
From pitying gods, and snatch from Hela's arms
Her splendid prey.—

(Continues addressing Odin.)

Chief of warriors, king of might,
Clinging to thy sable steed,
And dashing thro' the fight,
Thou smil'st when thousands bleed:

Chief of warriors.] Odin was the chief of the Gothic deities, and the god of war; he administered justice in heaven, and was acquainted with futurity by means of a raven which was sent to him by Schulda, one of the Fates. His commands were usually executed by the seven Valkyries* who attended at his table, and

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* *Valh*, as before noticed, signifies *death*, *kyria* has the same signification as the Arabian word *khouri* (or *houri*) which it so nearly resembles. These inferior goddesses or dæmons were also denominated *dyser* (Runic) or *dyse*, hence our word *deuse* for devil.

See a passage quoted in Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon, (3d Edit.) p. 164.

Coucher of the ponderous spear,
Thou shout'st amid the battle's stound—
The armed Sisters hear,
Viewless hurrying o'er the ground

and selected those in battle who were doomed to die. He often condescended, it was thought, to intermix in the conflict himself, to inflame the fury of the warriors, and to strike those who were to perish.†

Of the history of Woden or Odin, the reputed founder of the Gothic Mythology, nothing is known on which we can place any firm reliance. Some writers are disposed to make a distinction between Woden, the god of War, and Odin, the Chief of the Asæ, and to fix the apotheosis of the former at a much earlier period than that in which the latter flourished; and it should seem that this distinction must be necessarily admitted, if we adopt the opinion entertained by Sir Wm. Jones, that Woden is no other than the Buddh of India, or the Fo of the Chinese.‡ An attempt

† Mallet's Northern Antiquities, and Verstegan's Decayed Intelligence.

‡ Asiatic Researches, Vol. I. (4to.) p. 425. It is much to be regretted that Sir Wm. Jones has not entered at large into the proofs of this opinion; with the highest respect for the authority of this moft accomplished man, I may be permitted to observe, that upon a very careful comparison of the doctrines of Buddh and of Odin, I have been struck by such various and remarkable differences in them, that I cannot readily give

They strike the destin'd chiefs, and call them to the skies.
Lo! from Schulda's misty towers,
On jetty wing the raven flies,
And bears the deeds of future hours;

tempt again has been made to prove, from a resemblance between the cosmogony of the Edda and that of Melissus of Samos,§ that Odin had visited Samos, and thence derived his doctrines: this celebrated character however is more generally allowed to have been the Chief of the Asæ, (the inhabitants of a territory bordering on the Mæotis) and to have fled with his followers into Sweden at the time in which Mithridates yielded to the arms of

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give my assent to the assertion that these systems are the production of the same person; it appears to me however very probable, that Odin may have received *some* of his tenets from the followers of Buddh; as, besides other slighter resemblances which may be traced between the Gothic and *ancient* Hindu Mythologies, we find in the latter an account of a place of future punishment *extremely cold*, a *sacred tree* of an immense size, (the Hydrasil of the Goths), and a class of Spirits denominated *Loka*, from which the idea and name of the Gothic *Lok* may possibly have been borrowed. An account of the doctrines of Buddh may be found in Dr. Buchanan's Dissertation on the Religion and Literature of the Burmas, in Vol. VI. of Asiatic Researches.

§ See the opinions of this philosopher in Diogenes Laertius.

To thee he hastes—in solemn state
Thou read'st the stern commands of fate
To listening deities;
Say, is it doom'd no parent's tear
Shall wet thy Balder's sable bier?

of Pompey;‖ but of the truth of this opinion also (which rests *chiefly* upon the authorities of Snorro, an ancient Norvegian Historian,

‖ Richardson's Dissertation on the Eastern Nations, p. 117, (8vo.) Turner, in his valuable History of the Saxons (Vol. II. p. 32), adopts the commonly received opinion that Odin fled from the Romans; but he places the æra of his flight at a much later period than that above-mentioned, for he contends that Odin was the leader of that daring body of Francs who forced their way from the Euxine to their own country, about the year 270 after Christ.

Some curious information respecting Odin and the other Scandinavian deities (information, however, which is almost entirely extracted from the *Ynglinga Saga*), may be seen in an essay published by Dr. Rozen, in the Magazin Encyclopedique, Juin, 1805, p. 356. The author of this essay contends that an oriental chieftain named *Sig* is the person usually deemed to have been Odin; that Sig emigrated, with his whole tribe, from the borders of the Euxine in the time of Pompey; that himself and his people were favourably received by Gylfe King of Upsal; that they settled in the north of Europe; and that Sig there restored, and enlarged, a system of mythology which had been long before introduced by *Othin*, or *Odin*, an ancestor of Gylfe, who migrated from Asia into Scandinavia. The introduction of *poetry*, and of the *Runic character*, is attributed by Dr. Rozen to Sig. Drawings of the supposed *tomb* of Sig, and of the *mace* of Thor, are annexed to the memoire.

Wilt thou not weep thy child forlorn,
Thy blooming child, by Hela torn,
From halls of bliss,
To caves of dark despair?
Yes, Odin, yes,
I mark the gushing drops that stain
A father's cheek,
Those gushing drops thy anguish speak,
Balder shall live again,
And cleave the realms of air.

Historian, and his commentator Torfæus) Mallet expresses a great distrust; and some writers go so far as to deny the existence of Odin altogether, except as a mythological person. Such a conclusion, however, appears too hasty; but as the name of Odin is mentioned neither by Pliny nor Tacitus, we may reasonably infer that he must have flourished after their time; and this hypothesis will be abundantly established if we may rely upon the royal genealogies in the Saxon Chronicle, from which we collect that Odin lived about 70 years before Alaric.

In whatever obscurity the history of the Father of the Gothic Mythology may be enveloped, the most convincing evidence has been adduced to prove that the Goths were originally a *Scythian* tribe.

ODIN.

Odin drops the tear
On hapless Balder's bier.

FREA. *(Addreſſing Hertha.)*

Queen of the fertile earth,
Whose all-creative hand
First gave the sons of man their birth;
And scatter'd o'er the desert land

Queen of the fertile earth.] Hertha was the wife of Odin, and the goddess of fertility. The following account of her festival is given by Tacitus, in his admirable treatise de Moribus Germaniæ:—"Herthum, id est Terram Matrem colunt, eamque intervenire rebus hominum, invehi populis arbitrantur: est in insula oceani castum nemus, dicatumque in eo vehiculum veste contectum: attingere uni sacerdoti concessum: is adesse penetrali deam intelligit, vectamque bubus feminis multa cum veneratione prosequitur: læti tunc dies, festa loca, quæcumque adventu hospitioque dignatur; non bella ineunt; non arma sumunt; clausum omne ferrum; pax et quies tunc tantum nota, tunc tantum amata; donec idem sacerdos satiatam conversatione mortalium deam templo reddat; mox vehiculum et vestes, et si credere velis, numen ipsum secreto lacu abluitur. Servi ministrant; quos statim idem lacus haurit; arcanus hinc terror, sanctaque ignorantia, quid sit illud quod tantum perituri vident."

De Moribus German. 40.

The painted flower, the budding tree,
The billowy crops of yellow grain,
Peopled every teeming plain,
And fill'd with life the restless sea;
Whene'er thy stately form appears
On mortal shore,
Nor war nor battle's din,
Is heard thy realms within;
No more the armed soldier rears
The tined lance,
And spurs the steed no more.—
Before thy veiled car the rosy pleasures dance,
Balmy odours round thee play,
Richer verdure dyes thy way,
Double glory gilds the day.
Say, Hertha, wilt thou drop the tear
On hapless Balder's sable bier?

HERTHA.

Hertha drops the tear
On Balder's sable bier.

FREA. *(Addressing Thor.)*

God of the wandering air,
Whose forked flashes tear
The pine high-towering on the mountain's side;
Who joy'st o'er shaking rocks to guide
The deep-ton'd thunder's course;
Who bidst thy dark clouds pour
The vast and whelming shower,
And swell the torrent's force.
God of storms, when levelling hail,
When hollow-roaring whirlwinds sail,
Sweeping o'er the valley's pride,
Rolling high the weltering tide,
Thou speak'st—and at thy bidding fly
The wasteful blasts—thy calmed sky,
Thy sultry gales, and fatt'ning dew
Clothe the blighted earth anew.
God of the iron-mace,
That tames the giant-race,

God of the wandering air.]. Thor, the god of weather;—with a mace he ruled the giants of frost, and with his iron gauntlet he hurled the thunder.

Say, wilt thou drop the pitying tear
On youthful Balder's sable bier?

THOR.

Thor shall drop the pitying tear
On youthful Balder's sable bier.

FREA. *(Addressing Surtur.)*

King of resistless fire,
Who bidst the nightly meteors rise
Along the snow-wrapt Hecla's side—
Who wield'st aloft with mighty hand
The burning, starry-pointed brand,
And dazzled hosts retire;
Where'er thy furious course is sped,
Nature bows her wither'd head:
Thy fatal car outstrips the wind,
Thy coursers' scorching nostrils breathe
A wide-consuming steam beneath—
Destruction flies behind;

King of resistless fire.] Surtur was the chief of the spirits of fire; his dwelling was called *Muspelheim*; he possessed a sword of flame, at the end of which was a sun.

She rears her right hand,
And with her flaming besom sweeps the blasted land.
Say, Surtur, wilt thou drop the tear
On youthful Balder's sable bier?

SURTUR.

Surtur drops the tear
On Balder's sable bier.

FREA. *(Addressing Niord.)*

Lord of the boundless deep,
Whose murmuring waters gently swell,
And kiss the craggy steep;

Besom.] "I will sweep it with the besom of destruction."
Isaiah.

Lord of the boundless deep.] In a learned critique on Gräter's translation of the above poem (in the Nordischen Blumen), it is urged that *Æger*, and not Niord, is properly to be deemed the Gothic god of the sea; but as Niord is there acknowledged to be the god of *sea winds* and *storms*, and as he is by other writers styled the Gothic Neptune, I have not been inclined to displace him.

When thunders roll around,
And tempests yell,
Thy heaving plain prolongs th' appalling sound,
Thy foamy surges rise
To dash the darken'd skies,
Thy rapid eddies wheel with fleeter motion;
Then by the lightning's lurid glare
Thou stalk'st serene thro' murky air,
That veils the smouldering ocean;
But soon the jarring thunders cease,
Soon the winged tempests flee,
Thor in breezes whispers peace,
Sun-beams gild the sinking sea.—
O'er its white brim on calmy wing
The heitre play'd—
And stillness hover'd on the gales of spring—
When Braga touch'd the varied string,
And slowly stray'd
To Niord's shore;
On its gleamy surface stood
The father of the flood,
He bade the bard celestial pour

The heitre.] A bird of calm; the *halcyon* of the North.

His softest notes—
The melting music floats
Upon the charmed wave—
Come from thy dewy cave,
My father cries,
Arise, arise,
Let the azure waters lave
Thy snowy limbs and golden hair—
He spake, and Frea rose to realms of air,—
Then Niord clasp'd me to his breast
And all the parent's pride confest;
Now will my father's heart disdain
To ease his daughter's piercing pain?
Or wilt thou drop the pitying tear,
On hapless Balder's sable bier?

NIORD.

Niord drops the tear
On Balder's sable bier.

FREA. *(Addressing Loh.)*

Lord of the dæmon-world,
Whose deadly arrow hurl'd

The wretched Balder to the caves of night,
O let not Shulda write
His everlasting doom;
O let not Balder's tomb
For ever stand,
But snatch with timely hand,
From Hela's curs'd abode,
The fallen god;
Revive, revive his wither'd charms,
And give him back to Frea's arms.
Drop, O Lok, the pitying tear
On youthful Balder's sable bier.

LOK.

Away, away,
Lok ne'er will weep—
Let Hela keep
Her splendid prey.

FREA.

By the raven's song of death,
By the night-mair's baneful breath,
By the glutted vulture's scream,
By the tomb-fire's quenchless beam,
By the mighty serpent's blood,
By the roar of Giall's flood,
By the war-hounds' fatal yell,
By all the horrors wrapt in hell,

By the night-mair's.] This word, generally, though improperly, spelt *mare*, is the plural of (the Saxon) *mai*, a maid:—the Fates were so called. Keysler's Antiq. Septen.

The tomb-fire's quenchless beam.] A lambent flame, always visible in the night, was believed by the Goths to hover over the tombs of those with whom enchanted weapons, or treasures, had been buried. Five Pieces of Runic Poetry.

The mighty serpent's.] Midgard.—See the death-song in Moina.

Giall.] See above.

The war-hounds.] Garm, the dog of Hela, was the most noted of these dogs: he was fed with the corses of the slain, and guarded the souls of the cowardly in the infernal regions.

I charge thee weep the briny tear
On youthful Balder's sable bier.

LOK.

No—tho' Valhalla's towering wall
Around these sinewy limbs should fall,
Tho' Surtur aim his fiery dart,
And heap his flames around my heart,
Tho' Niord's foamy main should roar,
And dash me lifeless on the shore;
Tho' Thor should hurl his iron mace,
And stain with gore this hated face;
Tho' Odin's self in wrath should rear
His golden spear,
And shining shield,
This stubborn heart shall never yield;
Hela shall hold her splendid prey
While countless ages roll away.

THE END.

MOINA,

A

TRAGEDY.

Ολ©——νυν δε τηδε θ' ἡμερᾳ
Στεναγμος, ἀτη, θαναίος——

SOPHOCLES.

MOM

INTRODUCTION.

THE events on which the following Tragedy is built are fictitious, but they may without impropriety be supposed to have happened in some of the irruptions made by the Saxons into the North of Britain, previously to their conversion to Christianity. The Greek form of dramatic writing has been adopted, as affording in its Chorus the most favourable opportunity for the display of mythological imagery.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

MOINA
CARRIL
} Britons.

Chorus of Bards.

SCENE.—A Castle in the possession of Harold.

MOINA.

MOINA.

FULL fifty nights have cast their gloom around me,
Since first the hated Saxon tore me, trembling,
From parents, kindred, and a much-lov'd land—
Yet loss of parents, kindred, and my country,
Scarce move a soul opprest with keener grief;
In the loud strife of arms, in fields of blood,
Carril, still fiercely pressing on the Saxons,
Fell—fell by Harold's arm, and smiling hope
For ever fled my breast—here, here he lives,

Nights.] The Goths reckoned certain short periods of time by *nights*; hence the words "fort'night," "se'nnight."

And while my eyes behold this hated light,
He still shall live, and still, with sullen pleasure,
I'll dwell on other times, when all was peace,
When all was love and joy—accursed beauty!
Would that the God of Fura's sacred wood
Had wither'd this fair form—the Saxon then
Had seen and hated me.—Wife?—Harold's wife?—
Yes—'tis a murderer's arm embraces me,
A murderer calls me his, the murderer
Of Carril!—Would this hand——
But hark! the sound of song, the daily greeting
Of aged bards.—

Fura's sacred wood.] See a subsequent note concerning the Celtic worship of gods of woods.

Bards.] The *bards*,* or, as they ought rather to be denominated, the

* Although the word *bard* (as appears from Evans' Specimens of Welch Poetry, and from Owen's Welch and English Dictionary) is undoubtedly *Celtic*, yet I have the less hesitated to substitute this term to the unfamiliar one *Scald*, because the Romans and Greeks, having adopted it into their respective languages, use it indiscriminately to express either a *Celtic* or a *Gothic* minstrel; thus Tacitus (de mœrib. German. III.) calls

MOINA, CHORUS.

CHORUS

Hail to her whom Frea loves,
Moina, hail!

the *Scalds*,† were poets and musicians, who constantly attended the Gothic chieftain both in war and peace; their art was held in the highest estimation; their persons were deemed sacred; and they were every where loaded with caresses, honours, and rewards.‡ The poems of these men were called Vyses; they were

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tells the German or *Gothic* war-song *Barditum*: while Athenæus and Diodorus Siculus, on the other hand, denominate the Celtic poet βαρδος. Even the old monkish writers in Britain (as Geoffry of Monmouth, and William of Malmesbury) confound the above-mentioned classes of men under a common title; a circumstance somewhat extraordinary.

† This word denotes a smoother or polisher of language.—"Scalld a deplando dicti videntur quod rudem orationem tanquam evulsis pilis purgarent."—Torfæi Præfat. ad. Orcad. Hist. The title of *Scald* was after a time solely appropriated to the *Danish* poets, or to those of the continent, and the *Saxon* bard was denominated *Scop*, or the *maker*, from scyppan, to create.

‡ Olaus Wormius. Lit. Danic. p. 195, ed. 4th. Percy's preface to his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.—The munificence shewn to the gleemen

When first thine infant eyes beheld
The beam of day,

were chiefly of a warlike cast, and, it is asserted, that not less than an hundred and thirty-six different kind of measures had been introduced into them;§ *alliteration* was much used and esteemed

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gleemen or minstrels (the successors of the Scalds and Scops) appears from the learned author above-mentioned to have been undiminished, or rather, perhaps, to have arrived at its highest pitch, in the middle ages. Rigordus (de Gestis Philippi, Aug. an. 1185) observes, "cum in curiis regum seu aliorum principum frequens turba Histrionum convenire soleat, ut ab eis *aurum, argentum, equos*, vestes extorqueant," &c. From Froissart we learn that the Earl of Foix gave to the Duke of Touraine's minstrels, gowns of *cloth of gold*, furred with ermine, valued at two hundred franks. Fauchet also bears testimony to the great liberality shewn to the minstrels on the continent.—Similar rewards were lavished upon them in our own country, for Johannes Salisburiensis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims against these practices no less bitterly than the foreign monks.

Notwithstanding the censures of the religious, however, the minstrels remained a favourite order of men in this nation, and enjoyed many privileges and pecuniary advantages during the course of several centuries. In the reigns of Edward II. and of Edward IV. some attempts were vainly made to regulate the abuses which had arisen in their fraternity, and from the latter of these periods their reputation certainly declined; but they do not appear to have been entirely sunk in the public estimation till the time of Elizabeth, when, in an act which was made against vagrants, the minstrels were included among the rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and were subjected to a similar punishment.

§ Blair's Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian.

Frea, from Valhalla's groves,
Mark'd thy birth in silent joy;
Frea, sweetly smiling, sent
The swift-wing'd messenger of love,
Bearing in her rosy hand
The gold-tipt horn of gods;
From this thy lips imbib'd

esteemed by the Scalds,‖ rime they attended to less, yet some specimens of their rimed poetry have been collected which are executed with great accuracy.¶

The verses of the Scalds and Scops were usually sung to the harp or Cithara.**

Messenger of love.] Gna is the name of Frea's messenger; Fulla and Nossa were the two other Grades who attended the Venus of the North.

‖ Alliterative poetry is to be found in England, of even so late a date as the 16th century.

¶ Five Pieces of Runic Poetry.

** It is remarkable enough that the word *cantare*, which occurs in Bede's Historia Ecclesiastic. Angl. lib. 4, c. 24. should have been translated by Alfred "hearpan singan," (sing to the harp) as if his countrymen had no idea of singing unaccompanied by that instrument. This mode of singing continued even till the time of Elizabeth; Chaucer's verses and other ditties being at that period sung to the harp.

See Warton's observations on Spencer's Fairy Queen, p. 36.

MOINA,

A

TRAGEDY.

Ολβ῾ο-——————νυν δε τηδε θ' ἡμερᾳ
Στεναγμος, ἀτη, θανατος——

SOPHOCLES.

The draught of mead divine;
Thro' thy tender frame distilling,
It form'd thy snowy limbs to grace,
It gloss'd thy raven hair,
Illum'd thy sparkling eyes,
And flush'd thy cheek with crimson hues
Unfading.
Hail to her whom Frea loves,
Moina, hail!

MOINA.

Ye venerable men, my grief-worn soul
Scarce heeds your salutation: child of sorrow,
The soothing voice of flattery passes by me,
Like feeble gales that fan a warring host,
Unnotic'd.—Is your chief return'd? Is Harold—

CHORUS.

No messenger of victory has reach'd us.

Mead divine.] The beverage of the northern deities.

MOINA,

A

TRAGEDY.

Ολ. ——— νυν δε τηδε θ' ἡμερᾳ
Στεναγμος, ἀτη, θαναῖος ———

SOPHOCLES.

And mix in sportive fight; when battle tires,
Again they seek the feast, and quaff again,
From gold-encircled horn, the amber mead.
Such is their happy life; and canst thou wonder
That man should imitate the gods? that man
Should laugh at fear, and boldly die to claim
A seat of joy?

MOINA.

So may Valhalla's courts
Be quickly fill'd with souls of fallen Saxons!
Thou unseen power, who in my country's woods

A seat of joy.] To mix with the warlike deities of the North, to enjoy the festivity of *Valhalla*, and to quaff ale and mead from the sculls of their enemies, were the rewards which the Scalds promised to the brave in a future state.

Thou unseen power, &c.] The religious rites of the Celts were usually performed in the recesses of deep woods; the deity of the place was often the object of their adoration, and having no image of him, they seem to have considered him as represented by the sacred grove itself in which he was worshipped.

——— nemora alta remotis
Incolitis lucis—
——— pavet ipse sacerdos
Accessus, dominumque timet deprendere luci.
Lucan. Pharsal. Lib. 1. et Lib 8.

In awful silence dwell'st, whom trembling Druids
With hallow'd rites invoke, arise, arise,
And wing the well-aim'd lance to Harold's bosom—

CHORUS.

Beware, nor call the vengeance of thy gods
Upon a husband's head; should Harold fall,
With pain I see what follows:—

MOINA.

What can follow?
What keener woes than those I know already;
A breathless lover, and an aged parent
In sorrow sinking to the narrow house?
The breast of Moina feels no greater anguish.

CHORUS.

No more—our words distress thee.

Mountains and rivers were also objects of great veneration among the Celts. Gildæ Epist. Proleg. p. 7. edit. 1568.

MOINA.

Fare ye well!

CHORUS.

King of gods, on burnish'd throne,
Thou who, with a single glance,
Piercest Nature's wide extent,
Thou who, from the spring of Mimer,
Quaffest liquid lore divine,
Odin, hear.

King of gods, whom Hydrasil
With sacred shadow veils,
Whilst around thee sit celestials,
Whilst beneath thee Fates attend,
Odin, hear.

King of men, who dealest triumph,
Brave in battle, brave in death,

On burnish'd throne.] *Lidskialfa* was the name of Odin's throne, whence the whole world was supposed to be visible to him.

Hydrasil.] See above, p. 16.

Gash'd with gory wounds,
In agony thou smil'st,
King of men, whose dark-blue steel
No foe unconquer'd stay,
Soon his heart's blood smok'd around,
Soon his daunted spirit fled,
Odin, hear.

In Harold's breast thy valour pour,
String his nerves, his looks inflame,
Direct his brawny arm to fling
The darts of death around,
In the tempest of the battle
Throw thy shield of safety o'er him,
Protect him with thy mighty hand,
And send him back with victory.

Gash'd with gory wounds.] Odin, whilst yet on earth, is recorded to have stabbed himself at an advanced period of age in nine different places. The Gothic nations esteemed it dishonourable not to die a violent death.

But should the Fatal Sisters mark
Our chieftain's soul to grace thy halls,
Should the keen javelin pierce his side,
And Harold perish in the fight;
When death shall numb his sinewy limbs,
When his bent knees shall tottering fail,
When shades of night shall gloom his eyes,
And sinking nature yield;
Then may no groan of woe escape
Our hardy chieftain's faded lips;
Then may no writhing pang distort
The fainting hero's face;
Joyful to fall in fields of blood,
To him may death's cold steel be welcome,
And may he laughing die.

Laughing die.] "Laegiande skal eg deia." Death-song of Regner Lodbrog, in Literat. Runic. O. Wormii. p. 197.

CHORUS.

CARRIL, *in the habit of a Bard.*

CARRIL.

Under the cover of these sacred garments,
A sure protection from the hand of insult,
I yet may hope to find the wretched Moina;
Since first my wounded limbs would bear me on,
I've vainly wander'd; many a stately castle
Has hospitably cheer'd my feeble body,
But on my mind forlorn no gleam of joy
Hath yet arisen—perhaps within these walls—
Ah no—my tortures must not finish yet—
Would that the pious hands which found me bleeding
'Midst heaps of slain, had left me there to perish,
Then had the long calm sleep of death oppress'd me,
Nor had I wak'd to anguish—

CARRIL, *turning to the Chorus.*

Aged bards
Have pity on me, take me to your halls,

Weary and faint, I ask some slight relief,
Shut not your doors against a helpless man.—

CHORUS.

Accurst be he who 'gainst the suppliant stranger
Shall bolt his massy iron gates, unmindful
Of misery's voice.—These halls have ever offer'd
Food and repose to way-worn travellers.

CARRIL.

I thank ye, venerable men—but say,
What warlike chieftain calls this castle his?

CHORUS.

'Tis Harold's castle, urg'd by restless valour,
He quits his home and seeks the clash of arms.

These halls.] An unbounded hospitality was one of the most prominent and amiable features in the character of our Northern ancestors. "Quemcunque mortalium arcere tecto nefas habetur; pro fortuna quisque apparatis epulis excipit. Cum defecere, qui modo hospes fuerat, monstrator hospitii et comes, proximam domum non invitati adeunt; nec interest, pari humanitate accipiuntur. Notum ignotumque, quantum ad jus hospitii, nemo discernit." Tacitus de Mor. German. 21.

CARRIL.

And his fair wife laments her absent lord?

CHORUS.

His fair wife weeps, but not for his return;
Another cause of woe has shrunk her form—
She weeps her home.

CARRIL.

Her name?

CHORUS.

Her name is Moina.
Why does the red blood hasten from thy cheek,
The cold dew damp thy face? thy shaking knees
Can scarce support thee,—

CARRIL. *(After a pause.)*

'Tis a sudden fainting,
With tedious steps oppress'd, this weakly frame
Sinks under me.

Ghosts of my fathers, bend your shadowy forms
To hear the tale of woe—
The tale of woe which Mornac thus began.
Swift was my daughter's step on Fura's hills,
Health flush'd her cheek, and down her snowy neck
The dark locks clustering fell—why starts the tear?
Why heaves the sigh in Mornac's aged bosom?
No more my Lora meets me on the heath,
No more she cheers my soul with grateful voice,
My lofty halls are silent—
The blue mist rises from the lake, and fills
The bending flowers with dew; the sun bursts forth;
The mist is gone—no beam of joy dispels
The mist of Mornac's soul, but lasting sorrow
Cleaves to my aged heart—my child, where art thou?
Dark is thy bed, O Lora, grief has cruſh'd
Thy tender form; far from a parent's bosom
The hand of rapine snatch'd thee, and thy sleep
Ere this is deep—accursed be the chief
Who fought on Fura's plains! my feeble arm,
Benumb'd with age's winter, struck in vain;
In vain did Carril fight, the much-lov'd Carril;
Fierce was his look, full rose his sinewy limbs,

As a dark cloud he mov'd, and shook his glittering
spear—
The steel deep pierc'd his side, death hover'd round him
O'erwhelm'd amid the slain—fear seiz'd our soldiers,
They fled the strife of spears ; the conquering Saxons
Enter'd our halls defenceless, thence they bore
My Lora, but the blue-ey'd chief disdain'd
To smear with frozen blood his gleamy steel ;
Cruel he spar'd me to lament my woes,
And sink in anguish to the narrow house.
When the huge mass of snow, from beetling hills,
Descends impetuous on the cottage roof,
And buries in its fall the father, mother,
And infant offspring, then no sound of woe
Is heard, no parent weeping for a child,
No child deep-sobbing for a tender parent,
All find a common grave, and sleep in peace—
But when the roaring torrent rushes down
The rifted rock, and from the motley deer
Snatches her sportive fawn, the hapless mother
Forgets her food, forgets the wonted spring,
And quits the playful herd ; old Mornac thus
Rejects the joys of life to weep in secret—

And now, the conquering enemy retir'd,
The hoary druids from their sacred woods
Come forth, they haste to close our fallen friends
In the cold earth—when Carril they espy
Yet breathing—

CHORUS.

Holy man, thy mournful tale
Has deeply touch'd our lady—she retires—
Finish the song.

CARRIL.

In Carril's wounds they pour
The healing balm, recall his fainting soul,
And raise him up—to misery!—and now
O'er Fura's plains the lover wanders mourning,
In Fura's mossy towers the father weeps.

A MESSENGER.

Moina commands the stranger to attend her.
Follow.

CHORUS.

What sound celestial floats
Upon the liquid air?—
Is it the rustling breeze
From Glasor's golden boughs?
Is it the dark-green deep,
Soft echoing to the notes,
Of Niord's swans?
No—'tis Braga's harp,
Braga sweeps the sounding strings—
Mimer's stream inspires the god,
With swimming eyes
And soul of fire,
He pours the tide of harmony.

He whom Braga loves
Shall swell the solemn lay,
Shall chime the chords of joy,

Glasor's golden boughs.] Glasor was a forest in Asgard; the trees which composed it shot forth golden branches.

Of Niord's swans.] Of the musical powers of the swan, the favourite bird of Niord, the Scandinavians entertained the same opinion as the Greeks and Romans.

And mingle gentler notes.
He whom Braga loves
Shall wake the din of war,
Inflame the chieftain's soul,
And send him in his steely arms
To fields of blood.

CHORUS, *at a distance.*

CARRIL, MOINA.

MOINA.

In vain thou urgest flight—tho' force compell'd me
To ſhare the bed of Harold, whilst he breathes
I'm his alone—and would not Carril's self
Detest me, faithless?—should some happy arm
Tranfix the Saxon, hope again might beam
Upon the cloud of grief which veils us round;
Then might I fly and rest in Carril's arms.

CARRIL.

'Tis well—When Harold's haughty step resounds
Within his courts, I'll dare him to the combat.

MOINA.

No, Carril, no—I love thy dauntless spirit,—
Yet should the chieftain bleed within these walls,
A sure destruction waits upon us both.
Calm thy fierce courage—on the road that leads
O'er yonder hill, a gloomy forest borders ;
The sun-beams never pierce its sides ; the wolf,
The hissing snake possess it ; there resides
A prophetess deep skill'd in Runic lore ;

A prophetess deep skill'd.] Prophetesses or witches were held in high repute among the Northern nations ;* " Inesse quinetiam

* In silvis, montibus, specubus, et prope a fontibus habitant.
Keysler. Antiq. Septen.

Εισι δε και παρα Γερμανοις αι ἱεραι καλουμεναι γυναικες αι ποταμων δινας προβλεπουσαι, και ρευματων ελιγμοις και ψοφοις τεκμαιρονται και προθεσπιζουσι τα μελλοντα.
Strom. Lib. 1, p. 305, (Col. Fol. 1688.)

Consult also Erin's Rauga Saga ; and in Olaus Magnus, (de Gent. Septentrion. Lib. III. cap. xv. and following chapters) a long account may be seen of the magical arts of these Gothic witches.

Mr. T. I. Matthias, in his well-imagined and very pleasing Northern Incantation, thus describes the dress of Thorbiorga :

Mark the sable feline coat,
Spotted girdle, velvet-wrought ;

Mark

Haste to her cave, and force her to demand
By magic rites, if joy or grief await
Our future hours.

CARRIL.

I go, and may the gods
We fear, with blest forebodings wing my feet
Returning.

[*Moina and Carril go out.*

etiam, (says Tacitus, de mor. German.) sanctum quid et providum fœminis putant."—The influence of their councils in war is mentioned by Polyænus, Strateg. Lib. 7.

Mark the skin of glistening snake,
Sleeping seiz'd in forest brake,
And the crystal radiant stone,
On which day's sovereign never shone;
Mark the cross in mystic round
Meetly o'er the sandal bound,
And the symbols grav'd thereon,
Holiest Tetragrammaton!

CHORUS, A SOLDIER.

CHORUS.

Thy hasty step portends us good, thou com'st
To tell the victory of Harold?

SOLDIER.

No,
Our chief is fallen in the battle's rage;
Bravely he fought, by multitudes oppress'd;
His blows were death; at length a random dart
Pierced his mail, his heart's blood follow'd gushing,
Dim were his eyes—he feebly rais'd his arm
As if to strike again—his sinews fail'd him—
He fell—in death's last agony he grasp'd
His weapon—cold and bloody, yet he looks
The Hero—

CHORUS.

So should a Saxon fall.

SOLDIER.

His faithful people
With fury rush'd around him, tore his body
From the contending warriors—now they bear him,
In mournful silence, to his stately halls,
And haste to lay him 'midst his brave forefathers.

CHORUS.

Soldier, let Moina hear the fate of Harold.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Softly strike the harp,
And wake the sound of woe;
Harold falls,
His limbs are cold,
The purple stream has stain'd
His golden hair.

His golden hair.] Procopius thus characterises the persons of the Goths:—λευκοι γαρ απαντες τα σωματα τε εισι, και τας κομας ξανθοι· ευμηκεις τε και αγαθοι τας οψεις.

Οvανδαλικ. p. 92. (Edit. Hoeschel.)

See at the festive board
His faithful warriors sit;
In vain they cast their eyes around,
To meet their chieftain's look;
Sorrow glooms their souls,
And dashes from their lips
The sparkling cup.

The hunter's horn resounds,
The stout dogs leap around,
And seek their chief.
No more shall Harold's voice
Be heard the woods among.

The famish'd eagle screams,
And asks his wonted food,
No more shall Harold's arm
Prepare the feast of slain.

The End of the First Act.

MOINA, CARRIL.

MOINA.

Thrice welcome, Carril! Moina now is thine—
The haughty chief is fall'n; th' approaching night
Shall shade us flying to our native country;
Again my aged father shall behold
His happy daughter, and the sacred druid
Shall hear our holy vow.—

CARRIL.

Thou unseen power, when deep despair surrounds us,
When the black night of woe o'ershades the soul,
Sudden thou shin'st amidst surrounding horror,
The darkness flies, and keenest joy breaks in
Upon the grief-worn mind.—The propheteſs
Foreboded Harold's death—

MOINA.

And 'tis accomplish'd,
Bless'd be the arm that cleav'd his hated heart—
Did she not promise safety to our flight,
And future days of joy?—tell, tell me all.

CARRIL.

My hasty steps soon reach'd the gloomy wood
I sought, and struggling thro' a thorny path,
I mark'd a towering rock whose craggy summit
Was veil'd by creeping shrubs—it's bottom yawn'd,
And shew'd a deep, dark gulph—I fearless enter'd,
And with extended arms I trac'd my way,
For there no beam of light was seen to glimmer
Save from pale flames, by magic song enkindled;
While thus advancing slow, a cold, shrunk hand
Caught mine, a hoarse voice thus address'd me;
Who art thou, man, that dar'st with impious step
Disturb my silent dwelling? Speak or perish.
Mildly I answer'd, prophetess, a stranger,
A miserable stranger seeks thy aid;
O tell me, I conjure thee by thy gods,
If Harold's doom be seal'd, if sorrowing Moina
Shall e'er behold again her native home,
And dwell with Carril?—Hence, away! she cries,
I know thee now—I hate the foe of Harold;
With that I forward rush'd, and in my arms
Seizing the prophetess, I cried aloud,
Woman, thou 'scap'st not, tell me what I ask,

Or from thy feeble body soon these arms
Shall force thy stubborn soul.—My son, she said,
I yield—within my cave a new-slain corse,
Borne by my spirits from the field of slaughter,
Yet bleeds—this day he fell by Harold's side;
The soul is seated in Valhalla's courts,
But by my potent art I'll call it back,
Force it to animate the bloody limbs,
And truly answer thy demands.—She spake,
And blue light flash'd around me; I beheld
The bleeding man—with hoarse, rough voice she 'gan
To chant the Runic rhyme, and singing still,

To chant the Runic rhyme.] "The northern nations held their Runic verses in such reverence, that they believed them sufficient (provided they were pronounced with great emotion of mind) to raise the ghosts of the departed, and that without other magical rites; especially if the party had worked himself up into a firm persuasion, that it would happen according to his desires."

Five pieces of Runic poetry, p. 6.

The following is a specimen of an incantation of this kind:—"May the poison of serpents and noxious flame torment you all within your ribs unless you give me the sword," &c.

Herv. Saga (as quoted in the above work).

The

The corse uprear'd his head and clotted hair,
And slowly cast his ghastly eyes around,
Then sunk again, as if the soul had fear'd
To animate a hateful, mangled body;
The prophetess observ'd him, and in wrath

The language in which the earliest poetical productions of the Goths were composed, and of which we have still some remains in the Sagas of the Scalds, was the *Icelandic;* this language, supposed to have been spoken in the greatest purity in Iceland, prevailed in the north of Europe very extensively, and may be considered as the mother of the modern Swedish and Danish dialects: the characters originally used in writing it were called Runic,* a term which, though it was at first confined to design those characters only, was afterwards applied to express the Icelandic language and literature in general.†

The Runic language and characters were introduced into England by our Saxon ancestors; sufficient proof of this may be deduced from the ancient Runic manuscripts, inscriptions, &c. which have been discovered both in England and Scotland;‡ before the seventh century, however, the use of the Runic characters, which were then deemed impious, appears to have been discontinued.

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* The Runic is derived from *Ryn*, (Icelandic) signifying a *furrow*— Olaus Wormius.

† See Preface to Five Pieces of Runic Poetry.

‡ Hickes' Thesaurus, Par. I. and III. Archæol. Vol. II.

e seiz'd a living snake and lash'd his limbs—
prose the corse, his languid eyes he fix'd
n me, thus speaking—Tell me, Carril, quickly,
or well I know thee, Carril, what's thy pleasure?
Dismiss me hence with speed to Odin's board.
Warrior, I said, is Harold's death decreed?
He bleeds, he bleeds, I see him fall
On the corse-spread plain—
Send me back to halls of joy—
Yet speak, shall Moina dwell in peace with Carril?
E'er the setting sun shall shoot
His reddest rays across the waves,
Moina's woes shall be at rest—
I go, I go to halls of joy—
He said, and smiling sullenly, fell lifeless.

MOINA.

Again my country's gods look down and smile
Upon our future days.—Retire, then, Carril,
Instantly quit the castle, and await me
In yon dark dell.—The followers of Harold,
Who slowly bear his body to the grave,
Are near at hand, and when the chief is laid

At peace, I'll steal unnotic'd from the walls,
And fly on love-wing'd step to Carril's arms.
[*Carril goes out.*
Now haste, ye tardy minutes, till the dews
Of evening fall; arise, ye floating clouds,
And shroud the silver moon in welcome darkness —

MOINA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Lady, the soldiers bear our chieftain's body
Without the castle gates, the grave is ready,
The holy rites prepar'd, we wait thy presence.

MOINA.

My presence, venerable man, and wherefore?

CHORUS.

Know'st thou not then the custom of our land?
The laws which ages past have render'd sacred?
Know'st thou not, lady, with her husband's body

She seiz'd a living snake and lash'd his limbs—
Uprose the corse, his languid eyes he fix'd
On me, thus speaking—Tell me, Carril, quickly,
For well I know thee, Carril, what's thy pleasure?
Dismiss me hence with speed to Odin's board.
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He bleeds, he bleeds, I see him fall
On the corse-spread plain—
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CHORUS.

Know'st thou not then the custom of our land?
The laws which ages past have render'd sacred?
Know'st thou not, lady, with her husband's body

The wife is buried, that in other worlds
He still may share her fond embraces, still
May dwell with her delighted?

MOINA.

Buried, say'st thou?

CHORUS.

Buried—our laws have so decreed it, lady,
And their decrees unalterably stand:
Haste then with Harold to the courts of bliss,
Haste to the feast of gods—

The wife is buried.] This barbarous practice is recorded in Mallet's Northern Antiquities, vol. 1. p. 342.—To the authorities there quoted for it may be added Saxo Grammaticus de Danis, Lib. 8, and Strabo, Lib. 7.

The Goths appear to have inherited this inhuman custom from their Scythian ancestors; Herodotus speaking of the Scythian funerals, says,

Εν δε τη λοιπη ευρυχωριη της θηκης των παλλακεων τε μιην αποπνιξαντες θαπτουσι, και τον οινοχοον, &c.

Melpomene 17.

MOINA.

Have pity on me—
Spare, spare my life—O save a helpless woman!
Had'st thou but offer'd death when Harold led me
A weeping captive to my native shore,
With joy I'd follow'd to the grave—but now—
What horrors burst around me!—Curses, curses
Fall on thy nation—was it not enough
To drag me from a father's arms, to force me
All-shudd'ring to the conqueror's hated bed?
Must the same grave receive us?—Save me, save me.

CHORUS.

Lady, the law must be obey'd, I cannot.

MOINA.

Where shall my tortur'd bosom turn for aid?
Is there no arm to save, no heart to pity?

CHORUS.

Death cannot be avoided.

MOINA.

Carril, Carril,
Is this our promis'd joy? accurst foreboding,
And did ye raise our souls to plunge them down
To deeper bale? My father—wretched man—
Soon wilt thou meet me—soon will Carril hail
My faithful spirit in the cloudy hall
Of feeble ghosts—haste, haste, ye dearly-lov'd,
God of my fathers, rise and aid my soul,
Revenge, revenge my blood—

CHORUS.

Lady, no more,
I must command obedience.

[*Leads her off.*

Harold's body is borne by his Soldiers across the stage, Moina follows; the Chorus step, and sing the funeral song.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who steps on the glittering bridge
That leads to the mansion of gods?

'Tis Harold—undaunted in fight,
He smil'd at the shivering of spears,
He fell in the clashing of arms.
Rise, Odin, rise,
See, he enters thy shining abode,
And terrible sits by thy side.

Who lifts the gold-tipt horn
Of mantling mead?
Harold lifts the gold-tipt horn
Of mantling mead.
Happy he who fighting falls,
Happy in the battle's clangour
To feel the quivering lance.
When the hunter's dart has pierc'd
The roe-buck's dappled side,
Prone from the summit of the rock
He falls, and falling dies;
His dark-gray eyes for ever close,
No more he climbs the grassy hill,
No more he seeks the cooling spring,
But sinks to endless night;

When Vithri drives the sword of fate
Deep in the hero's steel-clad breast,
His soul immortal mounts on high,
And wins the airy seat of gods;
There in Pleasure's lap he lies,
'Till Surtur's flames consume the world.

SEMI-CHORUS.

From the four regions of the sky
The white snow falls;
And winter binds in thick-ribb'd ice
The floating world.
Who rears the bloody hand?
A brother in his brother's heart
Has plung'd the spear;
Who rears the bloody hand?
A father in his daughter's heart
Has plung'd the spear.

Vithri.] A name of Odin.

From the four regions of the sky.] The Chorus here begin to describe the *Ragnarockur*, or *Twilight of the Gods*, and continue the description to the end of the Ode.

Where are thy beams, O sun?
Where is thy silver shield,
O moon?
The glimmering stars fall from the cope of heav'n,
'Tis darkness all—the firm earth shakes,
The cloud-capt mountains thundering rush
Upon the plains below—
Old ocean heaves his waves,
And tempests howl around.

See Fenris bursts his chain,
His eye-balls flash,
His nostrils breathe
Destructive fire.
From the Serpent's iron jaws
Floods of poison roll—
Hark—the crash of heav'n,

Fenris bursts his chain.] Fenris was an enormous and terrible wolf, at the Ragnarockur he was to break his chains and attack the gods.

The serpent's iron jaws.] The serpent's name was *Midgard*, he was twisted round the whole earth, and was destined, like Fenris, finally to war with the gods.

It cleaves, it cleaves,
Spirits of fire arise
And hurl their burning brands,
Surtur at their head—
Before him flash his dazzling arms,
Behind him flies resistless flame.

Heimdal lifts the brazen trump—
And blows the blast of war,
Heaven's solid pillars shake—
Odin calls—he grasps his lance
And strikes his golden shield—
Heimdal sounds the brazen trump—
The gods start up and seize their sparkling spears.
Heimdal sounds the brazen trump—
Odin's heroes rush to battle,
And jarring hauberks ring.

CHORUS.

In burnish'd mail shall Harold stand,
Foremost in th' embattled ranks

Heimdal.] Heimdal was the centinel of Valhalla, and god of the sky.

His arm shall wing the hissing dart,
Nor dread the flames around;
Then shall he fighting fall again,
And sink amid the war of gods,
Amid the crush of worlds.

The Chorus proceed to the grave with Harold.

CHORUS, *returning.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

Did'st thou not notice e'er the grave was clos'd
On Moina,' that she beckon'd to a servant
And whisper'd him? Quick in the croud he vanish'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

I did, and wonder'd much what care intruding
Could for a moment draw her thoughts from death;
Till then in silent grief she stood, her eyes
Fast rooted on the ground.

SEMI-CHORUS.

And when the earth
Was cast upon her, as we held her struggling
By Harold's side, she call'd aloud on Carril—

CHORUS, CARRIL.

CARRIL.

Who calls on Carril? speak, ye wretches, speak,
Where—where is Moina?

CHORUS.

Moina is no more,
She lies by Harold's side.

CARRIL.

Inhuman monsters—
Haste, haste, and lead me to her grave, perhaps
She yet may breathe, her bosom yet—

CHORUS.

Be calm.

CARRIL.

Ye murderers, lead me to her grave—once more
I'll clasp her cold, cold breast, kiss her pale lips,
And perish with her.

CHORUS.

Whence this wild distress?

CARRIL.

Know, she was mine, till thy accursed chief—
God of my fathers, thou hast slain the robber—
'Till thy accursed chief in sorrow dragg'd her
To these detested walls.

CHORUS.

Thine?

CARRIL.

Wretches, yes—
Think not, O Moina, that thou fall'st alone;
I haste to meet thee, Carril hastes to join
Thy gloomy ghost; soon shall our airy forms
A mournful conference hold, ride on the blast,

And hover o'er our country—there we'll trace
Thy father's steps—together will we cross
The well-known hills, and listen to the torrent—
The aged bard shall sing our woes by night,
We'll bend from clouds of mist, and eager catch
The dying notes.—I come, I come, my love,
With winged speed I'll seek the rock's high summit,
And plunge to death below.

CHORUS.

Dark, dark is Moina's bed,
On earth's hard lap she lies;
Where is the beauteous form
That heroes lov'd?
Where is the beaming eye,
The ruddy cheek?
Cold, cold is Moina's bed.
And shall no lay of death,
With pleasing murmur, sooth
Her parted soul?
Shall no tear wet the grave
Where Moina lies?
The bards shall raise the lay of death,

The bards shall sooth her parted soul,
And drop the tear of grief
On Moina's grave.

The lily bows her head
Before the summer gale,
The green earth kissing;
But swift the summer gale is fled;
Again the flower uplifts her snowy crest,
And drinks the air serene.—
Before the breath of woe
The soul of Moina bow'd,
It bow'd, and rose no more.
High o'er its banks the rapid river swells,
And flows impetuous on the plain—
The poplar meets the rushing wave,
And bends its tender stem—
The waters pass,
The plant uprears its pliant trunk,
And shoots aloft;
The plant uprears its dewy tufts,
And spreads its light-green leaves
To meet the warmth of heaven.

Before the tide of woe
The soul of Moina bow'd,
It bow'd, and rose no more.

Frea, from Valhalla's groves,
Mark'd the grief of Moina's heart,
And dropp'd the golden tear;
Now she quits the groves of bliss,
And hastes to meet her favour'd child
At heaven's firm-built gates.
With her rosy hand she grasps
Moina's clay-cold palm;
Swift through her frame celestial vigour shoots,
Celestial beauty beams
In Moina's eyes.

Fair flower, no more the blast of woe
Shall shake thy tender form;

The golden tear.] Frea's tears were fabled to be drops of gold.

In Frea's gorgeous domes,
Thy bloom shall fade no more.

Gorgeous domes.] "Habebat" says Keysler, "etiam Frea palatia sua quibus defunctas excipiebat." To this palace of Frea, virgins, and wives who had died with their husbands, were admitted.

THE END.

OSWALD.

A

MONODRAMA.

Prodiga gens animæ & properare facillima mortem,
Namque ubi transcendit florentes viribus annos,
Impatiens ævi, spernit novisse senectam,
Et fati modus in dextra est.

SILIUS ITALICUS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Monodrama is a species of Play, which has not yet, as far as I am able to discover, been attempted by English writers:* it was probably too simple to engage their attention, or they might imagine it little calculated to gratify a people who are fond, perhaps to excess, of the bustle of incident and intricacy of plot. Though the neglect of it cannot be deemed of much importance, yet we find many of these poems among the Ger-

* Since the above was written, many pleasing Monodramas have been published in this country.

mans, French, and Italians, which are exceeding interesting both in the closet and the theatre.—When represented on the stage, the Monodrama is usually declaimed with intervals of music.

The subject of the following piece is this.—Oswald, a Gothic Chieftain, oppressed at once by old age and a painful disease, exerts his remaining strength to die in a manner which was esteemed highly honourable by his countrymen, and was also believed to entitle him to a seat in Valhalla.

Siward, Earl of Northumberland, is recorded to have died in a somewhat similar manner. See Holinshed's Chronicles, vol. 1 p. 276. edit. 1577.

OSWALD.

SCENE, an inner-room, Oswald on a couch, his armour lying near him: rising slowly, he begins.

HENCE, hence, ye languid groans, ye racking pangs,
That slowly drag the trembling frame of Oswald
To those accursed climes where Hela reigns
Stern on her icy throne—thou faltering arm!
Oft have I seen thee, in the battle's rage,
Bedew'd with red heart's blood—ye tottering knees!
Oft have ye stood unmov'd by pressing hosts,
Oft have ye waded thro' the steaming field,
Trampling the mangled corses of my foes;—
Why shake ye thus? disease, with poison'd breath,
My firm nerves withers—and shall Oswald then
Sink, tamely sink to everlasting night?—

Shall hoary age with lingering hand conduct him
To the bleak regions girt with stubborn frost,
And bind this warlike heart in many chains
Of solid ice?—what?—shall the holy bards
Who sing my glorious deeds, thus end the song?
Alas! he dar'd not snatch the joys of heaven,
But meanly fell, the prey of age and sickness?
Why have I liv'd?—shake, shake, ye palsied limbs—
Pant, pant, thou fainting breast, old Oswald's soul
Is yet untouch'd; awake, awake, it cries,
And speed me hence to Odin's echoing halls;
Who yet can boast amid his spoils of war
A trophy from my shield?—what dark brow'd chief
E'er yet beheld me turning from the combat?
And shall that heart, which laugh'd at fear and
danger,
Yield, poorly yield, to pain?—it must not be—
While yet my hand has strength, I'll rear the sword,
And die a soldier in my glittering arms.
Yes, 'tis decreed—my helmet, shade again
Thy master's silver locks—from thy hard side
Oft has the gleamy spark burst forth amid
The tempest of the fight—thou steel-ribb'd cuirass,

Come to my breast again—how many a dart
Has hiss'd across thee, which thy firm-knit plates
Drove from my glowing heart? now loose and yielding
Thou shalt protect no more—again I raise
The weighty shield, whose wide-expanded orb
So oft has shot a purple beam, deep-dy'd
With hostile blood—and thou, O faithful steel,
Who ne'er hast fail'd thy master's vigorous arm
When rear'd to strike, swift speed me to the gods,
Pierce, pierce me deep; thy blade was never wet
With braver blood than that which warms my heart.

Father of gods! when Oswald quits the earth,
Rear thou my orphan boy—how oft I've smil'd
To see his tender fingers grasp the spear,
And his young sinews struggling to upheave
His father's massy shield; to thee, O Odin,
I early gave him: teach him, like his sire,
To scorn the coward's name, to joy in battle,
And when his warlike years have run in glory,

I early gave him.] This alludes to a Gothic custom of dedicating male infants to Odin.

Give him a happy death in fields of blood.
My daughter too,—begone, unmanly drops,
Nor cloud my dying hour—may Frea love her,
Form her soft limbs to grace, and lead her forth
The blushing prize of valour—Ah!—I faint!—
What deadly throes deep tear me!—'tis enough—
My strength ebbs quickly—now, thou trembling arm,
Feel my soul's latest fire.

[*He stabs himself.*

Yes, friendly steel, thy searching point is moist
With Oswald's blood.

[*After a pause.*

—What glorious visions rise!
I see the festive gods at Odin's board!
I hear the splendid warrior's gladsome din.
Yon golden seat is vacant—'tis for me—
I come, I come, the gloom of death has wrapt
My eyes in mist.—Hark, hark!—the notes of joy
Die on my ear—and now a louder peal
Bursts on my fluttering soul—

[*He dies.*

THE END.

STARNO.

A

TRAGEDY.

Φευ· φευ· τοδ' ἀυ νεοχμον ἐκδοχαις
Ἐπεισφερει θεὸς κακον—
Τρεις ὀντας ὠλεσεν.

EURIPIDES.

INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH it was principally my intention in writing these pieces (as I have observed in the preface) to attempt a poetical sketch of the *Gothic* mythology, yet some allusions were made by me, in the Tragedy of Moina, to the religion of the *Celts*. The superstitions of both nations have been frequently, though erroneously, confounded; and I have therefore been induced to add to this series of Plays, the following Poem, in which I have confined myself as much as possible to a delineation of *Celtic* mythology.—This mythology indeed by no means rivals the Gothic in magnificence, and some of its institutions and ceremonies have already been displayed in the admirable tragedy of

Caractacus; yet there still seemed to be parts of it untouched, which might be brought forward in dramatic poetry with tolerable effect.

The story of the following Tragedy, like that of Moina, is fictitious, and the composition is formed on the same model.

It may not be improper to observe, that although Christianity appears to have been introduced into Britain in the course of the first century, yet the Celtic superstition, or at least some remains of it, undoubtedly lingered in this island during a very considerable period of time after that event:* by the arrival of the Saxons another species of Paganism was imported, which was retained by them for nearly one hundred and fifty years: these circumstances will probably be deemed a sufficient vindication of my having supposed in this, and a preceding piece, the co-existence of the Celtic and Gothic religion in Britain.

* A vain attempt was made by Claudius, to abolish the Druidical religion in Gaul. See Sueton. (Casaubon. Edit. alt.) p. 513 and note.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

STARNO, } Britons.
DAURA, }

KELRIC, a Saxon.

Chorus of Druids.

PLACE—BRITAIN.

STARNO.

SCENE—A wood and an altar; a distant prospect of Starno's Castle.

CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

IN the dark covert of these sacred shades,
I wait, with restless, trembling expectation,

CHORUS.] *Three* orders of men, composing one body, and generally confounded under the common appellation of *Druids*,* had engrossed to themselves an astonishing degree of power and influence among the Celtic nations: they were at once the teachers of youth, the distributers of justice, and the ministers of religion; and such as attempted to resist their authority, were instantly crushed by a sentence of excommunication, which banished them

* The word *Druid* seems to be derived from *Deru*, (Celtic) an oak.—See Druid. orig. in the Delphi Phœnicizantes of Dickinson.

The joyful tidings of our chieftain's conquest;
No more the voice of woe shall chill our hearts,

them from public sacrifices, stripped them of their dignities and civil rights, and held them up as contagious and impious wretches, to be shunned and detested by society.*

The three classes of men who constituted this formidable body, are divided by ancient writers, into *Druids*, or administrators of justice and teachers of theology; *Bards*, or poets; and *Vaides*, or priests and diviners.—Diodorus Siculus (Lib. v.) gives the following description of them:—

εισι δε και παρ' αυτοις (the Gauls or Celts) και ποιηται μελων ους βαρδους ονομαζουσι, οντες δε μετ' οργανων τας λιτρας εμμετρους αδουσι ους μεν υμνουσι ους δε βλασφημουσι, φιλοσοφοι δε τινες εισι και θεολογοι ες σαρονιδες† ονομαζονται. χρωνται δε μαντεσιν, ους δη και τι συνεσιοντας και δια της των ιερειων διαιτης τα μελλοντα προλεγουσι.

Strabo also (Lib. v.) classes them nearly in a similar manner under the heads of Βαρδοι,‡ poets and musicians, Ουατεις, priests, and Δρυιδες, teachers of morals and philosophy.

Over

* Cæsar, de Bell. Gallic. Lib. 6.—Plinii Hist. Nat. 16.—Lucan. Pharsal. Lib. 1, 445, &c.—Schedius de Dis Germanis, p. 289 and following, Ed. 2d, 1648.

† From σαρον, an oak, according to Camden: but σαρονιδες occurs, with the signification of "oaks," in Callimach. Hymn. in Jov. 22.

‡ See also Athenæi Deipnosophist. Casaubon. 1597, p. 246.

No more the flying Briton here shall haste,
With fear-wing'd step, to hide his fainting limbs,

Over these orders a Chief, or Arch-Druid presided, "His omnibus Druidibus (says Cæsar de Bell. Gallic. 6.) præest unus, qui summam inter eos habet auctoritatem. Hoc mortuo, si quis ex reliquis excellit dignitate, succedit. Ac si sunt plures pares, suffragio Druidum adlegitur."*

For the fullest, and probably the most authentic account, however, of the system of Bardism, the public is indebted to the researches

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* In the parish of Llanidan, in the isle of Anglesea, are still to be seen the ruins of an Arch-Druid's mansion, which they call Trar Drew, that is, the *Druid's Mansion*. Near it are marks of the habitations of the separate conventual societies, which were under his immediate orders and inspection, among these is Trer Beird, or, as they call it to this day, the *Hamlet of the Bards*. Rowland's Mona, p. 83, 88.

In Wright's Louthiana too (Book II. p. 7.) may be found a very full and curious description, illustrated by plates, of two Druidical seats or convents, with their circle of stones, burial-ground, &c.—The one of these is at Ballrichen, the other on Carrick Edmon.

Similar conventual societies were also formed by the Senæ, (*wise women*) or Druidesses of the Celts. Some of these women indeed married, and mixed with the world, but others took vows of chastity, and retired, in small bodies, into lonely places, where they dedicated themselves to divination and other offices of a religious kind. (Pomponius Mela, lib. III. Strutt's Chronicle, vol. I. p. 152.)—Strabo (Geograph. lib. VI.) thus speaks of the Cimbric prophetesses.

Παρακολουθουν προμαντεις ἱεραι, πολιοτριχες, λευκειμονες, καρπασινας εφαπτιδας επιπορπημεναι, ζωσμα χαλκουν εχουσαι, γυμνοποδες.

And tell the hateful tale of slaughter'd friends—
Soon, soon the shout of victory shall burst

searches of Mr. Owen:* from this well-informed writer we learn, that under the generic term *Bard*, three classes of men were included, the Bards *Bruint*, the Bards *Druid*, and the *Ovydd*;† the former of these, he tells us, were the civil magistrates and judges,‡ the next order priests, and the third an executive power attached to the others; each class was distinguished by its peculiar habit, the dress of the Bards Bruint, was of a sky-blue colour, that of the Druids white,§ and that of the Ovydds green. All these classes were selected at the pleasure of the Bard from their awenyddion or pupils; the elections were made publicly at a gorsedd, or meeting of Bards, which was held every three months at fixed places, in the open air; "but the system of Bardism" says Mr. Owen, "having now fallen into almost total

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* Translation of Llywarc's Heroic Elegies.

† Vaides, and Ouates above are probably corruptions of the word *Ovydd*.

‡ The places in which the courts of justice met, were some of those circles of stones well known by the name of "*Druidical Circles*."
King's Muniment. Antiq. vol. 2. p. 153 and 155.

§ The rest of their costhume is thus described by Selden, "Nudis pedibus, barba ad inguina usque promissa & circa naris fistulas bifurcata, in manibus liber & baculus Diogenicus." Janus Anglic. Lib. 1.

Upon our hallowed groves ; in Starno's breast
The soul of Hesus breathes ; to Starno's arm

total oblivion, Poetry is the only characteristic by which the ancient Bard is recognized by the vulgar of the present time.*

The theological tenets of the Druids contained originally some points of true religion. They inculcated the belief of one most powerful, omniscient, and merciful God, the rewarder of the good, and the punisher of the wicked ; but to these important truths they annexed a variety of superstitious opinions and ceremonies, and their religion finally degenerated into Polytheism. As several of the Gods of the Britons, which will be noticed in the sequel, were unquestionably Syriac deities, and, (as we may thence infer) introduced into this island by the Phœnicians, who

* Welch and English Dictionary. See too Jo. Lelandi Comment. de Scriptoribus Britannicis. p. 4.

Hesus.] Hesus was the Celtic God of war ;* human sacrifices were offered to him ;† he agrees so exactly in his name and office with the Phœnician Hizzuz,‡ that no doubt can be entertained of their being the same deities.

* Cæsar de Bell. Gallic. Lib. VI. 7, and see the note in Grevius's edition on the word Martem, in the passage referred to above.

† Lucan Pharsali. Lib. I.—Lactant. Lib. I. c. XXI.

‡ Bochart de Phœnic. Coloniis.—Lib. I, cap. XIII.

He gives resistless strength; his glaring eyes
Shoot forth destructive fire.—well pleased to hear

who had certainly a frequent intercourse with Britain* at a very early period of time, so it is also highly probable that some of the Druidical doctrines and rites, (such as the metempsychosis,† the sacrifice of living men, &c.‡) as well as the regular system of Bardism, were likewise gathered from the same people; with respect to the latter, I hope that I shall not be deemed fanciful in asserting that the resemblance between the college of the Bards§ and the sacred colleges of the Jews‖ is too striking to be deemed the mere effect of chance, and if it were not the effect of channel, the knowledge of this regular plan of education could, in all probability, only have reached Britain through the medium of the Phœnicians.

An

* Aristot. Mirab. Auscult. (Duval. tom. II. p. 724.)—Bochart de Phœnic. Coloniis Lib. I. cap. xxxix.—Gale's Court of the Gentiles, B. I. c. 9.

† This celebrated doctrine (probably received by Pythagoras from his Phœnician teacher Pherecydes) prevailed much in Syria at a very early period; it was adopted by the Druids in its fullest extent, as appears from Cæsar (Bell. Gallic. Lib. IV. 14) and from Diodorus Siculus, Lib. V.

‡ See Brucker. Hist. Philosoph. Pars. I. Lib. II. c. ix.—Justin Lib. XVIII. 6, and a subsequent note on this subject.

§ Welch and English Dictionary, word Barz.

‖ Lewis' Hebrew Antiquities, vol. I. Lightfoot's Heb. and Talmud. Exercit. Fol. I. p. 747.

Our chieftain's solemn vow, the god of battle
Stalks by his side amid the glittering ranks,

An ingenious writer in the Asiatic Researches* asserts in the most positive terms that the Druids were Bramins, and that many of the Celtic superstitions may be traced to Hindostan; this opinion, at least in part, appears to be well founded; for although the progress of the Celtic nations into Europe is involved in much darkness, yet no doubt, I think, can be reasonably entertained of their having been originally *emigrants from the East*; such a supposition too may account for the traces of true religion which were once to be found in the Druidical doctrines, and which we may believe to have been derived from those *patriarchal* traditions which were diffused, in greater or less purity, to many of the Oriental nations.

From the historical documents which we now possess, no full and certain information can be derived respecting the *origin* of the Celts, the *time* of their emigration, or the precise *place* from which they proceeded; some remarks, however, which I trust are not totally unworthy of attention, may be offered on these subjects.

Camden, resting upon the authority of Josephus and Zonaras, contends that the Cimmerii (or Celts†) were the immediate descendants of Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet;‡ and Philip de Wanderfels

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* Vol. II. (4to Edit.) p. 488.

† Appian (Illyric.) calls the Cimmerii, Celts.

‡ Britan. p. 11. Gibson's Edition.

And wields his massy sword to strike for Britain.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Yes, holy man, the fearless soul of Starno

Wandenfels,* as well as Rapin,† have adopted the same opinion. The hypothesis of these authors is ably supported, but whether it will be generally admitted or not, still, however, from the striking resemblance of the Celtic tongue to some of those of the East,‡ from the similarity to be traced in certain Celtic and Eastern buildings,§ from the resemblance between the Celtic and Oriental games, coins, modes of trial, names of stars, astronomical instruments, &c.‖ (independent of some peculiarities in the Druidical mythology borrowed from the Phœnicians), from all these circumstances, I say, we have sufficient ground for believing that the Celts were originally an *Oriental* tribe.

Respecting the *route* of the Celts into Europe, it may be obser-

observed

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* Select. Antiq. Lib. VIII. 4.

† Introduction to Hist. of England, p. 5.

‡ Governor Pownall's Observations on the Punic scenes in Plautus. Rowland's Mona Antiq. Sect. VIII. p. 32, and the Table, p. 275.

§ King's Muniment. Antiq. Preface, and concerning Syrian buildings, p. 190, and p. 292, of vol. I.

‖ Asiatic Researches, vol. I. p. 389. vol. II. p. 479, 489. vol. III. p. 284. Schedius de Dis German. cap. XXXVI.

Shall glut its vengeance in the gushing blood
Of foes ; but still the image of his child

served that we are able to trace the Celtic tribes as far eastward as to the shores of the Euxine and Caspian seas ; there dwelt the Cimmerii or Cimri, who extended to the Cimmerian Bosphorus ; a part of these hordes appear to have crossed the North of Europe, to have reached the Eastern shore of the Baltic ; to have thence proceeded to the Chersonesus Cimbrica, and to have at length spread themselves, still retaining the name of Cimri, or Cumbri, through a great part of Germany and Britain.* Another wave of people, however, arising from the same source, will appear I think from a consideration of the following facts, to have past into Europe in a more Southern direction. Strabo informs us that several Celtic tribes were to be found in Phrygia ; and the Galatians, to whom St. Paul addresses an Epistle, were a clan of the same nation ;† the latter indeed, as well as the Tectosages (one of the tribes alluded to above) are supposed to have past *from* Europe into the territory which they occupied in Asia ; but as Strabo confesses that he is unable to discover the origin of the

* Several of these particulars are confirmed by Pliny. Speed (Hist. of Great Britaine, p. 12) relying upon the authority of Villichiers, fixes the first migration of the Celts from Asia, in the tenth year of Nimrod (or about 2224 A. C.); Holinshed asserts that they entered our island, under their leader Samothes, in 2094 A. C. Chronicles, (Descript. of Britaine) p. 2.

† Macknight on the Epistles, p. 105, &c.

Will haunt his gloomy midnight, mix with his slumbers,
And e'en amid the shout of thronging warriors,
He still shall heave for her the secret sigh.

O may some happy hour again restore

the *other* Celtic inhabitants of Phrygia,* it is highly probable that *all* the clans of this people, who inhabited Asia Minor, were the posterity of a party of Celts, who had settled in that country, when migrating from a more Eastern situation. Another tribe of the same people, resident in Thrace and Illyria, were attacked and defeated by Bærebistes. In the time of Alexander the Great, a horde of Celts still inhabited the coasts of the Adriatic;† the colony thus situated might probably have been founded by a few adventurers who had withdrawn themselves, on their route, from some large mass of their countrymen, while the main body itself, or rather perhaps successive bands of migrating Celts, appear to have pressed forward from the shores abovementioned to the west, and to have gradually possessed themselves of a considerable portion of Italy and Gaul; these men, or their descendants, at length established themselves at the foot of the Pyrenees, and finally overran (under the name of Celtiberians) an extensive district in Spain.‡

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* See, on the subject of the Celts, Lib. III. IV. and VII. of Strabo.

† Arrian de Expedit. Alexand. c.

‡ Herodot. Lib. II. and IV. Aristot. de general. animal. Lib. II. 8. Cæsar de Bell. Gallic. Lib. I. and Livii Hist. Lib. XXI.

The blooming Daura to his eager arms,
And chase the night of woe that shades his soul!

CHORUS, A MESSENGER.

Ye sacred men, I come, with speedy step,
To tell the well-earn'd victory of Starno;
Strike your loud-sounding harps, and raise the song

Your loud-sounding harps.] It is by no means an improbable conjecture that the harp or lyre used by the Bards,* was the *Nabla* of the Jews and Phœnicians, and borrowed from the latter of these nations; the *Bardic* harp appears to have had many strings, and it was stricken by the fingers, and not by a plectrum;† so far then it agrees with the following description of the Nabla given by Josephus (Antiq. Jud. Lib. VII. 12.)

ἡ δὲ ναβλα δωδεκα φθογγους ἐχουσα, τοις δακτυλοις κρουεται‡

Mr.

* Diodorus Siculus, Lib. v.

† King's Munimenta Antiqua, Vol. I. p. 99, and plate.

Probably the nails of the Welch Bards were purposely pointed (like those of the English Minstrels) in order to enable them to play upon this instrument. See Burney's History of Music, Vol. II.

In the Geste of King Horne, too, we find—

An toggen o' the harpe
With his nails sharpe.

‡ See Bochart's remarks on this passage in his Treatise de Phœnic. Coloniis, Lib. I. cap. 42.

Of joy, your chief is stain'd with Saxon blood:
Long did the battle rage, the justling shields
Re-echo'd loud, the swiftly-darting steel
With sparkling fragments strew'd the slippery ground,
And clouds of javelins hurtled in the air—

Mr. Harmer, indeed, in his very valuable "Observations on divers passages of Scripture," has attempted to prove, contrary to the commonly received opinion, that the Nabla was a kind of *bag-pipe*; but altho' one of the significations of the word נֵבֶל§ may seem to countenance this opinion, and although the word κρουεται (used by Josephus above) may certainly express the striking of the fingers on a *wind* instrument as well as a *stringed* one;‖ yet as this author *connects* his description of the Nabla with that of the κινυρα, undoubtedly a stringed instrument, and as Sopater (quoted by Athenæus) speaks of the Sidonian Nabla as capable of being *unstrung*,¶ no reasonable doubt can remain respecting the nature of it.

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§ A skin, or bag.

‖ It is to be found with that meaning in Plutarch: and see, too, Friderici Jacobs Animadvers. in Epigram. Antholog. Græc. Vol. I. p. 427.

¶ ὅτε τὴν Σιδωνιὰν Νάβλαν

Λαρυγγοφωνος ἐκπεχορδωται τυπος.

Athenæi Deipnosoph. Lib. IV.

And see Casaubon's remarks on this passage in his Animadvers. in Athenæum. p. 195.

There, in the thickest ranks, was Starno seen,
Strong as a god he wing'd his bickering blade,
And spread the gory field with mangled foes;
The groans of death, the Britons' joyful shout,
Mix in the troubled sky—the Saxons trembled—
They fled the murdering spear—

CHORUS.

Haste, haste, and with your glittering axes fell
The tufted branches of the sacred oak,
And twine the dark-green wreath of victory.

MESSENGER.

Yet hear—our soldiers scarce had turn'd the Saxons,
When on the plain we spied a youthful warrior
Spurring his steed to reach the British host;
With him a woman fled—we quickly lost them,
Conceal'd behind our ranks—when tir'd with slaughter
Our conquering chief return'd, his darling child
Rush'd, wild with joy, to meet him—Daura's charms
Had won the Saxon chieftain's blooming son
To bear her back to Starno's aching heart,
And yield himself a willing captive with her.

CHORUS.

This was beyond our hope—but see, they come

CHORUS, STARNO, DAURA, KELRIC.

CHORUS.

Hail, Hesus, hail!
By thee inspir'd,
The mailed warrior dauntless braves
The singing spear and biting blade—
Hail, Hesus, hail!
I see thee climb
Thy scythed car,

Scythed car.] The ancient Britons frequently fought in chariots armed with scythes;* these formidable instruments of destruction were probably introduced into Britain from Syria, where they were used at a very early period of time;† the names at

* Cæsar de Bell. Gallic. Lib. IV. 29.

——————— Aut de cærnone Britanno,
Excidet Arvigarus.

Juvenal Lib. I. IV. 126.

† Book of Joshua, chapter XVI. 18—Macrobii Saturnal. Lib. II.

The

And drive the furious steeds
Amid the falling foe.
Who dares to meet thine eyes of flame?
Who dares to brave thy falchion's edge,
The thunder-bolt of war?
Death hovers round thy stately crest
And poized spear,
While terror rises in the blast,
And sails before thy car.

Raise aloft, Andate, raise
Thy golden shield—

at least of certain kinds of British cars were undoubtedly Phœnician.‡

Andate.] Andate, or Andraste was the Celtic goddess of victory; the Britons held her in high estimation, and sacrificed to

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The ἅρματα δρεπανηφορα of the East are noticed too by Polybius, (Lib. v. 53) and very accurately described by Xenophon in the Anabasis, Lib. i.

† King's Munimenta Antiqua. Vol. i. p. 108.—and see in the same work (a few pages before) a very amusing enquiry into the form of the ancient cars of Britain.

Loudly strike its echoing brim,
And wake the sound of victory—
From the purple field it comes
To pierce our holy groves—

to her in groves called after her name.* The celebrated Boadicea is said to have invoked this goddess before she began the conflict with the Romans.

και ἡ βουνδουικα την χειρα ες τον ὑρανον ανατεινασα ειπε, χαριν τε σοι εχω, ω Ανδραστη, και προσεπικαλουμαι σε γυνη γυναικα.

Dio Cassius (in Nerone).

The Syrian goddess Ashtoreth, or Astarte, the *armed* or *conquering Venus* of the Phœnicians,† who, like Andate, was chiefly worshipped in woods, is evidently the prototype of this British goddess.

It may be worthy of notice, that many statues of the *armed Venus* were also to be found in *Greece;* and we gather from Pausanias, who has noticed some of them, that the worship of this Goddess was received by the Grecians from the Assyrians and *Phœnicians*. See his Græc. Descript. Lib. I. cap. 14 (with Facius' notes) Lib. II. 4. and Lib. III. 15.

Several epigrams addressed to the armed Venus occur in Brunck's Analecta, Vol. II. p. 15, &c.

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* Milton's History of England.—Britan. Antiq. illustrat. p. 37.

† Eusebii Præparat. Evangel. Lib. I. 10. and Selden de Dis Syris, Syntag. II. 2.

Rude it rushes thro' the shade,
The roaring rocks return
The joyful noise;
The warrior hears—he shouts aloud,
And clangs his massy arms.

STARNO.

Ye venerable men, nor songs of triumph,
Nor fond endearments of a long-lost child,
Force from my shuddering mind the bloody vow
These hallow'd groves have heard—the noblest captive
Is solemnly devoted to the god—

Devoted to the God.] The sacrifice of living men was esteemed by the Druids particularly acceptable to some of their deities—"Hesum et Teutatem Deos," says Lactantius, "a Gallis humano cruore placatos."—A full account of this horrid ceremony is to be seen in Cæsar (de Bell. Gallic. VI.) and in Diodorus Siculus, (Lib. V.). Strabo (Lib. II. and IV.) has recorded several modes, in which these unfortunate victims were put to death; they were usually killed with the sword,* but they were

* Ἀνθρωπον γαρ κατεσφαγμενον παισαντες εις τινα μαχαιρα, μαντευονται εκ της σφαδασμου.

Strab. Lib. II.

See

DAURA.

The noblest captive ?

DRUID.

Yes, lady, and the god demands his right,
Our pray'rs were heard—he rais'd the arm of conquest.

were occasionally transfixed with arrows, crucified, or burnt in a colossal wicker statue.

The persons thus sacrificed were frequently devoted to the gods either immediately before or after a battle.

Mr. Owen (in his work above-mentioned) informs us that those whom the Druids offered up to their deities were *criminals* only, and that the sacrifices I am speaking of are therefore merely to be considered as public executions of a most striking and awful kind; and Sammes so far agrees with him as to assert that the *chief* of those who suffered on these occasions were murderers and robbers; but whatever circumstances may have occurred to soften the cruelty of this mode of worship in Britain, yet as it is to be found without any such alleviation among the Goths† and other European

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See in King's Munimenta Antiqua. Vol. I. a full description of the *cromlechs*, or altars, used in these bloody sacrifices.

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My fearful soul beholds the gathering woe
That hastes to overwhelm me. Father, father,

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Why dost thou cast thy mournful eyes on Kelric?
Is he the noblest captive?—doomed to death?—
Away! who dares to touch a princely guest?
Who dares to touch that Kelric who restor'd
His long-lost daughter to her father's arms?
That Kelric who, entic'd by Daura's words,
Has quitted all for her?

I cannot close this note without observing, that the dreadful instance above-mentioned (and many similar ones might be added to it) of the imbecility and wickedness shown even by some of the most *polished* and *humane nations* of antiquity in their attempts at religious worship, most forcibly point out to us the *necessity* of a *Divine Revelation;* and that, not only for the sake of leading man to the proper Object of adoration, but for the no less important purpose of instructing him in the *kind* of worship which can alone be acceptable to such a Being as the Supreme.—Accustomed from our earliest youth to the advantages which we enjoy in this respect, we do not perhaps sufficiently recollect, that without those instructions which we have derived from the *Highest Source*, we might *even at this day* have been bowing down in a debasing and bloody idolatry, or might only have broken the fetters of superstition, to have rushed headlong into the bewildering mazes of a barren and comfortless scepticism.

CHORUS.

Fair lady, peace,
Hesus demands the blood we vow'd to him.

KELRIC.

Nor can the victim 'scape: the time was once
When I could smile at death, but now my soul
Shrinks back with horror from the threaten'd blow
That parts me from my love.

DAURA.

No, Kelric, no,
Thou shalt not fall—who urg'd thy hasty steps
To seek the British ranks? who won thy mind
To scorn the dearest ties of friends and country?
Who spurr'd thee on to death? 'twas Daura's self,
'Twas Daura's soothing accents led thee, Kelric,
To these detested groves—why sleep thy gods?
Why does the lightning linger to destroy
This fatal shrine? Arise, ye murderous priests,
Here plunge the holy knife: my dying pangs
Shall please the griesly god—

STARNO.

Alas! my child, the tempest of destruction
Breaks terrible around us: would these lips
Had clos'd for ever, e'er the fatal vow
Burst rashly forth—why, Hesus, did the dart
Avoid my breast? why didst thou turn the spear
From Starno's helm?—had Saxons overwhelm'd me
And plung'd their thirsty weapons in my heart,
Then had I 'scap'd thy hated gift of conquest,
And falling thank'd thee for a death of glory.

CHORUS.

We see, with pity see, the cruel pangs
That rack the soul of Daura, and thy woe,
O chief, is great; yet to the aiding god
Obedient let us bend.

STARNO.

My child, my child,
The dews of death are o'er her—see, she faints—
Suspend the rites, ye priests, and wait my presence.

[*Starno and Kelric go out.*

CHORUS.

Mark how the thickening tempest shades
The sacred wood;
The god of battle frowns—
What guilty wretch shall dare
To snatch thy prey?
Fear shall damp his fainting heart,
Fear shall wing his coward steps
Amid the clash of war.
What guilty wretch shall dare
To snatch thy prey?
No more the soldier's shout
Shall fire his soul,
And vainly, mid the ranks,
His slacken'd arm shall rear
The trembling blade.
What guilty wretch shall dare
To snatch thy prey?
Soon shall his wasted frame
Be tost by blasts,

DAURA.

The noblest captive ?

DRUID.

Yes, lady, and the god demands his right,
Our pray'rs were heard—he rais'd the arm of conquest.

were occasionally transfixed with arrows, crucified, or burnt in a colossal wicker statue.

The persons thus sacrificed were frequently devoted to the gods either immediately before or after a battle.

Mr. Owen (in his work above-mentioned) informs us that those whom the Druids offered up to their deities were *criminals* only, and that the sacrifices I am speaking of are therefore merely to be considered as public executions of a most striking and awful kind; and Sammes so far agrees with him as to assert that the *chief* of those who suffered on these occasions were murderers and robbers; but whatever circumstances may have occurred to soften the cruelty of this mode of worship in Britain, yet as it is to be found without any such alleviation among the Goths† and other European

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SCENE.—A part of the Wood, near the Castle of Starno.

DAURA.

Ye once-lov'd halls! where oft I've heedless stray'd,
Cheer'd by a mother's smile; where oft my heart
Has leapt at sounds of joy, which echoed loud
Amid your vaulted domes—Ye once-lov'd halls!
Where from my father's limbs I oft have pluck'd
The dinted mail of fight, and silent thank'd
The god who sav'd him in the hour of peril—
Ye scenes of past delight—ah! how I hate you!
Bought with the price of blood, the blood of him
I hold most dear—now, now, methinks, I see
The fatal knife uprear'd—this hand shall—no,
[*Starno and Kelric enter.*
He lives, he lives, my father yet has spar'd
His daughter's life—If thou hast ever joy'd
To see me climbing round thy weary limbs,
If thou hast ever wept for Daura lost,
Save him who sav'd thy child; his life is twin'd
With mine, and one blow stabs us both.—O hear me!
By all thy fondness for my infant prattle,

y all the love my riper years have shewn thee,
By my dead mother's shade—

STARNO.

He shall not die.

DAURA.

Eternal joy await thee!—Come, my father,
Come, let me press thee to my fluttering breast—
Kelric is mine.

STARNO.

Yes, Daura, let the priests
With other victims glut their thirst of gore:
A milk-white bull shall stain the gloomy altar,
An offering for the captive.

DAURA.

This torn heart
O'erpower'd sinks beneath me—

[*She goes ou*

Milk-white bull.] These animals were usually offered
Britons to their idols, as a grand sacrifice, at the begin
their year. Fuller's Church History, B. 1.

STARNO, KELRIC, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Chieftain, already is the clouded sun
Verg'd to the sea, and e'er the dews of night
Fall on us, Hesus asks the promis'd victim.

STARNO.

He shall not bleed.

CHORUS.

Not bleed ?—Beware, O chief,
Beware the wrath of gods—the sure revenge
Of Hesus threatens thee.—Look round—thy people
In thousands fell before the Saxons' spear,
And scarcely half thy nation lives to hail thee.
What?—when the favouring god himself stepp'd forth
And rear'd the sword of conquest, wilt thou spare
The captive's life, nor heed the dreadful vow
That calls down endless horrors on thy head,
If unaccomplish'd ?

[illegible] Let these horrors fall;
I save my child, I [illegible]
Fir'd with success, [illegible]
No [illegible]

CHORUS. [illegible]

STARNO. [illegible]
The nervous arm is frail when [illegible]
The proudest strength is tame when heav'n frowns on it.
This is not all—if thy [illegible] mind
Think [illegible] people's woe, their pious zeal
May doom e'en thee, their chieftain, to destruction,
Or to the slighted altar drag relentless
E'en Daura's self.

STARNO.

And when ye lift the knife,
She falls with Kelric. Hence, ye slaughtering priest,
My soul is firmly fix'd.

CHORUS.

Yet hear again:
And if thou fear'st not heav'n, yet dread our power;
Soon shall our lips pronounce the just decree
Thy crime deserves.—Ne'er by the altar more
Thy foot accurs'd shall stand; no more thy clan
Shall know their chief; no more thy martial bands
Shall close around thee; thro' thy empty halls
The wind shall howl; no festive song shall cheer
A wretched outcast; not thy daughter's self
Shall call thee father—

KELRIC.

Lead me to your groves
A willing victim—Starno's manly soul
Shall view me scoffing at the pangs of death.

STARNO.

Yet stop, and let my future days be mark'd
With ceaseless grief—or let the angry priests

The just decree.] See note on Druids.

Force me to death, still, still my child is safe
And Kelric lives her husband.

KELRIC.

Kelric live?
A Saxon shrinks from life so basely gain'd;
The hand of scorn would ever point my way,
The bard would fear to name me in his song,
And when I gaz'd upon thy beauteous daughter,
Dear as she is, her father's image then
Would blast my joys. Lead on, ye holy men,
I hear no more—

[*Kelric, Starno, and part of the Chorus go out.*]

SEMI-CHORUS.

God of the cheerful day,
Whose brow the blazing fillet binds
That flames athwart the sky,
And scatters golden light,

Belinus, in yon beamy tract,
Did e'er thy piercing eye behold
A scene of blacker woe?
Yet let not mortal voice accuse
The will of gods;
Nor ask the swelling storm-peals why they sound,
Or vainly bid the heavens
Inwrap their fatal fire.

Belinus.] Beal, or Bealen, and with the Latin termination, Belinus,* was the god of the Sun, the Apollo of the Celts;† hence May-day was called the Bealtine, (or day of Belen's fire) by the native Irish, the Scotch Islanders, and the inhabitants of the Isle of Man; this god corresponds in every respect with the Bel of the Phœnicians, the name of which deity signifies in the Phœnician language, the sun.‡

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* Gruter. and Reines. Inscript.

† βελιν δε καλουσι, τουτον δε σεβουσι ὑπερφυως, Απολλωνα ειναι εθελοντες.

Herodian, Lib. VIII.

‡ On le voit (Bel) comme nom du soleil sur les Medailles Phenicianes de Cadiz & de plusieurs autres villes d'Espagne.

Monde primitif, de Court de Gebelin. T. IV.

Bochart de Phœnic. Coloniis Lib. I. 43.—Belus is interpreted ηλιος by Hesychius.

Aloft in murky air
Teutates rides,
And aims his pointed shaft;
They who fearless stemm'd
The rapid tide of war,
Before him bow their crested head,
And drop the gory spear.
They whose haughty souls
Exult in sinful joy,
Before him bow their lofty head,

Teutates.] Teutates was a Celtic deity, in some respects resembling the Greek Hermes;* from his name and employments he appears to have been the god Taauton of the Phœnicians,† or the Toth of Egypt.‡ As the Celts conceived it proper to appease Teutates by human sacrifices,§ they certainly attributed to him a malicious spirit, of which, however, we find no traces in the character ascribed either to Taauton or to Toth.

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* Cæsar de Bell. Gallic. Lib. VI. 7, and notes, (in Grævius' Edition).

† This god is mentioned in the remains of Sanchoniathon. See Eusebii Preparat. Evangel. Lib. I.

‡ Iablonski, Pantheon Egypt. p. 156.

§ Lucan Pharsal. Lib. I. 440.

And keener feel his dart—
Resistless power,
Avert thy rage
From Britain's shore;
Sink in thy sable clouds,
And wing the fearful storm
To other climes.

The End of the Second Act.

SCENE—The wood and the altar.

CHORUS, STARNO, KELRIC.

STARNO.

Ye venerable men, with grief I lead
The destin'd victim to the unhewn altar.
Is all prepar'd?

Unhewn altar.] The trilothons and other ancient Celtic altars, were formed of *rough stones.*—See Borlase's Cornwall, p. 200.

I am fully persuaded that many more traces of these gigantic Cromlechs and Druidical Circles than we are yet acquainted with, might easily be discovered, by an active curiosity, in all those parts of Europe into which the Celtic religion had extended itself. The stones mentioned by Strabo as situated on the ἱερον ακρωτηριον of Spain, (now Cape St. Vincent) were evidently the remains of some kind of druidical circle; he says of them, λιθους συγκεισθαι τρεις η τετ̃αρας κατα πολλους τοπους ους απο των αφικνουμενων στρεφεσθαι κατα τι πατριον. θυειν δε ουκ ειναι νομμον, ουδε νυκτωρ επιβαινειν τ̃ε τοπ̃ε, Θεους φασκοντων κατεχειν αυτον εν τ̃ω τοτε χρονω. Lib. III.

The druidical circles were of various kinds, and destined to different uses; besides the ruder *stones of memorial* erected by the druids, some of their more regular circles appear to have been constructed for *astronomical purposes*, others were used as *courts of justice*, and a third kind were dedicated to the celebration of their *religious rites.*

CHORUS.

It is; the white-rob'd priests
Have borne, in snowy vests, the misseltoe
Cut with their golden sickles; from the wood,
With solemn rites, they've pluck'd the flow'ring vervain,

Misseltoe.] The misseltoe was held in the greatest veneration by the Druids;* Pliny (Histor. Nat. Lib. XVI. c. 44) gives the following account of their mode of cutting it: "omnia sanantem appellantes, suo vocabulo, sacrificiis epulisque ritè sub arbore præparatis, duos admovent candidi coloris tauros, quorum cornua tunc primum vinciantur. Sacerdos candida veste cultus arborem scandit. Falce aureâ demetit. Candido id excipitur sago. Tum deinde victimas immolant.

Drayton, in his Polyolbion, (Song 9) has a pleasing description of the same ceremony.

Vervain.] This was another sacred plant of the Celts; two kinds of it are very accurately described by Pliny, (Hist. Nat. Lib. XXV. 9.) and the Celtic mode of gathering it, as we learn from the same author, was as follows: "Colligi circa Canis ortum deberi, ita ut ne Luna aut Sol conspiciatur; favis ante et melle terræ ad piamentum datis; circumscriptam ferro effodi sinistra manu, et in sublime tolli.

The

* Alexander ab. Alex. Gen. Dier. Lib. VI. cap. 26.

And with bent knee on Hesus' altar laid it;
Around the pile is clos'd the mystic ring
Of virgins, priests, and vigorous warriors.

CHORUS, STARNO, KELRIC, DAURA.

DAURA.

Before the lifted knife has reach'd his heart,
I come to take a last farewell of Kelric—
Turn not, unhappy youth, the eyes of love
Upon thy bane;—frown, frown—thine angry glance
Shall swift destroy me—ah!—it will not be—
Why does my wretched spirit linger yet?—
Haste to the floating clouds, and wing thy way
To meet the ghost of Kelric.

The vervain (verbenaca, verbena) was also much used by the *Romans* in their religious ceremonies.*

* Terent. Andr. Act. IV. s. 5.—Virgil. Bucolic. VIII. 65.

KELRIC.

Daura, Daura—
Again my firm nerves shake; thy much-lov'd voice
Again unmans me; that all-beauteous form
Adds double horror to the deadly blow—
Why dost thou come to melt my struggling breast
And sink my sickly soul?—farewell, forever—
Remember Kelric, let his mournful image
Cleave to thy heart, and when the shades of death
Shall dim those tearful eyes, then haste with joy
To meet his fond embrace in Odin's hall.

DAURA.

Hark—'tis a horrid voice that shrieks—it cries
Who murder'd Kelric?—Daura, wretched Daura,
Has pierc'd her lover's heart—enough—I go—
Farewell—farewell—we soon shall meet, my love—
Again it cries—Daura has murder'd Kelric—
Hence, hated sound—
See! see! a ghastly vision rises on me!
He bleeds, he bleeds—I mark his waving hand—

[*Goes out.*

KELRIC.

Delay no more, ye priests.

CHORUS.

Loudly strike the golden harp
While echo, from encircling rocks,
Repeats the solemn strain—
Haste, haste, thou dreadful god,
And hover on the blast,
That bows the rustling wood
Around thy shrine—
Haste and quit the field of spears,
In blood-stain'd arms attend
Our solemn rites.

When, on the mountain's side,
The prowling wolf discerns
The bleating flock,
Swift, swift he springs to carnage,
And bathes his shaggy sides
In gushing blood.

When, in his airy course,
The famished eagle hears
The dying groan;
The dying groan revives
His weaken'd frame;
He stops his rapid flight,
And feasts his hungry eyes
With human gore;
Thus does the warlike god delight
To view the purple flood,
And grateful to his ears
The shrieks of slaughter rise;
Then let us lift the fatal knife,
And in the victim's blood
Its shining point imbrue.

WARRIORS.

Raise the purple banners high,
Rear aloft the bossy shield,
And shake the sparkling spear.
Hesus spies the gleam of arms
And hastes to join the fight;
Now he fires the warrior's soul

And speeds the forked dart;
Now, by the hero's side,
He mounts the creaking car,
And daunted hosts retreat.
Long may his desolating arm
Defend the British bands;
Long may the Saxon fear his rage,
And view, with ghastly look,
The lightning of his eye;
Then lift, ye priests, the fatal knife,
And in the victim's blood
Its shining point imbrue.

VIRGINS.

Awake the tuneful voice,
And call, with soothing sounds,
The god of war.

See, in the glittering ranks
A father stands;
He lifts his straining arm
To save his child—
Rise, Hesus, rise

And cast thy full-orb'd shield
Before his aged limbs—
Turn from his side the deadly dart,
And send him back with victory.

See, in the glittering ranks
A husband stands;
His fair wife moans
Her absent lord.
Now to her arms she takes
Her blooming boy,
And prints the tender kiss.
Now fondly gazes on his limbs,
And in his infant features sees
His father's face—
The distant shout is heard—she fearful turns—
Her cheek is pale,
And closer to her heart she hugs
The lovely child.
Rise, Hesus, rise,
And cast thy full-orb'd shield
Before her warrior's breast,

Turn from his side the deadly line,
And send him back with victory.
See, in the glittering ranks
A lover stands;
The mournful maid his love,
With sullen step, retires
To thickest shades,
There with her absent warrior's form
She feasts her gloomy soul—
Now she sees his manly frame
Stretch'd upon the purple plain,
She shrieks aloud, and starting flies
The horrid image, fancy-rais'd—
Now, in the passing gale,
She hears his conquering tread,
And hastes to twine the oaken wreath
To deck her lover's brow—
Joy dances in her eyes,
But yet one lingering tear descends,
And dews the mingled leaves—
Rise, Hesus, rise,
And cast thy full-orb'd shield

Before her warrior's breast,
Turn from his side the deadly dart,
And send him back with victory.
And you, ye holy priests,
Uplift the fatal knife,
And in the victim's blood
Its shining point imbrue.

[*The priests complete the sacrifice.*]

CHORUS.

'Tis not in mortal mould confin'd
That deathless souls shall share
Unmingled bliss—
Beneath the blushing rose
The thorn is hid,
Beneath the flowery bank
The serpent lurks unseen,
And oft the cup of joy
Is dregg'd with bitter woe.
The azure sky is calm,
The gale soft whispers in the bending trees,
The glassy lake reflects

The verdant shrubs around—
But soon the troubled air is gloom'd
By pitchy clouds;
Fell Taranis descends;
The 'stounding thunder roars,
And livid lightnings fly—
The angry spirit of the lake
Dashes his dark-blue waves,
And rides in foam.

Yet though the swooping whirlwind crush
The fragile frame of man,
Vainly the storms of fate shall dash

Taranis.] Taranis was the Celtic Jupiter or god of the air;* his anger was averted by the same inhuman sacrifices as those offered to Teutates;† the name of Taranis is undoubtedly derived from a Phœnician word which signifies *thunder;* I am unable, however, to find any Syrian god who precisely resembles him.

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* Schedius De Dis. German. p. 117. Elz.

† Et Taranis Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ.
Lucan. Pharsal. Lib. 1. 441.

Th' immortal spark of vital fire,
Thāt quenchless cleaves aērial space,
And glides, in mystic round,
Through ever-changeful forms.

Mystic round.] See note to p. 126, and Introduction to Rapin's History of England, p. 6 (Fol.).

The End of the Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

TRANSLATION

OF

THE CYCLOPS

OF

EURIPIDES.

THE CYCLOPS

EURIPIDES

IT is scarcely necessary to observe, that the Cyclops of Euripides cannot be read without much interest, whether it be merely considered as the only complete specimen now extant of the *Greek Satyric drama*, or whether it be contemplated as a specimen of the *comic* talents of a writer, whom Aristotle has pronounced to be the *most tragic* of poets.*

In translating the above-mentioned piece, I have omitted some passages which would have been justly displeasing to an English reader; and I have occasionally ventured (particularly in the choral odes) to deviate somewhat from the letter, with the hope of better preserving, by this freedom, the spirit of the original.

* Poetica, sec. 13.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SILENUS.

ULYSSES.

The CYCLOPS.

CHORUS of SATYRS.

SCENE,

SICILY. Caves at the foot of Mount Ætna.

THE CYCLOPS.

SILENUS.

O BACCHUS! what innumerable toils
I suffer for thy sake—aye, and have suffer'd
E'en from my earliest days—I well remember
When first, by Juno madden'd, we forsook
The mountain-nymphs, thy nurses—then again,
Close by thy side, I fought the earth-born giants,
And thro' the shield of fierce Enceladon
Driving my spear, I slew him—softly—softly—
Did I not dream all this?—by Jove, not I—
'Tis fact—all fact—I shew'd the spoils to Bacchus—
Now my fate's harder still—when Juno urg'd
These Tyrrhene scoundrels to attack my master,
And bear him off; I straitway sought a vessel,

Took all my children with me, put to sea,
And sail'd in quest of Bacchus—while I steer'd,
My boys here row'd—the green sea foam'd around us;
Passing by Malea, a wind sprang up,
That drove us to these rocks—the rocks of Ætna—
Here dwell the one-ey'd children of the god
Who rules the sea—a bloody, monstrous race—
Captur'd by Polypheme, for him we toil—
No more we shout our god, but guard the herds
Of this accursed Cyclops—on yon hill
My sons now watch his flock—while I am doom'd
To sweep his cave, to keep all clean within,
To wait upon him at his impious meals—
Come, I must now to work, and sweep, and scrape
That all be neat—what's this?—my sons approach,
Driving their flocks—hark—hark,—does this resemble
The Bacchanalian shout, the choral song
Mingled with music in Althæa's hall?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, O flocks of noblest race,
Why, across the barren rocks,
So idly range?

There no cooling breezes play,
There no tempting herbage springs,
There no curling eddies gush—
Come to the dewy field,
Come to your master's fold—

SEMI-CHORUS.

Soon the tender lambs shall press
Your swelling dugs,
Rouz'd from their slumbers, hark, they bleat
And call their dams.
Come to your master's fold,
Come to the shady dell.—

No songs of Bromius here resound,
No Thyrsus-bearing crouds advance—
Where are the revelling nymphs,
And where the clattering drums
Loud-echoing o'er the streams?

CHORUS.

I shout the Bromian lay;
On Venus still I call,

Venus, whom oft I've sought
With Bacchus' sportive train—
O friendly god, O dearest youth,
Where is thy lonely seat?
Where dost thou, mourning, shake
Thy golden hair?
Far from thy cheering looks,
In coarsest garb I pine,
The monster's slave.—

SILENUS.

Be silent, children; haste and drive your flocks
Into the rocky caves.

CHORUS.

We will, my father;
But why so urgent?

SILENUS.

Close upon the shore
I see a Grecian galley, and its crew,
Led by their captain, seem to bend their course
This way—they're surely seeking food and wa

They bear some empty vessels—wretched strangers!
Who can they be?—alas! they cannot know
The nature of our master—little think they
That, landing on these hated shores, they come
The self-doom'd victims of the Cyclops' jaws—
Now be ye quiet, children, whilst I ask
What fate has thrown them on the shores of Sicily—
[*Enter Ulysses and his Crew.*

ULYSSES.

O say, my friends, where can we find a spring
To slake our thirst? where can we purchase food
To store our vessel?—this is very strange—
Sure 'tis a Bromian city—all around—
Within, without the caves, there's nought but satyrs,
I will address the oldest—Hail! old man.

SILENUS.

Hail! stranger—quickly tell me who thou art,
And whence thou comest—

ULYSSES.

Thou beheld'st Ulysses,

SILENUS.

I've heard of him—he is the veriest prater—

ULYSSES.

I'm he, I say,—spare your abuse, my friend,—

SILENUS.

And pray whence came you last?

ULYSSES.

I came from Troy.

SILENUS.

Had you not wit enough to find your home?

ULYSSES.

By adverse winds I'm driven to this coast.

SILENUS.

Alas! your fate and mine are much alike.

ULYSSES.

Were you then driven to this land by storms?

TRANSLATION

OF

THE CYCLOPS

OF

EURIPIDES.

SILENUS.

They're wandering shepherds, no one heeds the other.

ULYSSES.

Do they not till the ground?—What food have they?

SILENUS.

They've milk and cheese;—sometimes they feast on flesh.

ULYSSES.

Have they not here the liquor of the grape?

SILENUS.

No—not a drop—O 'tis a cursed country.

ULYSSES.

And are the Cyclops very kind to guests?

SILENUS.

O very kind—they prize no flesh so highly.

ULYSSES.

What say you?—flesh of guests!—they cannot eat them?

SILENUS.

Yes but they do,—they butcher all they catch.

ULYSSES.

Where is the Cyclops? is he in his cave?

SILENUS.

No, he is hunting, with his dogs, on Ætna.

ULYSSES.

Be brisk then, my good friend—do not detain us.

SILENUS.

What should I do? I'm ready to befriend you.

ULYSSES.

Procure us food—

SILENUS.

There's nothing here but flesh—

ULYSSES.

Well, that will do—

SILENUS.

And cheese, and milk of cows—

ULYSSES.

Bring it all forth, let's look before we buy.

SILENUS.

And how much gold, then, will you give for it?

ULYSSES.

None—none at all—I'll give a draught of wine.

SILENUS.

Wine?—sweetest sound!—how long since I have tasted-

ULYSSES.

Maron himself bestow'd the precious gift.

SILENUS.

Marion!—how oft I've nurs'd him in these arms.

ULYSSES.

The son of Bacchus, as you well remember.

SILENUS.

Is the wine with you, or on board your ship?

ULYSSES.

This is the skin that holds it—look, my friend—

SILENUS.

That?—why there's scarce enough to wet my gullet.

ULYSSES.

I have much more than this—

SILENUS.

O the dear fountain!

So sweet, so grateful—

ULYSSES.

Will you please to taste it?

SILENUS.

Aye, by all means,—I'll taste before I buy.

ULYSSES.

See! I have brought a cup, too, with the skin—

SILENUS.

Come, fill it, then—

ULYSSES.

Here—drink—

SILENUS.

Ah—ah—it smells well.

ULYSSES.

Then taste it, praise it not by words alone.

SILENUS.

I do—most excellent—it makes me merry;
I long to dance—ha—ha

ULYSSES.

—It goes down sweetly—

SILENUS.

O I can feel it at my finger ends.

ULYSSES.

I'll give you money too—

SILENUS.

Plague on the money!
Give me but wine enough, I ask no more—

ULYSSES.

Now then, good satyr, bring the cheese, the lambs—

SILENUS.

I'll do it—what care I for master now?
For one full cup of that delicious liquor

I'd barter all the food of all the Cyclops,
And then leap headlong from the jutting rock
Into the sea—I mean, if I were drunk
I'd do all this—O, he who drinks unmov'd
Is surely mad. * * * * *
This cup's the cure of sorrow—how I'd drain it!—
Plague on the Cyclops!—Hark, my friend, a word with ye.

ULYSSES.

Speak to me freely, as becomes a friend.

SILENUS.

Did you take Troy?

ULYSSES.

We did.

SILENUS.

And Helen too?

ULYSSES.

And Helen—and destroyed the house of Priam.

SILENUS.

And, when you had her safe, did all your soldiers
Kiss her? she always lik'd to change her husbands;
Lur'd by a splendid dress and golden chains,
The traitress left that worthy man her lord;
O, would the race of women were extinct!
Except a few—just for my private use.
Here, great Ulysses, here is flesh, and milk,
And cheese in plenty—take it and be gone,
But leave that goodly skin instead of it.

ULYSSES.

See, see—the Cyclops—'tis all over with us—
What shall we do? where fly?

SILENUS.

Enter this cave,
And hide yourself.

ULYSSES.

What? rush into his nets?

SILENUS.

Never heed that, he cannot find you there.

ULYSSES.

No, it shall ne'er be said that I who stood
Oppos'd to thousands of the Phrygian spears,
Could fear to face one man—it shall not be;
If we must perish, let us perish bravely,
Or, if we live, our fame shall flourish with us—

SILENUS.

Pr'ythee don't loiter.

End of Act First.

CYCLOPS, ULYSSES, SILENUS, AND CHORUS.

CYCLOPS.

What means this uproar? this is not the hall
O' the revelling god—here are no drums, no cymbals—
Are my lambs safe within? do they suck well,
And frisk around the ewes? where is my cheese?
Have ye made plenty of it?—out, ye oafs!
Why don't ye speak?—this staff will cure your dumbness,
Look up—ye stand like dolts.

SILENUS.

'An please you, master,
I do look up—I see the heavens, the stars,
I think I see Orion—

CYCLOPS.

Where's my supper?

SILENUS.

'Tis ready—blessings on your appetite!

CYCLOPS.

Are all my goblets fill'd with fresh-drawn milk?

SILENUS.

All full—O you may drink a sea of it.

CYCLOPS.

What milk? sheep's?—cow's?

SILENUS.

O every kind of milk,
Drink what you please, but don't gulp me down with it.

CYCLOPS.

No, no, you're safe enough—my maw would split
With such a capering fool in it as you are.
Rascal, what croud is that about my cave?
A gang of robbers?—see, they steal my cheese,

They're loaded with my lambs—what ails you?—
speak,
Your eyes are swell'd—your head—

SILENUS.

Alas! good master,
I'm beaten to a jelly—woe is me!

CYCLOPS.

Who beat you, satyr?

SILENUS.

Those same rogues and thieves there—
I fought to the last—I could not save your lambs.

CYCLOPS.

Did not the scoundrels know I was a god,
Descended from the gods too?

SILENUS.

So I told them—
But still they stole your goods and ate your cheese—
As to yourself, they said they'd tie you fast

To a long stake, and thro' that eye of yours
They'd spin your bowels—and besides all this,
They swore they'd flog you, bind you neck and heels
Together, lodge you in the hold o' the ship,
And sell you for a mason's labourer.

CYCLOPS.

Indeed! be brisk then—sharpen well my knives;
Light a huge fire—I'll cut the throats o' the dogs—
I'll eat 'em hot and hot—some I will stew—
I'm tir'd of mountain food—of stags and lions—
'Tis long since I have tasted human flesh.

SILENUS.

It makes a pretty change—most wond'rous pleasant,
And very rarely do we catch a stranger.

ULYSSES.

O Cyclops! listen to thy guests awhile—
We wander'd from our ships to purchase food;
We chanc'd to find thy caves; the satyr, here,
Willingly sold us for a draught of wine

These lambs and cheese—we seiz'd on nought by force;
Now he denies all this—falsely denies it,
Merely because thou caught'st him at his tricks.

SILENUS.

I?—may'st thou perish—

ULYSSES.

If I speak not truly.

SILENUS.

I swear by Neptune, father of the Cyclops;
I swear by Triton, by Calypso fair,
By all the Nereides, by the sacred seas,
By every fish that swims—I swear, O Cyclops,
O my dear little master, yes, I swear,
I never sold him aught—if my oath's false,
May these, my dearest children, sadly perish!

CHORUS.

Stop—stop—in justice to our guests I speak—
The strangers bought the goods—if this be false,
May my dear father perish!

CYCLOPS.

Peace—ye lie—
I'd rather trust this man than Rhadamanthus—
But I would ask you, stranger, whence you came—
Where were you born?

ULYSSES.

We're Ithacans by birth;
From Troy we came, which now is lain in ashes;
Tempestuous winds have driven us on thy shores.

CYCLOPS.

So—ye are the men who took a trip to Troy,
To seize that runaway, that traitress, Helen.

ULYSSES.

We are, and much we've suffer'd in our battles.

CYCLOPS.

A precious set!—'twas well worth while to fight
Those bloody battles for a foolish woman.

ULYSSES.

Such was the will of fate—then blame not us—
But now, O son of the illustrious sea-god,
Humbly we ask thee, for we must speak plainly,
Not to destroy us—spare, O spare thy guests,
Nor glut thy stomach with an impious feast;
Reflect, O Cyclops, on the many honours
Thy father shares in Greece, think of his temples,
His sacred harbours, caves, and promontories;
Consider too the glory gain'd to Greece
By punishing the Trojans; of this glory
Thou hast thy share, tho' dwelling thus retir'd
Beneath the fire-distilling mount—O hear us!
Let soft humanity yet touch thy heart!
Scorn not th' entreaties of a suppliant stranger,
Bring forth the gifts of friendship—mighty gods!
To pierce with pointed spits our quivering limbs!
Alas! the plains of Troy have swallowed up
Far, far too many—Greece is desolate—
The widows weep their husbands; gray-hair'd parents
Lament their sons—wilt thou consume, O Cyclops,
The poor remains?—where shall we turn for pity?

Have mercy on us! think not of a banquet
So foul, so impious—O respect the gods—
Reflect how often wicked deeds have prov'd
The bane of those who wrought them.

SILENUS.

Hark ye, master,
I'll give you my advice—by all means eat
That prosing fellow, and be sure to swallow
His tongue—what a dear, pretty, prattling Cyclops
You'll then become.

CYCLOPS.

Gain is the wise man's god,
All else is empty shew and idle boasting.
Dost think me fool enough to care what honours
Greece paya my father?—What's all that to me?
I tell thee, man, I do not even dread
The thunderbolts of Jove—for aught I know
I am as great a god as Jove himself—
I care not for him—let his thunders roar,
Let him dash down his floods—I'm safe enough—
Snug in my cave I eat, and drink, and snore;

And when the Thracian Boreas shoots his snows,
I clothe me in thick skins, I light a fire,
And laugh at frost and snow—the earth beneath me,
Whether she will or no, must throw out herbage
To feed my flocks, and those I offer only
To one most mighty god, this paunch of mine.
To eat, to drink, to care for nought beside,
This is the wise man's plan—plague on the rogues
Who gave you laws, who fix'd your rules of life;
I know no laws but these, to please myself,
To fill my belly, and to eat you all.
As to the presents that you prate about,
They sha'nt be wanting—I will share among you
Fire, and the cauldron of my stout fore-fathers;
'Tis big enough for all of you—go in—
Go in, I say—and learn my mode of feasting—

ULYSSES.

Alas! alas! escap'd from Trojan spears,
From swelling surges, what a fate awaits us!
The monster's heart is harder than his rocks.
O Pallas! goddess, sprung from Jove himself,
Now, now defend us! dangers tenfold blacker

Than those we fac'd at Troy surround us here—
O thou, who sitt'st above the glittering stars,
Look down upon us, save us, Jove, O save us!

SEMI-CHORUS.

Open, O Polypheme, thy mighty jaws;
Behold prepar'd
The roast, the boil'd—
I see thy grinders tear
The hateful food, fresh seeth'd
Within the hairy skin.

SEMI-CHORUS.

O could I quit, for ever quit
These gloomy caves,
These impious feasts!
Ah cruel, bloody wretch!
Who hear'st, but hear'st unmov'd,
E'en at the sacred hearth,
The suppliant's prayer.

End of Act Second.

ULYSSES, CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

O mighty Jove! within th' accursed cell
I've seen a sight which man can scarcely credit;
It is not human—

CHORUS.

Has the hated Cyclops
Devour'd your friends?—

ULYSSES.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Two have already suffer'd, and the rest,
Trembling like birds, now sculk within his cave.
I dar'd to approach the monster—waited on him,
And when I found his hunger was appeas'd,
A thought came 'cross me—strait I fill'd a cup
With potent wine, and gave it him to drink;
Take this, I said, this is the luscious juice
That Greece produces, and that Bacchus doats on;
The Cyclops, gorg'd with flesh, receiv'd the cup

And drain'd it at one draught—dear guest, cries he,
Thou giv'st me liquor worthy of my banquet!
While he still smack'd his lips, I carried to him
A second dose, for well I knew the wine
Would do its duty—strait he 'gan to sing—
Cup after cup he drain'd—I plied him well—
He's hot enough—and now, amidst my friends,
He makes the cavern echo to his shouts
And uncouth songs—I silently stole off—
Fain would I save myself, and you too, satyrs;
Say, will you quit the wretch, and sport again
I' the courts of Bacchus and the Danaides?
Your father there within approves my counsel,
But he is weak and tottering, and he clings
Close to the cup, as if he stuck by bird-lime—
Ye are both young and active—join me then,
And seek your former master, Bromius.

CHORUS.

Ah! my good man, would I might see the day
When I shall fairly 'scape the monster's clutches!
Here is no music—all is dead and joyless—
But we have no resource.

ULYSSES.

You have, my friend,
Hear but my plan—severely will I punish
This hated beast, and give you liberty.

CHORUS.

Say how? with keener joy I'd hear his groans
Than the soft tinkling of the harp of Asias.

ULYSSES.

The Cyclops, hot with wine, will long to join
His brethren at their feasts—

CHORUS.

I understand you,
And we must watch his steps—catch him alone,
And strangle him, or hurl him from the rocks.

ULYSSES.

I mean not that—our work is not so plain.

CHORUS.

How then? long, long ago we've heard, Ulysses,
The rumour of your cunning.

ULYSSES.

Thus then, satyrs;
I will persuade him not to quit his home;
I'll tell him he'd be mad to share his wine
With any other Cyclops—here I'll fix him—
And when the potent god has laid him low,
I'll sharpen some huge stake, and fire its point,
And as the shipwright bores with whirling auger,
So will we bore, with the still-flaming shaft,
The eye of Polypheme.

CHORUS.

'Tis well—'tis well.

ULYSSES.

When we've thus blinded him, yourself, your father,
And all our friends shall haste aboard my ship,
And row away most merrily.

CHORUS.

O glorious!
But say, Ulysses, will you need our aid
To twirl the stake?

ULYSSES.

Yes truly—'twill be weighty.

CHORUS.

O! I would work like fifty carts and horses,
Could I but blind the dog, and root out thoroughly
That wasp's-nest eye of his—

ULYSSES.

Be silent now—
When I command, be ready—tho' I've quitted
My friends within, and might escape alone,
Yet I should scorn to do it; we will live
Or die together.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who first, who last shall seize
The burning brand,
And plunge its fiery point,
Within the radiant orb?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Hark, hark, I hear within,
The sound of song;
The swelling notes are harsh,
The minstrel rude—
Lo! from the rocky cave,
Th' unwieldy Cyclops reels;
O haste, and join his strains.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy he
Who quaffs the luscious juice,
Happy in the purple flood
That sparkling flows around!
How sweet, on downy turf reclin'd,
To laugh the summer hours away

With her we love!
How sweet, by Bacchus fir'd, to trace
The winning graces of her form,
To mark the down-cast, beamy eye,
And catch the fragrance of her breath!

End of Act Third.

CYCLOPS, ULYSSES, SILENUS, CHORUS.

CYCLOPS.

Whither, whither shall I wander,
Joyous from my rich repast?
As a deeply laden vessel
Well I'm stor'd with food and wine.
The glowing verdure of the field,
The cooling breezes of the spring,
Entice me to forsake
The gloomy, still retreat,
To join the Cyclops' feasts.

CHORUS.

See, he comes; his shining orb,
Like a flaming pine-tree, burns;
Roseate tints have flush'd his skin,
Brighter than the hue of nymphs
Sporting in their dewy caves;
Haste, and shade his manly brow
With wreaths of flowers.

ULYSSES.

Hear me, O Cyclops, and I'll tell to you
Th' adventures of the god you love so well.

CYCLOPS.

And do'st thou call this liquor, then, a god?

ULYSSES.

No doubt—the sweetest comforter of mortals.

CYCLOPS.

Truly he warms my stomach pleasantly.

ULYSSES.

O! he's the best of gods, he never harms us.

CYCLOPS.

And is he pleas'd with dwelling in a skin?

ULYSSES.

Aye, put him where you will, he's always easy.

CYCLOPS.

Surely he might have had some better clothing?

ULYSSES.

Who heeds his covering, if the god be good?

CYCLOPS.

True, 'tis no matter.

ULYSSES.

Do not leave us, Cyclops—
Stay where you are, and drink, and drink again.

CYCLOPS.

Shall I not give some liquor to my brethren?

ULYSSES.

No—you'll be mightier if you keep it all.

CYCLOPS.

I shall be civiller if I let them taste it.

ULYSSES.

Such drinking-bouts too often end in blood.

CYCLOPS.

O! were I doubly drunk none dares to touch me.

ULYSSES.

Still I advise you not to quit your cave.

CYCLOPS.

Poh! he's a fool who loves to drink alone.

ULYSSES.

A wise man, if he's drunk, will stay at home.

CYCLOPS.

What shall I do, Silenus?

SILENUS.

Never budge;

I see no wit in seeking other mouths.

CYCLOPS.

Well, here the grass looks fresh—

SILENUS.

'Tis mighty pleasant
To bouse i' the sunshine—please to sit, good master.

CYCLOPS.

Why do you place the cup behind me, rascal?

SILENUS.

Lest any one should touch it.

CYCLOPS.

Out!—I say—
You drink my liquor, rogue, behind my back;
Here, place the cup in sight—approach me, guest,
Tell me thy name—thy name?

ULYSSES.

My name is No-one.—
But say, O Cyclops, what return you'll make me
For all the kind attention I have shewn you.

CYCLOPS.

I'll eat thee last of all.

ULYSSES.

That's very handsome.

CYCLOPS.

What are you doing, scoundrel? are you drinking?

SILENUS.

No—not a drop—only my eyes are dim,
And I look'd close, to see the curious carving
Of this most goodly cup.

CYCLOPS.

Take care, take care—
Here—pour me out a cup-full—fill to the brim.

SILENUS.

And how much water shall I mix with it?

CYCLOPS.

None—none—come, bring it—

SILENUS.

Stop, I'll fetch a wreath
And place it on your head—besides 'tis proper
That I, as cup-bearer, should taste the liquor.

CYCLOPS.

Plague on this trifling!

SILENUS.

Trifling? not at all,
The liquor's much too good to trifle with—
Come wipe your mouth—and then I give the cup—

CYCLOPS.

There, there, you fool, my lips and beard are clean.

SILENUS.

Now you should drink it in a proper posture,
Reclining gracefully—here—see me do it—
Thus—thus—

(Drinks.)

CYCLOPS.

Hold, hold, you rascal.

SILENUS.

Dearest heart!

I've drunk it out before I was aware.

CYCLOPS.

Out, oaf!—come, guest, be thou my cup-bearer.

ULYSSES.

With all my heart—I'm us'd to such employment.

CYCLOPS.

Now fill the goblet.

ULYSSES.

Yes, I do—be quiet.

CYCLOPS.

'Tis not so easy to be drunk and quiet.

ULYSSES.

Here, take the goblet—drain it at a draught—
Would he might swallow it!

CYCLOPS.

'Tis well—'tis well—
O! what a charming wood the vine-tree's made of!

ULYSSES.

After your meal you cannot drink too much—
Drench yourself well—then sink to sweetest slumber,
Leave not a drop—

CYCLOPS.

How's this? my brains are swimming,
The sky and earth whirl round me—now I spy
The throne of Jove—I see the gods assembled—
What tho' the Graces court me—I'll not kiss 'em.
Hence, hence, and let me sleep.

SILENUS.

Aye, go thy ways.

(Ulysses conducts the Cyclops into his cave and returns.)

ULYSSES.

Now, ye brave sons of Bacchus, all is ready;
The monster sleeps, the pointed stake is flaming,
Now let's to work—be men, my friends, be men.

CHORUS.

O! we have hearts of adamant—return—
We'll quickly follow.

ULYSSES.

Vulcan, lord of Ætna,
Now do thy duty—sleep, thou son of night,
Rest heavy on the wretch—What? shall a band
So bold, so fam'd as our's, inglorious perish,
And basely crouch before the impious Cyclops?

CHORUS.

See, they grasp the monster's neck;
See, they point the fiery dart,
And plunge it deep—
Bacchus, Bacchus, fight for us!
Soon again my longing eyes
Shall view thy beauteous front,
With ivy crown'd.

End of Act Fourth.

ULYSSES, CHORUS, CYCLOPS.

(The latter in his cave.)

ULYSSES.

Peace, peace,—by all the gods, I pray you, silence;
Breathe not a word, nor cough, nor wink your eye,
Lest ye may rouze the Cyclops from his slumber.

CHORUS.

There—there—we hold our breath—

ULYSSES.

Come in, I say,
And help to do the deed.

CHORUS.

We cannot stir.

ULYSSES.

Are ye all lame?

CHORUS.

I rather think we are;
Our legs shake under us—

ULYSSES.

Ye seem convuls'd.

CHORUS.

'Tis very strange—I'm sure we cannot help you,
But we can sing an Orphic ode—

ULYSSES.

O cowards!
Well—be it so—I and my brave companions
Will do without you; sing some cheering ditty.

CHORUS.

How base is fear—the truly brave
Snatch the deathless wreath of fame;
Shouting crouds their steps attend.
Warriors, raise the sinewy arm;
Deeper, deeper plunge your fires;
Warriors, work the deed of wrath,

Laugh to scorn the monster's groans,
And stain, with impious blood,
The massy shaft.

CYCLOPS.—*(From within.)*

Alas! alas! I'm blinded, scorch'd, and pierc'd.

CHORUS.

O! sing that strain again!

CYCLOPS.

Alas! alas!
I perish, I am blinded—do not think
The dogs will 'scape me yet—here, by this entrance,
I'll stand, and close it with my arms. Alas!

CHORUS.

Cyclops, what means this clamour? hast thou reel'd
Into the fire?

CYCLOPS.

No-one, I say, has pierc'd me.

CHORUS.

Then No-one is to blame.

CYCLOPS.

No-one has blinded me.

CHORUS.

Then thou canst see.

CYCLOPS.

Would thou could'st see no better!

CHORUS.

And how did No-one blind thee?

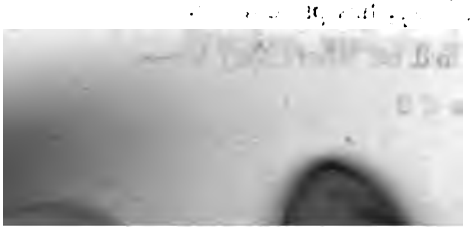
CYCLOPS.

Out, thou scoffer!

Where is that No-one?

CHORUS.

He is no where, Cyclops.



CYCLOPS.

That cursed guest, I tell thee, has destroyed me;
He gave me drink that burnt my flesh—where is he?
Where are my other guests? have they escaped?
Or are they in my cave?

CHORUS.

They're in thy cave.

CYCLOPS.

Where—where?

CHORUS.

They're close beneath the rock, thou hast them.

CYCLOPS.

Alas! I've split my skull against this ridge.

CHORUS.

And now thou'lt lose them.

CYCLOPS.

Tell me where they are—

CHORUS.

There—there—

CYCLOPS.

I cannot catch them.

CHORUS.

There again,
More to the left.

CYCLOPS.

Alas! alas! thou mock'st me.

CHORUS.

Now I'll speak truly, Cyclops; they're before thee.

ULYSSES.

Yes, monster, far enough from thee; and know,
Ulysses leads them hence.

CYCLOPS.

What? hast thou chang'd
Thy name then, and procur'd a new one?

ULYSSES.

No—I keep that my father gave to me—
I tell thee that I glory in thy sufferings;
I should have blush'd, when Troy was spoken of,
Had I not punish'd thy detested crime.
And now I quit thee—soon my ship shall bear me
To my much long'd-for country.

CYCLOPS.

Never, never,
I'll follow to the sea—tear up a rock,
And hurl it on thy vessel—

CHORUS.

We shall join
Ulysses' crew, and seek our jovial god.

*CHORUS.

Bear me, O! Bacchus, to thy sunny hills,
Where twisted tendrils bend

* Although not strictly agreeable to the rules of the Greek Drama, I have ventured to add a final Ode to this piece, in order to break the abruptness of its conclusion.

Beneath the clustering grape!
With ready hand I'll press
The purple spoil,
And drain the fragrant stream.

Hail, Bromius, ivy-crowned king,
Leader of the revelling bands,
Thyrsus-bearing Bromius, hail!
What is man without thy gifts?
Dull and formal, stern and cold—
Thy liquid treasures warm the heart,
Thy piercing juices fire the brain,
And all around is love and joy.
Laughing Venus quaffs thy cup,
Quicker pants her heaving breast,
Redder roses tinge her cheek,
Lighter graces swim around her.

Hail! Bromius, hail! O bear me swift
Where clanging cymbals echo shrill,
Mix'd with the Bacchanalian shout!
See the sportive nymphs advance!

Their light robes floating in the breeze;
Scattering a thousand sweetest scents,
They jocund wave their shining locks,
And twine the wanton dance.

End of Act Fifth.

PANDORA.

A

MONODRAMA.

Jam signa ruendi
His dedit——————confuseque rursus
Natura timet.

CLAUDIAN.

PANDORA.

Pandora passing from Heaven to Earth.

HOW my heart throbs with joy—a hand divine
Has form'd these finish'd limbs; celestial fire
Darts thro' my veins; the choicest gifts of gods
Are pour'd upon me—can I e'er forget
Their splendid council in the flame-tipp'd clouds,
When first from Vulcan's touch I sprang to life,
And dazzled shrunk before their blaze of glory?
Aloft, on golden throne, great Jove was seated;
O'er his broad front the clustering tresses fell,
And mildly beam'd his eyes—arise, ye gods,

His awful voice exclaim'd, arise, and shed
Your richest blessings on Pandora's form:
He spake; majestic from his side arose
The queen of heaven; around thy steps, she cried,
Shall float a stately grace—with roses crown'd,
The laughter-loving Venus next advanc'd,
Light as the summer breeze, and smiling said,
O'er thy fair cheeks I cast a crimson tint,
Thy melting eyes shall swim in softest lustre,
Thy swelling breasts be moulded to the form
Of Hebe's cup, be white as drifted snow—
And while she spake, a thousand odours rose,
A thousand sportive loves, brisk fluttering round,
Fann'd the warm air—The god with golden locks
Then came—be eloquent as fair, he cried,
For what avails the radiance of thine eyes,
The blossoms of thy cheek, if honied words
Dwell not upon thy lips?—thy speech shall fall
Soft as the dews of eve;—then circling gods
Press'd on me to bestow their varied honours
Enough, cried Jove, she's perfect—take this
Fast bound in glittering ribs, and bear it her
To where Prometheus 'bides—beware, O r

To ope its silver clasps—I bow'd obedient—
This casket!—is Prometheus then so lov'd?
Daring Prometheus?—from the fiery cope
He stole forbidden flames—the vulture tore
His bleeding heart—and do the gods reward him?
To him they doom Pandora; doom to him
The rare device this adamant enfolds.
Why is it thus?—what enviable gift
Is here contain'd?—not look at it!—O Jove,
Where was the goddess of the tinted arch,
Thy wonted messenger?—why, to my hands
Consign the prize?—perchance the god was sportive,
And wish'd to try me—'tis an empty casket—
Or if 'tis not, its secret store, perhaps,
Would prove to me a bane—I'll think no more of't—
How broad the way, 'tis trac'd with milky beams—
Lo! there's the earth, it floats in circling air,
Its towering hills are tipp'd with steady light;
In yon dark shades the billowy waters lurk;
Once huge and shapeless, now a viewless mind
Has mov'd its jarring atoms, rang'd its forms,
And o'er its fertile surface, scatter'd wide
The glow of life—ah! how I long to stray

Amid its flowery vales—there quiet dwells—
No more the giant arms high heap the mountains
To reach this starry bridge, no more the lightnings
Flash horribly around—all, all is peace—
I soon shall reach it—how the fam'd Prometheus
Will gaze enamour'd on my youthful charms.
What?—can Jove send him too a nobler gift
Than fair Pandora?——sure the casket holds
Ambrosial food—that makes the gods immortal—
Would I could taste it!—nay, 'tis poison rather—
O deep revenge! and thus to snatch Prometheus,
Delighted, from my arms—it cannot be—
Jove bade me bless the earth, he bade me rear
A blooming offspring—would he slay my husband?
Ah! were it thus?—I'll ope it—shall I thwart
The dread commands of heaven?—some dire distre
Would fall upon me—Think what dreadful woes
Prometheus suffer'd—think what endless pangs
Torment the Titans—theirs were crimes indeed—
But what is this?—Among the other gods
I well remember Mars; he cast upon me
A furious look; be bold, he cried, O maid,
Be bold above thy sex—and now's the time—

O'er the vast sky a solemn silence broods;
No eye beholds me; I've already pass'd
The monsters of the air, the fiery archer,
The flaming goat, the writhing serpent's folds;
Whate'er the casket holds it cannot 'scape me—
What if it 'scapes, and Jove should know my guilt?
Sure this all-perfect form, these smiles of love,
The touching accents of my rosy lips,
May win forgiveness from the thunderer's self—
Yes, yes, the god expects my disobedience—
I tremble still—assist me, Mars—'tis done!

[*Opening the casket.*

What!—empty!—empty!—yet methought a wind
As of a thousand rushing wings, blew swift
Athwart my face—ah me! what grisly forms
Float in the air—see, see, they grimly smile,
And mocking, point at me—speak, speak, who are ye?

[*A voice from the air.*

Thanks to her who gave us birth;
Eager sailing to the earth,
We haste to act the deeds of woe,
And prey on all that breathes below.

PANDORA.

Ah me! who are ye?—wretched, wretched woman!

[*The voice continues.*

Bloody Strife, and gnawing Care,
Pride, and Hatred, and Despair,
Hover o'er thee in the air;
We haste to act the deeds of woe,
And prey on all that breathes below.

PANDORA.

What have I done?—hush, hush, a softer sound!

[*Another voice from the air*

Hear, thou luckless maiden, hear,
Cease thy sorrow, cease thy fear,
Tho' yon grim troop on mortal shore
Haste the tide of grief to pour,
Hope shall join the gloomy throng,
Hope shall breathe her cheering song,
And bending o'er the troubled heart,
Gently steal the poison'd dart,
Hope shall bid the tempest cease,
And whisper future hours of peace.

ARIADNE.

(From an Epithalamium by Catullus.)

THE lofty pines are torn from Pelion's steep,
And stately floating o'er the gleamy deep,
Bear to Ætæan shores and Phasis' strand
The Argive youth, a vigorous, dauntless band;
Braving the surge, and mocking every toil,
They nobly dare to snatch the golden spoil;
A favouring goddess sends the prosperous breeze,
And wafts them smoothly o'er the untried seas;
Soon as the swift keel trac'd its foamy way,
And bending oars dash'd high the glittering spray,
The wondering sea-gods rais'd their dewy brows,
And Nereids, trembling, from their caves arose;
Then first to human sight expos'd they stood,
Their lovely forms half-bending o'er the flood;
Peleus enraptur'd, gaz'd on Thetis' charms,
And clasp'd a yielding goddess in his arms.

Hail! heaven-sprung heroes, born in happiest days!
Long in my verse shall live your well-earn'd praise,
Thou, chief—Thessalia's bulwark and her pride,
To whom e'en Jove resign'd a splendid bride,
Dooming, reluctant, to thy fond embrace,
The fairest daughter of the sea-god race—
See from the east bright shoots the roseate ray,
And laughing hours lead on the nuptial day;
Nor Grecian towers, nor Tempe's shades detain
The jocund myriads; o'er Thessalia's plain
They press, with eager joy, their chief to greet,
And pour their costly offerings at his feet;
The fields deserted give to sweetest peace
The tired steer; the rattling harrows cease;
The plough-share rusts unheeded, and the oak
No longer trembles to the woodman's stroke;
Lost in delight, amid the regal domes,
The revel crowd forget their humble homes;
The gold's deep lustre, and the silvery beam
Shoot thro' the lofty halls a blended gleam;
The glistening ivory decks the throne of state;
The gorgeous table shines with massy plate;

But far above the rest, the nuptial bed
Of Tyrian dye, with splendid coverings spread:
The rich embroidery tells of heroes' deeds,
Of fierce encounters, and of virtue's meeds—
Entranc'd in woe, see Ariadne stand,
Alone, abandon'd, on the sea-dash'd strand;
Fresh from her couch, where floating dreams of night
Had spread their painted visions to her sight,
She fondly trusts that still they mock her view,
And scarce believes her misery is true;
Mean time her lover, hastening from the shore,
Skims the green waves, and plies the dripping oar;
Fix'd to the earth, she views, with streaming eyes,
The distant sail, and deeper pangs arise;
The glittering fillet of her golden hair,
Her thin-spun veil, light dancing in the air,
The slender zone, her snowy breast that binds,
Fall at her feet, the sport of eddying winds;
Nor veil, nor zone attract her fixed sight,
Deep plung'd in grief, she marks but Theseus' flight;
With him her soul still strives the waves to ride,
Cleaves to his lips, and lingers by his side.

Thrice-wretched woman! hated be the hour
When first thy lover trod the Cretan shore!
When first, self-doom'd, he fearless rush'd to save
The youth of Athens from th' untimely grave.
In Minos' glittering courts the hero stands,
A towering god amidst his vigorous bands,
Fair Ariadne sees him, sees and loves,
O'er every charm her youthful fancy roves,
Her heart drinks deep th' intoxicating fire
Of giddy passion, and of warm desire.
Fair son of Venus, dear, tormenting boy,
Who light'st, 'midst human woes, the lamp of joy;
How couldst thou, cruel, plunge so deep thy dart,
And triumph fiercely o'er a virgin heart?
Soft is the lustre of her pensive eyes,
Her labouring bosom heaves with frequent sighs,
Her hurried slumbers unknown terrors break,
And livid paleness creeps across her cheek;
But most, when Theseus braves the doubtful fight,
Her sinking spirits sicken with affright,
To every aiding god, in deep despair,
She vows her gifts, and breathes the silent prayer—

Her prayer is heard—As raging storm-winds sweep
The pine uprooted, from the rocky steep,
Dash the firm oak to earth, and rapid bear
Its twisted branches in the whirling air:
Thus, with resistless force, the youth assails
The blood-stain'd monster; now no more avails
The chilling terror of his hideous form;
He bends, he flies before th' impetuous storm:
In vain he flies; the hero swift pursues,
With glowing heart th' auspicious fight renews,
With sinewy arm quick ends the glorious strife,
The monster falls, and groaning, yields his life;
Thro' the dark maze the victor tracks his way,
And the thin clue restores him to the day—
But let us turn from scenes of brighter hue,
Nor tell how swift the golden minutes flew,
Whilst Ariadne, borne to Naxos' shore,
Liv'd but to love, till that detested hour,
When the false youth forsook his blooming bride,
And broke the sacred bonds that love had tied.
From her pale lips indignant accents burst,
Whilst her heart shudder'd at the deed accurs'd;

Now, with fleet step, she climbs the mountain brow,
And wistful gazes on the deep below;
Now wildly rushes 'midst the weltering surge,
And calls on Theseus from the ocean's verge;
Dash'd by the frothy waves, forlorn and faint,
Mix'd with deep sobs, she breathes the fond complaint:
" Perfidious man! for thee I left my home,
" Faithful to follow where thy steps should roam,
" For thee forsook a tender mother's arms,
" And blushing, doom'd to thee my virgin charms;
" Could no soft ties that cruel bosom move?
" No fond endearments win thy constant love?
" Was it for this thy solemn vows were sworn?
" Vows that are now become thy jest, thy scorn?
" Fondly I hop'd, to Hymen's temple led
" By sportive trains, to share thy nuptial bed—
" But every hope and every joy is dead—
" Base is thy sex, ye woo but to betray,
" Nor oaths, nor gods impede your daring way,
" Still, still ye flatter, till enjoyment cloys,
" And the false tale that won us, then destroys;
" But thou art doubly base—'twas I who spar'd
" Thy life, thy glory—what is my reward?

" For this thou leav'st me on a desert land,
" Lingering to perish, where no pious hand
" The last sad duties to my corse shall pay—
" Of wolves, of vultures I am doom'd the prey.
" Ah! did a Libyan tygress give thee birth?
" Or raging ocean cast thee upon earth?
" Whence, whence thy monster-race, that thus repays
" The gift of life? the boon of happy days?
" What if, obedient to thy sire's command,
" Thou fear'dst to lead me to thy native land,
" Thy wife confess'd; ah! why for ever leave
" Her who had follow'd as thy humblest slave?
" Her to whom every office had been dear,
" That serv'd thy wants to ease, thy life to cheer?
" But why unheeded to the wandering air
" Thus pour my woes, and breathe the fruitless prayer?
" Far o'er the swelling waves the bark is fled,
" And all around is desolate and sad;
" Denied to me the wretch's last relief,
" Unheard I mourn, unpitied sink in grief.
" Thou potent god! ah! would thy thundering hand
" Had dash'd the traiterous vessel on the strand!

" Would the deceitful youth, who veil'd by art,
" By graces veil'd the treachery of his heart,
" Had sunk unheeded in the heaving sea,
" Nor doom'd this faithful breast to misery!—
" Where shall I turn me? see, the wide-spread main
" For ever bars me from the Cretan plain,
" Or would a parent's arms receive a child,
" Lost to all shame, by kindred blood defil'd?
" No, wretch—go seek thy faithful lover's breast,
" Fall at his feet, and sue to be caress'd—
" Distracting thought!—where'er my eyes are cast,
" No hope is seen—the hour of joy is past;
" Thick o'er my heart increasing horrors roll,
" And death alone can calm my struggling soul;
" But ere these limbs shall fail in wild affright,
" Ere my dim eyes shall close in endless night,
" I hail the furies with a holy dread,
" And call down vengeance on the perjurer's head."—
She ceas'd—in wrath th' appalling sisters rise,
Jove bows assent, and rocks the solid skies;
Earth trembles, ocean heaves, & heaven's bright flames
Quivering confirm the mandate he proclaims.

ODE TO NIGHT.

HITHER, O queen of silence, turn the steeds,
The slow-pac'd steeds that draw thy ebon car,
And heave athwart the sky
Thy starry-studded veil.

Come not with all thy horrors clad, thy heaps
Of threat'ning, pitchy clouds, thy wasteful blasts,
Which howling o'er the deep,
High swell the boisterous surge.

Far be the fearful forms that round thee float!
The owl shrill-shrieking, and the flitting bat,
And every ghastly shape
That frighten'd fancy spies!

But come with peaceful step, and o'er the land,
Parch'd by the sultry sun, thy coolness breathe,

And shed thy summer mists
Upon the with'ring herb.

Let all be still—save the sweet note of her
Who warbles to thy steps, and the faint sound
Of yon tall trees, that bend
Before thy swelling breeze.

Or, from the distant mountain, whose huge crags
Are pil'd to heaven, let echo feebly send
The falling water's roar,
Across the wide-spread lake.

Then will I hasten to the firm-built tower,
And climb its winding steps, and from the top,
Gaze with a deep delight
On heaven's bright-burning fires;

While from the northern verge of ether shoot
The flickering tides of ever-changing light,
Now rolling yellow streams,
Now ting'd with glary red.

Pleas'd will I trace the meteor of the vale,
Which, smoothly sliding thro' its shining path,
Sinks in its swampy bed,
And dims its fires in mist.

Descending, thro' the dewy fields I'll stray,
Where on the grass the quiet herds are stretch'd,
Mixing their fragrant breath
With freshen'd scents of flowers;

Or, loitering on the brim of ocean, mark
The pale beams dancing on its curled waves,
While from the gleamy east
The moon begins her course;

Then slowly wandering to my peaceful home,
I'll seek my silent couch, and floating dreams
Shall feast my charmed soul
With airy scenes of bliss.—

EPIGRAM

ON A SWALLOW BEARING A GRASSHOPPER TO HER YOUNG.

(From the Greek.)

Ah, Attic maid, who from the fragrant flower
Drink'st honied juice! ah, minstrel! dost thou bear,
To feast the callow younglings of thy bower,
The brisk and gaily-chirping grasshopper?

What? shall the songster seize a vocal prey?
The winged seek the winged for her food?
The stranger snatch her fellow-guest away?
The child of summer tear the summer-brood?

Do'st thou not drop him?—O, 'tis cruel, base,
When poets suffer by the poet race.

ODE TO BACCHUS.

(From the Thesmophoriazusæ of Aristophanes, l. 996.)

Bacchus, ivy-waving king,
Lead me thro' the mystic ring,
Gladly catch my shouts of glee,
And songs that waken revelry!
Son of Semele, advance,
Bromius, lead me in the dance!—
On mountain-heights thou lov'st to stray,
And guide thy loudly-jocund train,
While nymphs around thee chant their lay,
Thou swell'st the shout and frolic strain;
Echo, from her quivering shell,
Rocks, o'er tufted woods that tower,
The dark-brow'd hill, the bending dell,
Scatter wide the festive roar.
O thou, with bright-leav'd ivy crown'd,
While song and gladness burst around,
Son of Semele, advance,
Bromius, lead me in the dance.

THE SONG OF DANAE.

(From Simonides.)

Loud roar'd the wind—the richly-carved chest,
By mountain waves was wildly borne along,
Her infant Perseus Danae gently press'd,
And weeping, trembling, thus began her song.

" Alas! my child, what countless woes I bear,
Whilst thy young heart is calm'd by sweetest sleep;
Toss'd in the cheerless ark thro' misty air,
And moon-beams faintly playing o'er the deep.

Peaceful thou sleep'st, nor heed'st the howling wind,
Nor waves that o'er thy ringlets dash their spray;
Half-smiling still, on purple vest reclin'd,
Those blooming features sooth my wild dismay.

Ah! could'st thou tell—but no—thy mother's breast
Would then be tortur'd by a keener grief—
Sleep on, my child—ye waves too, sink to rest—
Sleep, sleep, my woes, and grant some short relief.

Vain be the counsels of those haughty powers,
Whose wrath my boundless suffering cannot shake;
Save me, protecting Jove, for happier hours,
O save the mother for her infant's sake!"

EPIGRAM.

(From Paulus Silentiarius.)

Who hangs a garland on the rose?—
How idle then the 'broidered vest,
And studded fillet on thy brows,
And pearls that fade upon thy breast!
Twine not with gold thy glossy hair,
That floats, uncheck'd, in lovelier swell;
And scorn the gorgeous gem to bear,
Whose beam thy sparkling eyes excel.
Those dewy lips, that matchless grace,
No borrow'd lustre can enhance;
Trembling, thy potent charms I trace—
But sweet hope lingers in thy glance.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

(From Anacreon.)

Ever-happy child of spring,
On the summit of yon tree,
Sipping dew, thou sitt'st a king,
Chanting sweet notes merrily;
Thine is all that nature yields,
All the smiling hours display;
Harmless tenant of the fields,
Safely pass thy frolic day;
Herald sweet of summer skies,
Friend to man, to muses dear,
Phœbus' self to thee supplies
Sportive chirpings, shrill and clear;
Age to thee no terror bears,
Well-taught lover of the song,
Thy slender, dew-fed form no passion tears,
Thou earth-born brother of th' immortal throng!

EPIGRAM.

(From the Greek.)

BLEST is the cup from which my Cynthia sips!
Thrice blest, to press the roses of her lips!
Ah! would she fervent join those lips to mine,
And drink my soul in such a kiss divine.

EPIGRAM.

(From the Greek.)

GRACES must hold, though beauty first may gain;
Without the hook, the bait but floats in vain.

ODE.

(From Anacreon.)

Flush'd with blooming beauty's pride,
Fly not, fly not, lovely maid,
The waving silver of my head,
No more my gentle vows deride.

Mark how pleasing to the sight,
The chequer'd chaplet on my brow!
Mark how the blushing roses glow,
Twin'd with the lily's glistening white!

A WAR SONG.*

Fingal, surrounded by a numerous army of the enemy, in a valley from which he had no prospect of escape, unexpectedly perceived on the tops of the mountains the troops of his friends, advancing to his relief: at this period the song begins.

HIGH o'er the hills the banners wave in air;
A band of heroes stalk in armed pride;
With Erin's gold the shining streamers glare,
Revenge! revenge! the starting Fingal cried.

Lo! their glittering flags I spy,
The dark-hair'd sons of victory;
Now the boaster's pride is low—
Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

* This song was translated *literally* from the Gaelic by a native of the Scotch Highlands, and was given, in prose, to the author of this work.

'Tis Dermod's colt!—he breathes dismay,
Strong-arm'd warriors, feast no more—
Dermod's banners foremost play,
When the streams of battle roar;
Now the boaster's pride is low—
Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

See!—the gore-stain'd eagle rose,
Fierce the host that Chialt leads,
Scattering heads of flying foes,
Bloody thro' the fight he speeds;
Now the boaster's pride is low—
Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

Who is next?—the dark-brow'd king,
Drifting heaper of the slain,
When the thick'ning weapons ring,
Last shall Oscar's hand refrain;
Now the boaster's pride is low—
Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

Lo! the son of Morni's near;
When the hosts of fight are mix'd,
When the green earth quakes for fear,
Firm his nervous foot is fix'd;
Now the boaster's pride is low—
Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

Enough, enough, too much for thee,
On the dark-brown hills I see;
They come, they come, the warlike trains
Drag nine weighty golden chains,
Nine hundred heroes at their head—
I see the gazing foe adread.—
Before the hissing spear they flee,
As wreck along the dashing sea;
Shouts of warriors rend the skies,
Battle smiles—arise, arise—
Now the boaster's pride is low—
Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

TO CYNTHIA.

(From the Anthology.)[*]

How winning are those pearly drops
That pity bids to flow!
Soft o'er thy blooming cheek they glide,
And wet thy breast of snow.

Thus thro' the sweetly-scented vale,
The lucid streamlet goes,
And moistens with its glittering waves,
The lily and the rose.

And as when dews of eve descend
To cool the scorched bower,
Some joyful flutterer hovers round,
And bathes him in the shower,

[*] 1684, p. 148.

So young Desire, amid thy tears,
His silken pinions plies,
And shakes his torch with playful hand,
And brighter flames arise.

TO CYNTHIA.

WHAT tho' I'm told that Flora's face
Is flush'd with fresher tints than thine,
That Chloe moves with nobler grace,
That Laura's lightnings brighter shine;

What tho! I'm told Zelinda's breast
Is whiter than the mountain-snows,
That Fulvia's lips, in dimples drest,
Are sweeter than the summer-rose;

For ever hanging on thy smile,
To others' charms my soul is blind,
What perfect form can him beguile,
Who doats upon thy perfect mind?

TO CYNTHIA.

Ah! fly not, fly not, nymph belov'd,
And shun these gazing eyes!
Ah! can'st thou see, and see unmov'd,
The starting tear arise?

Shall not the deep-drawn sighs avail,
With which this bosom swells?
Wilt thou not hear the faltering tale
That trembling passion tells?

Think not that avarice moves my breast
To woo thy golden stores,
Think not thy rank, in splendour drest,
Is what this heart adores.

I scorn thy wealth, I scorn thy state,
Nor prize the boasting vain,
To snatch thee from the man I hate,
A gayer, richer swain;

These, these are joys of feeble power—
Be Cynthia mine, I ask no more.

INVITATION TO ——.

A FRAGMENT.

HASTE to thy friend, and from the mountain brow,
High over-arching Cromer's pebbled shore,
Trace ocean's varying hues, and mark the shades
That chace each other o'er his dark-green breast
In quick succession, floating with the clouds
That cast the moving gloom; or watch the spread
Of gathering storms, that heave across the sky
Their widening night, while hollow-whistling winds
Now swell, now sink, and rolls the blacken'd sea
His hoarser surge—or heed the rippling showers
That rattle o'er the deep, while airy forms
Build on its waves the glittering bow of heaven;
And when, behind yon wood-girt hills, the sun
Has quench'd his fires, the sea-born flames shall flash,
Glide thro' the wave, and sparkle on the strand.
If these delight not, catch the purple beams
Of sun-rise, tinging wide the mist of morn,
And melting it to air—then brush along

The flowery meadow, mark its native blooms,
And glowing tints fresh-painted with the dew,
While, from their lair, the full-ey'd, stately steers
Slow-stretching rise, and scan with fixed look
Thy stranger form, and breathe their balmy steam.
Or seek the bristly corn-field, jocund there,
The low-bent mowers ply the hissing scythe
In cadence not unpleasing; with their task,
The tale, the laugh is mix'd; and bend thy steps
To yon fleet brook, amid whose shining waves
The countless shoals wheel swift, upturning oft
Their polish'd sides, and dart the flickering gleam
Of silver light—when evening slowly dims
With softest shade, the glary light of day,
When dark clouds, gold-tipp'd, cross the crimson sky,
And rear in air an awful, radiant throne
For shapes unseen, and through the reeking vale
The calm, deep flood of yellow light is pour'd,
Then pensive wander to the twilight still
Of Felbrigg's oaks, for there thy mind shall feed
On heaven-born thought——

ODE TO A FLY.

Gay child of summer, who, on burnish'd wings,
Unceasing ply'st thy brisk and mazy flight,
Tasting with rapture all that nature flings
Profusely round—still courting new delight;

Come, in thine airy dance, and freely sip
The clear juice sparkling to my thirsty lip;
And wheeling sportive o'er my tempting board,
Cull the red nectarine for thy luscious meal,
Or from the peach its pulp of fragrance steal,
And calmly rifle autumn's choicest hoard.

Then buzzing haste thee to the sunny field,
Or drink the perfume that the moorlands yield;
Or swiftly to some flowery vale repair,

There jocund float adown the dimpling stream,
And meet thy brethren in the setting beam,
And bathe thy ebon sides in purple air.

While thoughtless sailing on the scented gale,
Beware yon slimy threads, the woof of death,
The speckled spider will empierce thy mail,
And quench thy spirit with his tainted breath.

O, may no tempest shade thy mirthful day,
Nor dash those filmy wings with whelming rain!
O, may no feather'd foe molest thy way,
And fluttering bear thee to his infant train!

May no fierce inmate of the curled brook,
While o'er his head thou speed'st thy circling flight,
Snatch thee unheeding to his watery nook,
And ruthless force thee from the chearful light.

Long, long may summer lengthen out thy year,
And spare a life so bright with varied joy,
A little life, that glides uncheck'd by fear,
Tho' chilling winter hovers to destroy,

How different man—he forms the lowering cloud
Of gloomy care his happier hours to shroud,
Fixing on doubtful ill his restless eye;
How wiser far, like thee, with gladsome heart,
To catch the transport Nature's gifts impart,
And frolic fearless of futurity.

SONNET.

TO A COTTAGE.

WELL pleas'd I mark thy modest, straw-crown'd roof,
The luscious woodbine that o'ertwines its brow,
And yon thick rose-buds' crimson-tinted glow—
And fancy whispers that, tho' far aloof
From all that madding crowds so fondly prize,
Within thy humble walls I'd joy to live
In deepest calm; for I could well despise
All but the bliss which tenderest love would give.
Vain dream!—that bliss, alas! is ever dead;
No more this fond heart feels its soothing powers,
With her, the angel-traitress, far it fled,
And melancholy marks my lonely hours—
Vain then the peaceful cot—fair nature's calm
On wounds like mine can pour no healing balm.

SONNET.

TO RELIGION.

Spirit most pure, who through the darkling air
  Point'st the rich sapphire of eternal day,
  Long have I sighing pac'd my lonely way,
The child of woe and heart-consuming care.
O lift from earth to heaven my languid eye!
  Teach me to deem alike each joy, each pain
  Of mortal coil but fleeting, empty, vain;
Guide to that hope which peers above the sky.
And still should torturing memory love to tell
  Of past delight, no more the tale I'll fear,
  Thy smile serene shall check each rising tear,
And passion's giddy gusts no more shall swell;
  My calmed soul shall spurn her dark abode,
  Soaring to meet her father, friend, and God.

SONNET.

In vain doth Grandeur, trick'd in gorgeous pall,
Stalk stately by, and point to glittering joys;
In vain doth Mammon spread his gilded toys,
To lure a careless wight to bitter thrall;
In vain doth loudly-laughing Pleasure call
To loose delights and days of mirthful noise;
Hence, hated fiends!—me gentle Peace accoys;
Her cup is heavenly sweet, undash'd with gall;
Yblest in her, with slow and secret tread,
I wander, loitering, in the arched grove,
Fancy's gay dreams aye dancing round my head;
There jolly elves at midnight nimbly move
Their dainty feet; and shades of mighty dead
Glide pale across my path. Such scenes the muses love.

SONNET.

Ah, wretched man! whom Fame shall tempt to leave
The soft and silent valley of Repose,
And with her deeply-stirring voice deceive
To deeds of thankless toil, and weary woes;
Ah! wretched man! who stays ne to perceive
The thorns that threat'ning gird the peerless rose;
But hopes unharm'd he may a wreath receive
Of deathless flowerets to bedeck his brows—
Look up!—afore the beamy towers of Fame,
What fell and ghastly fiends for ever wait;
Envy, whose baleful vipers none can tame,
And Disappointment of slow, sullen gait,
And with her eyes abash'd, heart-damping Shame;
Fly, fly to fair Repose, nor scorn so sweet a mate.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE PRÆLECTIONES OF LOWTH,

(Edit. tert.) p. 376.

Τὸ τῶν Ισραηλιτῶν Ἐπινίκιον.

Κεῖνται δὴ πύργοι βαθυλῶνος ἀλαίνονος ἄκρου.
Οὐκέτι λαμπτίζουσα ζωίοις ἴθεα πάντα,
Δούλους τειρομένους στυγερὴ δέσποινα πιέζει·
Μαινομένης γὰρ τῆσδε μένος μάλα ῥεῖα δάμασσε
ΚΥΡΙΟΣ ὀργισθείς, καὶ ἀπήμονον χειρὶ βαρείῃ
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Εἰρήνην κελαδεῖ· Λιβάνῳ τοι δένδρεα μακρὰ
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Ἆ δεῖλ, ἦ μάλα δεινὰ παθοῦσ', ἐναλίγκιος ἡμῖν
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Ἡ χορὸς, ἦ σάλπιγξ, ἦ θείων φθόγγος ἀοιδῶν,
Ἀντάρ σε στυγερῇ περὶ νὺξ Ἄϊδαο καλύψει,
Νὺξ δριμεῖ', ἐρεβεννὴ, ἕως σεῦ σῶμα τορῶντες,

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Ἀλλά σε στυγερῇ περὶ νυξ Ἄϊδαο καλύπτει,
Νὺξ δριμεῖ', ἐρεβεννὴ, ἕως σεῦ σῶμα τορεῦντες,

Κῶλα σκώληκες μιαρὰ ϕρώσκουσιν ἀναιδεῖς.
Ὡς λυγρῶς ἔπεσες, μεγαλαυχὲς, ϕωσϕόρε ϕαιδρὲ,
Ἠῶς πᾶι κροκοπέπλε, ἀπώλεο· οὐκέτι ταρβεῖ
Ἔθνεα δμηθέντα· πρώην, δέσποιν', ἀναϕανδὸν
Βλασφημοῦσ' ἐβόας, ἀναβήσομαι οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν,
Ἰθύς τε στηρίξω ἕδρην στίλβουσαν ἐν Ἄρκτῳ,
Ἄστρα τε ποσσὶ πατήσω, ἰὼ ἁρπάζουσα κεραυνὸν,
Ὡς θεὸς ἐξ ἑδέων στυφελίξω γαῖαν ἅπασαν.
Νῦν δέ σε ριπίομένην εἰς ἠερόεντα βέρεθρα,
Ἀιεὶ μὲν θάνατος δαμάα καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.
Νῦν τις ἰδὼν σευ σῶμα τανυσθὲν, δεῖμα βροτοῖσι,
Πτωκάζων τάχα κὲν στάίη, εἶτ' ἐγγύθεν ἔρπων,
Οὕτως κερτομίαις κεν ἐνίπλοι, ἔυ σε νοήσας·
Δαιμονίη, τὶ πάθες; πρίν σοι φύξιστε φόβοστε
Ἡγεμόνευον ἀεὶ, λυγρός θ' ἅμ' ὀπηδεῖ ὄλεθρος,
Οἰκτρὸυς πρὶν βασιλῆας ἐδησάς νηλέσι δεσμοῖς,
Ἄστε' ἐπορθήσας χαλεπὴ, καὶ μακρὰ βιβῶσα,
Ἔθνεα μὲν πτώσσοντα ὑπερφιάλως ἐπατήσας·
Νῦν τί, τάλαινα, πάθες; μεγαθύμοις ποιμέσι λαῶν
Παισίν θ' Ἡρώων ἐπιχεῖται σῆμα θανοῦσιν,
Οἱ δὲ μάλ' ἠσύχιοι κοιμῶντ' ἐνὶ πατρίδι γαίῃ·
Σόι γε, τανυσθείσῃ μετὰ νεκροῖς οὐτιδανοῖσιν,
Οὐδεὶς χῶμα τελεῖ, οὐδείς σε ἀκηδέα θρηνεῖ,
Οὐδέ σε, δεινοτάτη, τύμβος πατρῷος ἀγάλλει.
Σῶμα κακῶν μισητόν· ἀμώμητοι δέ τε παῖδες

Γειναμένων καπὰ 'έργα τίεσι· φθείρετε 'άρδην
Λαὸν μαινόμενον, πάντων μεμαῶτα 'ανάσσειν,
Μαψιδίως· τοῖος πὰρ ΕΓΩΝ 'επιτάρροθός 'ειμι,
ΚΎΡΙΟΣ 'ύψιστος φώνησε, γένος δὲ μαυθὲν,
''Ουνομαδ' 'έχθιστον Βαβυλᾶνος, 'ομῦ δὲ θέμεθλα,
Πάντοθεν 'εξολέσω· καὶ θηρσὶ τοδ' ''αστυ διδώσω
'Οιωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι· 'έλος μέγα τείχε' 'αφύξει,
Πάσας δ' 'αμφιχανεῖ μεγαλωστὶ βέρεθρον 'αγυιάς.
ΚΎΡΙΟΣ ''ως 'άρ' 'έφη· τίς ΚΤΡΙΟΤ 'έσχεθεν 'άλκην;

ADDRESS TO A GOTHIC CHAIR,

(IN THE PRIORY OF BRACONDALE LODGE, NORFOLK.)

Et nunc servat honos sedem—

VIRGIL.

YES, venerable chair! I surely prize
Thy massy limbs, thy broad and towering back,
Thy dark unfaded gloss, and carvings quaint,
'Bove all the seats that fickle fancy forms
Of daintier trim. The ever-creaking cane,
The light deal trick'd with many a gaudy tint,
The tottering, 'broider'd stool, and such slim toys,
Are but gay lackeys to thy majesty.
Safe in thy solid sides, I love to roll
My weary limbs—thy form of antique guise
Flings o'er my mind a mystic, soothing charm;
And then, in musing mood, I conjure up
The scenes that pass'd beside thee—oft thou'st stood
High at the festive board, amid the shouts

Of hospitable mirth—in lofty hall,
With armour dight, and echoing to the din
Of minstrelsy and song, thy liberal lord
From heart-of-oak has cheerly push'd around
The wassail-bowl, and roar'd the welcome toasts
Of good old-English loyalty. And oft,
To gentler duty doom'd, thou'st foster'd well
The patriarch of the house, who turn'd the page
Of holy writ, and with right reverend grace,
Taught to his blooming family around
The words of endless Truth; with decent awe
They listen to the lore, except, perchance,
Some heedless prattler, youngest of the flock,
Whom the scar'd mother, by her winks and frowns,
Can scarcely chide to silence. Then, again,
The grandsire crept to rest, some blushing girl
Of slender mould, would glide into his seat,
And slily view the ample space she leaves
Unoccupied—nor is the hint disdain'd
By the bold youth that woos her; briskly rising,
He claims the vacant half, and spite of all
Her feign'd denials, nestles by her side.
In merrier sports too, ever-honour'd seat,

Thou'st surely play'd thy part—with foil and lace,
With gems of glass, and many a checker'd wreath
Of ribbands deck'd, thou'st form'd a splendid throne
For him, the happy wight, whom chance pronounc'd
The Twelfth-night king; in thee his mimic state
He jocund held, whilst his gay court around
Mix'd in the song, the dance, and gambols wild.
But not thus fearless has thy stately form
Been always view'd—the stern-brow'd Justice there
Has held his seat; with beard of formal cut
And velvet cap terrific, well he weigh'd
The culprit's deeds of guilt; but loud reproof
Was all he oft bestow'd, which scarce conceal'd
The tide of mercy flowing in his heart.
But much, I fear, alas! no scenes like these
Have lately grac'd thee; hurl'd by scornful arm
'Midst mouldering trunks, and shreds, and portraits grim
Of Aldermen and May'rs, thy sturdy limbs
Were deeply shrouded in the garret's gloom—
Blest be the hand that dragg'd thee back to light
And wholesome air; restor'd thee to the state
Thou well may'st claim; and doom'd thee, thus secure,
To the still cell, congenial with thy form!

TO CHAUCER.

(As if by a cotemporary writer.)

Forsyth thowe beest the fyrst gode harpour wight
That sang full swotilie in lefe Englonde,
Thie galiard gle me doth to grete delite,
And in low curtesie I kiss thie hond;
Now thie queint leys of stalwart knightes do tell,
Of gisarmes split, and haubergéons rivin,
And now of monkes ystall'd in corven cell,
And now of wincing wives to daliaunce givin;
Ronn nat to glittern in the gergon throng,
But swell thie renomie at my behest,
Certes, gode Geffray, eche shall con thie song,
And leve eche song he conneth be thie best.

Forsyth, *for since*—lefe, *dear*—galiard, *gay*—gle, *melody*—leys, *lays*—stalwart, *bold*—gisarme, *a kind of halbert*—corven, *carved*—ronn nat, *cease not*—gergon, *prating*—leve, *believe*.

SPECIMEN

OF

GUY OF WARWICK.

AN

EPIC POEM,

IN TWENTY-FOUR CANTOS.

Or els so bolde in chivalrie
As was syr Gawayne or syr Gie.

SQUYR OF LOWE DEGREE.

FOR the facts on which the following Poem is built, I have to acknowledge myself indebted to a very ancient and popular history of Guy of Warwick, which was most judiciously reprinted, a few years since, by the Company of *Walking* Stationers.

A pedant in chronology might possibly discover some slight anachronisms in Guy's story; but it is hoped that they will be passed over with indulgence by the genuine lovers of poetical fiction.

GUY OF WARWICK.

CANTO I.

I.

IN those rare days, when Æthelstan did reign,
And Scots and Danes sore trembled at his frown,
Those untir'd foes, who cut, and came again—
In those rare days was born in Warwick town,
To dame of low degree, a rosy boy;
Fat were his limbs, but firm—they call'd him Guy;
An imp of promise 'twas, his mother's joy;
For often would he smile with roguish eye,
Tho' oftener far he kick'd, and squall'd right lustily.

II.

When scarce thirteen, his prowess burst to light,
Foretelling future deeds of high renown;
His play-mates spake his name with wild affright,
For often had he crack'd each play-mate's crown.
The book-learn'd monarch of the stinging birch,
To check Guy's pranks, now flogg'd, and now harangu'd;
Vain thoughts! the dog would almost rob a church;
His wrathful master, and his play-mates bang'd,
Swore Guy would be a knight, or else that Guy'd be hang'd.

III.

And true they swore; for fierce in manhood's prime,
Well dubb'd, well arm'd, he join'd with huge delight
That highly-lauded band who spent their time
In borrowing knocks, and paying them at sight;
Of errant knights Sir Guy became the pride;
The east, the west, his mighty feats could tell;
How little did he heed his gentle hide,
While many a giant grim he sweated well,
And spitted too, like geese, full many an infidel.

IV.

Thus by Sir Guy the jolly hours were pass'd;
But glee unmix'd, alas! is rarely found;
E'en sticking Turks will tire a man at last,
And brave Sir Guy to England's shore is bound.
Luckless the day when Asia's plains he left,
And o'er his brawny shoulders slung his shield,
And sheath'd that sword which many a pate had cleft;
Luckless the day, for soon Sir Guy must yield
To arms more potent far than those that Paynims wield.

V.

Nor buckler stout, nor hauberk's linked mail,
Could save the warrior from his lethal wound;
Idly his forehead did the helmet vail,
For Phelis' eyes still made his brain turn round:
Phelis was fair as glistening snow, I ween,
Winning her look, and jaunty was her air,
Her person not too fat—nor yet too lean;
Some folk the maid to Helen would compare,
But Helen, simple fools, a blackmoor was to her.

VI.

How wan! how woe-be-gone is good Sir Guy!
He thinks, prates, dreams of nought but Phelis bright,
On damosels he'd ever kept an eye,
But damosel like this ne'er cross'd his sight:
Warwick's high castle did his jewel hold;
Thither the pensive lover bent his way;
And now he quak'd with fear; and now, more bold,
He humm'd delighted many an amorous lay,
And vow'd to drown himself, or bear the maid away.

VII.

The castle's Lord, the Earl of Warwick he,
Receiv'd right courteously his valiant guest;
Strong was the ale, and shrill the minstrelsy,
And Guy drank deep, and then retir'd to rest.
But rest, alas! no leman true doth cheer;
Though loudly-snoring, still before his sight
Floats the sweet image of his lady dear,
Her dulcet voice still charms in dreams of night,
Her sparkling eyes inflame, her ruddy lips invite.

VIII.

Such were Guy's dreams, which fled at opening morn;
When up he rose and to the garden hied;
There, far more fragrant than the flowering thorn,
In bower of eglantine he Phelis spy'd;
His breast throbb'd high with hope; a sudden spring
Brought him to Phelis' feet; "Ah! mistress dear,"
He faltering said, "Ah! take the heart I bring—
"To my loud love-notes kindly lend an ear,
"Nor drive me, lady sweet, to halters and despair.

IX.

"Sure never was a shape so deft as thine,
"Nor eyes so black, nor cheeks so dainty red;
"Never was heaven-born goddess so divine,
"And die I must or share my Phelis' bed;
"Quick let the holy spousals chaunted be,
"I pine, I languish for my blooming bride;
"What's sticking Turks to marrying girls like thee?
"What's chivalry, with all its pomp and pride,
"Compar'd to sitting snug, my dear one, by thy side?"

X.

"Hold, hold, Sir Knight," the scornful Phelis cries,
"I vastly marvel at the tale you're telling;
"At length, forsooth, I've chanced with a prize,
"A leman gay without a house to dwell in:
"Small are your wits that could not straight perceive
"You're little fitting to my high degree;
"The Earl of Warwick, you may well believe,
"Would hang ten times ere give a maid like me
"To one who's scant of coin to pay the wedding fee."

XI.

Full stounding were her words; for well Guy knew
Nor house, nor coin, nor chattels he possess'd;
Heartless awhile he stood, and look'd askew;
But of a bargain bad he made the best;
"Fair maid," quoth he, "if want of gold be all
"The harm thou spy'st in me, I'm not offended;
"I'll win me gold in fight, or fearless fall;
"So my sad hap may be at length amended,
"And I may gain the bliss to which my heart pretended."

XII.

Guy hurried home, and on the common caught
His horse, which he had wisely turn'd to grass;
From an old trunk his casque and shield he brought,
And scaly greaves, and breastplate wrought with brass,
And all his stock of errant furniture;
He clean'd, and fix'd them on his body soon;
Then seiz'd his lance, and took his seat secure;
Off started Guy, as bright as silver spoon,
And wond'rous fierce he look'd, more fierce than man
i' the moon.

XIII.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to trot
O'er stony ways, and staggering steed to goad!
How very hard to travel, sweltering hot,
Without a single ale-house on the road!
Yet if all-stirring love shall drive us on,
Or still more potent want of coin shall press,
Who'd meanly heed a dislocated bone,
Or parching thirst, or hunger's sharp distress,
Or day in mire yspent, or bed in wilderness?—

JACK

THE

GIANT-KILLER.

A FRAGMENT.

εν πρωτοις ιαχ——

HOMERI ILIAS.

THE Luise of Voss, and the Herman and Dorothea of Goethe, (both professedly written in the manner of the first of poets) having been much admired by the German public, I trust that the English reader will be disposed to receive, with some indulgence, the attempt which I have made to celebrate, in Homeric strains, one of the most noted achievements of a famous British hero.

I have been so anxious to abide by my model on this occasion, that I have not hesitated to interweave, into the following composition, translations of a variety of passages, epithets, &c. which occur in the works of the great writer whom I have presumed to imitate.

JACK

THE

GIANT-KILLER.

TO whom the giant-killing Jack replied;
" Guest, thou hast spoken right; but ere I enter
Thy ship of heart-of-oak, well-built, swift-sailing,
First let us sup, for so my heart inclines me;
Then let us go to bed; and when the morn,
With rosy fingers, opes the gates of heaven,
We'll spread our sails, and cross the barren ocean."
He said; and lo! a blue-arm'd, red-fac'd maid,
With apron white, brings in a fresh-wash'd cloth
Of hempen thread well twisted, wove long since
By a skilful weaver; this she swift unfolds,
And on the table, form'd of close-knit oak,
She jerking spreads; then seeks the knives and forks

And clattering plates, and from the cool brick'd pantry
She bears cold pork, which Jack had left at dinner,
And places it before them ; quick she brings,
Well fill'd with dark-brown beer, a wooden can
Of curious workmanship, the which to Jack
His friend Tom Thumb had given, and the which
Was given to Thumb by Hickatrift divine,
And Hickatrift had stolen it from the castle
Of mighty Ogre, whom he boldly slew
In dreadful fight, thwacking with knotty staff.
Supper serv'd up, Jack smiling thus began ;
" Cheer up, my friend, although thou'rt griev'd in mind,
Because thy daughter in the giant's cave
Lies bound in ropen bonds ; I'll set her free ;
But now attend, and treasure in thy mind
What I shall say ; when heart-corroding cares,
And bitter groans, assail thy labouring breast,
Then eat and drink, for I do nothing know
That sooner drives those heart-corroding cares
And bitter groans away, than joyous feasting."
To whom the white-hair'd traveller replied ;
" O giant-killing Jack, thou speak'st most shrewdly :
Although with keenest grief my mind is stor'd,

Yet will I joy awhile in thy repast."—
He said—and Jack did separate with ease
Two ribs of white-tooth'd hog, and to his guest
Gave them; the old man eats, and from the can
Draws frequent draughts, and soon his soul is gladden'd.
When their dear hearts were satisfied with food,
The giant-killing Jack again bespake him:
"O guest, before we sleep, I'll give to thee
A keep-sake, and do thou return the like.
Take this tobacco-pouch; 'tis made of skin
Of mountain-deer, that on the windy top
Of Cheviot play'd; 'twas given long ago,
By a Scotch smuggler, to my grandfather;
He left it to his son, and I have now
Succeeded to it, for my father's dead."
To whom the white-hair'd traveller replied,
"I take thy gift, O host, and give instead
This clasped knife, the blade whereof is steel
Of finest temper, and the haft of horn."
He said, and rising from their wicker seats,
They haste to bed, and sweet sleep falls upon them;
But when the rosy-finger'd morn was risen,
Jack leaps from bed, and first puts on his breeches;

Then o'er his legs he draws his worsted stockings,
Well darned by his skilful grandmother;
Then buckles on his shoes, and buttons tight
His calf-skin waistcoat; over all he throws
His coat, and cross his brawny shoulders flings
His steely hanger stain'd with giant blood;
Below he meets the traveller, and in haste
They drink a mess of milk, drawn from the cows
That, ever-chewing, range the fruitful meads;
Walking they seek the ship of heart-of-oak,
When close beneath a hedge of flowering thorn,
They spy an aged dame, who slowly stoop'd
To gather sticks; she was a cunning witch,
Of high renown in all the country round;
Much had she told of true; and if of false
Aught had escap'd her, no one dar'd to say so;
The giant-killing Jack address'd her smiling,
"Hail mother! tell me, for full well thou know'st,
If the adventure that I've now begun
Shall prosperous prove—speak, and I'll give thee six-
pence."
"Sixpence! who can resist thee?"—stop! ah stop!
My mother dear, cries Jack—thou'st said enough—

I seize those charmed words as happiest bodings.
The money paid, they quickly climb the ship;
Tugging, they hoist the sails; and favouring winds
Bear them across the streams of misty ocean.
The ship runs hissing thro' the frothy waves;
At length they reach the island, where the giant
Dwells in his well-built castle; soon they spy it,
And gaze with admiration on the walls
Of high-pil'd stones, and on the yawning ditch.
Strait to the gate they go, and knock aloud—
The Ogre o'er the buttress rears his head—
They tremble—when the mighty giant calls,
With brazen lungs, as if a hundred bulls
Bellow'd at once, "Whence are you? why this uproar?
Say, are you trading mariners, who sail
On business thro' the seas, or at the risque
Of your own lives, seize ye on others' goods?"
To whom, with words deceitful, Jack replied:
"We're trading mariners, our well-built ship
Is stranded on your coast, and of the crew
We only have escap'd."—The Ogre thus;
"Enter my castle."—Slow the heavy gates
Turn'd creaking on their hinges—in they pass;

But when the giant stood before their eyes,
Monstrous to see, Jack, in an under voice,
Thus spake—" O venerable, white-hair'd guest,
Never can I by force of arms destroy
This mountain of a man; but by my tricks
And wise deceit, I'll strive to do his business,
And leave his corse a prey to dogs and crows.
This said, the giant calls them to his meal;
High on the table stood a wooden bowl,
Well fill'd with hasty pudding—this espied,
Jack, in his mind discreet, quick form'd a plan
To kill the giant, and to free the maid.
While on the pudding quite intent, the Ogre
Cramm'd his huge belly, Jack, between his shirt
And dark-brown skin, slipp'd down a leathern bag
Of many folds, then join'd in the repast;
He not into his stomach threw the food,
But with a dext'rous hand he fill'd the bag,
Prepar'd with cunning mind—at length he cries,
" O host, thy glory shoots above the stars,
Vast are thy jaw-bones, and thou eat'st with ease
More than would satisfy a hundred men
Of modern days; but see me do a deed

Thy mighty soul dares not." "What's that?" cried he.
"Thus from my stomach do I loose the food
That's therein pil'd." He said, and with his knife
Open'd the bag, and forth the pudding flow'd;
The giant saw it; and with foolish mind,
Struck a bold blow, and fairly pierc'd his paunch.
As mountain streams descending join in one,
And dash impetuous in a white cascade,
While shepherds gazing shudder at the sight,
So gush'd the pudding from the monster's maw;
He falls—the vaulted castle rocks around—
His armour clangs—he roars aloud for aid,
And echo, from a thousand caverns, sends
His roars again—when with his axe of steel,
The wood-cutter, with frequent strokes, cuts down
The lofty pine, it tumbles creaking, crashing;
So fell the giant—as the mountain lion,
Stung by sharp hunger, leaps into the fold,
Where by the shepherd's spear transfix'd he lies,
Lashing his sides, and darting fiery looks,
Even in death; so dreadful look'd the giant;
Jack smiling cries——

A FRAGMENT

FROM A COMEDY OF EUBULUS.*

O Jove most honour'd, if I e'er speak ill
Of women, may I perish!—what?—of women?
Why they're the best of all thy precious gifts.
Let's grant Medea bad—Penelope
Was sure a none-such—then, perhaps, you'll tell me
That Clytemnestra was a sorry jade;
Go to!—I'll stop your prating with—Alcestis—
Phædra you'll urge was wicked—well, I know it,
But then 'gainst her I bring you—let me see—
'Gainst her I bring—whom?—whom?—Alas! alas!
How soon my stock of virtuous dames is spent,
While a long list of bad ones still remains.

* Walpole's Comicorum Græcorum Fragment. p. 23.

EPIGRAM.

(From the Greek.)

HUNGER, perhaps, might cure your love,
Or time your passion greatly alter,
If both should unsuccessful prove,
I strongly recommend a halter.

EPIGRAM.

(In part from the Greek.)

ON SOME MICE.

HENCE—hence—away! I'm much mistaken
If here you'll smell or cheese, or bacon;
Mark my spare form, my pallid looks,
And pry about—I've nought but books;
If, my good friends, you wish to dine,
You'll seek some richer house than mine,
For sure you're mice of more discerning
Than here to live, like me, on learning.

IN POETAM QUENDAM AMATORIUM.

Basia quid cantas? Veneris quid furta jocosa?
Ardor non stimulis, heu! juvenilis eget;
Carmina dumque legit petulantia debilis ævo
Gaudia jam posthac non reditura gemit.

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

(In the manner of Sir J. Suckling.)

'Tis mighty strange—three weeks are past,
And still I constant prove;
Will this fierce flame for ever last?
This miracle of love?

Shall I still sigh at Chloe's feet,
Nor wish my heart to free?
No doubt—until I chance to meet
A prettier girl than she.

THE JILTED LOVER.

I was weeping and pouring my moan,
And making a terrible pother,
For the girl, that I thought was my own,
Had fled to the arms of another.

Alas! I was left in the lurch,
The talk of the town and its jest;
While my traitress was led to the church,
And my rival completely was blest.

But how short the duration of bliss!
And how quick is grief turned to laughter
I heard that my sweet pretty miss
Chang'd again, and elop'd the day after.

TO CHLOE TOO COLD.

I HATE those eyes that look askance
  Whene'er I gaze with soft desire;
O! check that chill, repelling glance,
  Nor cast cold water on my fire;
Still tho' I sue, and sigh, and languish,
  Eager to win one favouring smile,
Unmov'd you view my piercing anguish,
  And seem quite weary all the while.
Give me the girl whose glowing heart
  Speaks kindly in her beamy eyes;
Blest if her looks a joy impart,
  She shares my transports as they rise;
But should I win your cold consent,
  Alas! I ne'er shall win it soon,
I fear at church you'd still repent,
  Or freeze me in the honey-moon.

TO CHLOE TOO WARM.

I HATE those eyes that gloat on mine,
And watch my every thought and motion;
'Tis I must seek love's wreath to twine,
Of being courted I've no notion;
The fruit's too mellow for my taste
That falls before the tree is shaken;
Why, foolish gudgeon, why such haste?
Before I bait my hook 'tis taken.
Give me the girl who'd well be woo'd;
Give me to melt a heart of stone;
Unless the game be long pursued,
I take no pride in't when 'tis won;
With doating fondness, looks so jealous,
Chloe would prove a pleasant thing;
Espous'd, no doubt her love so zealous
Would tie me to her apron-string.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Say, Delia, since that iron heart
Forbids me more to woo,
What deed, to cure the rankling smart,
Should scorned lovers do?

I'll do—what desperate act will move
That stubborn bosom most?
I'll do—ah! grant me power, O! Love,
To execute the boast!

I'll do—then drop one willing tear,
Nor cast cold looks about you—
Yes—I'm resolv'd—too cruel fair,
I'll do—I'll do without you.

THE DYING AFRICAN.

TUNE—*Son of Alknomoak.*

ON my toil-wither'd limbs sickly languors are shed,
And the dark mists of death o'er my eye-lids are spread;
Before my last sufferings how gladly I bend,
For the strong arm of death is the arm of a friend.

Against the hot breezes hard struggles my breast,
Slow, slow, beats my heart, and I hasten to rest;
No longer shall anguish my faint bosom rend,
For the strong arm of death is the arm of a friend.

No more shall I sink in the deep-scorching air,
No more shall sharp hunger my weak body tear,
No more on my limbs shall keen lashes descend,
For the strong arm of death is the arm of a friend.

Ye ruffians, who tore me from all I held dear,
Who mock'd at my wailings, and smil'd at my tear,
Now, now shall I 'scape—every torture shall end,
For the strong arm of death is the arm of a friend.

SONNET.

1803.

(In a late fashionable and highly-finished style.)

TO A WEEPING WILLOW.

Ah me! I trace thy tendrils' sombrous sweep,
O'er yon blue lake that streams with tinted light;
Thy pensile ocks, reflected on the steep,
Wave their pale umbrage to my quivering sight.

Say, did some love-lorn Dryad bid thee mourn,
And stoop thy verdant head in sullen mood?
Say, did some Naiad, pensive o'er her urn,
Bend thee in sorrow to her silvery flood?

Tho' sun-bath'd Nature sweetly laughs around,
And cheers thy drooping film, fair queen of trees,
Still art thou sad—I catch the dying sound,
Wak'd in thy bosom by the billowy breeze.

Alas! this woe-worn heart of misery
Sighs to thy sighs, and fondly weeps with thee.

SONNET.

1803.

(In the present fashionable and truly simple style.)

ON MY GREAT UNCLE JOSEPH WIGGINS, ESQ.

(Written at the age of eight and three quarters.)

How I did love my dear great-uncle Joe,
He was so good to me—upon his stick
He'd make me ride a horse-back—oit, gee-o!
O! he would teach me many a monkey-trick.

Full often would he give me half-pence bright,
And stuff my pockets too with pippins sour;
Did tart, or cake, attract my youthful sight,
Uncle would pay for all I could devour.

But he is gone—and I no halfpence see;
Around the fruit-stall wistful still I go;
Nor tart, nor cake, alas! is made for me—
I'll sit me down and weep for uncle Joe.

But he will come not should I ever weep;
No matter—I shall cry myself to sleep.

LINES

ON

THORPE GROVE.

Non umbra altorum nemorum, non mollia possunt
Prata movere animum.

VIRG.

By Geraldine, his dear and matchless theme.
Th' illusion 's fled—but not from me alone
Is harmless pleasure wrested by your fall.
The boy, from thraldom 'scaped, would hither haste
With bounding step, and mount, with lightsome heart,
The mossy slope, and while he careful cull'd
The suckling wild, or seiz'd the linnet's nest,
Or climb'd your towering stems, would thoughtless drink
Freshness, and health, and spirit from your breeze.
The lover too would lead from prying eyes,
Along your secret glen, his mistress coy;
Her blush was veiled by the circling gloom,
And safe concealment chas'd the fear that clos'd
Those lips, which longed to tell the softest tale.
Here the pale student, who had patient por'd
O'er lore profound, would slowly stalk at close
Of twilight gray, what time the thrush's note
Rang shrill; and still his busy thoughts would turn
To the high lessons and nice subtilties
With which his brain was fraught, till Nature's charms
Won him, reluctant, from his crabbed dream

Of fair Icenia, and had mark'd their course
By wrath destructive. Sweetly-soothing shades
Ye shall not sink unsung, ye still shall live
To memory dear, when cold the ruthless hand
That bow'd you to the dust. In fancy's eye
Ye oft would seem a holy fragment spar'd
Of that deep wood, which, antique legends tell,
Once fring'd the steep of Mosswold, and inwrap'd,
In its dark bosom, him, the sainted youth,
From whose carv'd choir the chanted mass would float
Now loud, now low, along the arched path,
And guide the stranger pilgrim to his shrine.
And oft, again, methought your western verge
Had skirted Surrey's bowers, who erst would start
At break of dawn, from wild and feverish dreams,
Would wander, heart-struck, through your chilly dews,
And mingle with the mournful woodlark's song
His plaintive love-lays, only heedless heard

Carv'd choir.] The Chapel of St. William in the Wood.

Surrey's bowers.] Surrey-house and gardens on the S. W. brow of Mosswold, temp. Hen. VIII.

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To pensive peace; now on his glancing eye
The star of eve arises, through the trees
Twinkling by starts—and deeper darkness now
Creeps o'er the sky, and all the sparkling host
In quick succession catch his learned gaze.
But to the son of song far dearer still
Your calm and dim retreat; at midnight damp,
When the white moon-beam slanted thro' your breaks,
He'd sit entranc'd beneath the loftiest pine,
And listen to the wind, that fitful swell'd
Amid its restless boughs, and then, perchance,
The dying cadence of the bird of night
Steals on his ear, till the rich flow of song,
In linked melody, is loudly pour'd.
Or harsher was the hour; the thicken'd clouds
Roll'd the loud thunder—sudden burst the glare
Of lightnings livid, wavy—quick succeeds
A blacker night—and now the grove assumes
A sacred horror, such as erst appall'd
The Druid in his woods, who shuddering bent
Before his Gods, and fear'd his potent prayer
Might force, embodied, on his quivering sight,
The awful, frowning Spirit of the shade.

Such the pure pleasures which thou once hast given;
And e'en the hasty traveller shall mourn
Your fallen pride, and miss the spot, where, pleas'd,
His eye had rested; mid the wide-spread scene,
Where Wensome glides along his sedgy meads,
Bounded by sloping hills, with wood embrown'd,
Yon bleak, bare ridge shall mock the scornful arm
That robb'd it of its honours—yes, fair grove,
For thee the sigh shall rise, while feeling glows,
While taste inspires, and rural beauty charms.

Nov. 1808.

THE END.

CORRIGENDA.

PAGE 14, l. 10, for *cheeks* read *cheek.*
32, l. 10, dele *Then.*
— l. 12, dele *Now.*
54, l. 12 and 13:—
Harold, who urg'd by ever-restless valour,
Quits his domain, and seeks the clash of arms.
55, l. 16, for *weakly* read *weaken'd.*
63, l. 4, for *waits upon* read *overtakes.*
69, lines 2, 3, 4, and 5, read thus—
My hasty steps soon reached the wood I sought,
And struggling through a tangled thorny path,
I mark'd a rock, whose high and craggy summit
Was hung with creeping shrubs.
75, l. 5, read
A weeping captive from my native land.
131, l. 4, for *just* read *stern.*
218, l. 13, for *sweetest* read *welcome.*
233, l. 6, for *sweet* read *loud.*
244, l. 18, for *beams* read *beam.*
252, l. 9, for *bedeck* read *surround.*
257, l. 2, for *armour* read *blazons.*
271, l. 4, for *scaly* read *rusty.*

IN NOTES.

PAGE 47, l. last, for XII. read XLI.
63, l. 8, before *Strom.* insert *Clem. Alexand.*
74, l. last, for 17 read 71.
104, l. 3 from bottom, for σαρονιδες read σωρονιδες.
107, l. 4 from bottom, for 7 read 17.
108, l. last, for *Fol.* 1. *p.* 747, read *(Vol.* 2 *of his works) p.* 86.
110, l. 6 from bottom, for *scenes,* read *scene.*
111, l. last, after *Epistles,* insert *Vol.* 2.
112, l. 3 from bottom, for *c.* read *Lib.* 1.
116, l. last, for XVI. read XVII.
134, l. 5 from bottom, for 7 read 17.

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